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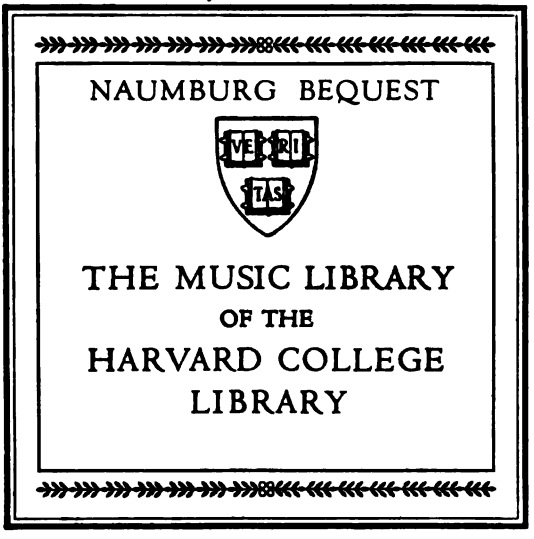

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MUSIC.

A Monthly Magazine

DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR.
BLANCHE DINGLEY, MANAGER.

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MUSIC.

MAY, 1900.

PLEA FOR A SCIENCE OF ART

BY HENRY DAVIES.

One by one the great intellectual interests of men have come under the influence of the scientific spirit. The so-called individual knowledges are now regarded as constituting so many illustrations of this fact. The last to stand out, as it were, is art. But that even this interest is destined to yield is, I believe, a foregone conclusion, especially when respect is had to the achievements of psychological investigation in recent years. To show the foundation of this belief, both historically and practically, is the object of this article.

The thesis which I propose to discuss may be stated somewhat as follows: The relations of art and science are such that these relations determine for us both the object and method of a science of art, or an aesthetic; that these relations are inevitable; and therefore that the importance of these preliminary facts must and can be fully appreciated before any headway can be made in systematic deductions, which may be of use in the practice of art and art criticism. To the examination and proof of these statements the attention of the reader is now invited.

I.

The first point to be considered is mainly historical and may be expressed thus: Art, in isolation from other disciplines, never has yielded an aesthetic content or theory. A glance at the history of art will show, I think, that art arose out of religion, or in the closest correlation therewith, and has developed pari passu; and moreover it has depended for its growth and expansion upon the progress of the sciences both in general and in particular. This is only saying, of course,

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that the human mind is an organism, and unfolds as an unity in diversity; not by mere addition or segregation. Let us take the fact that aesthetic evolution depends on religious evolution. In the earliest time art is found in the service of the temple and the religious services connected with the maintenance of the temple worship. In Egypt, where the beginnings of definite art, i. e., symbolism, can be seen most clearly; among the Hebrews, Greeks and Romans; especially during the monastic period of the Middle Ages—the inspiration and outlet of the aesthetic impulse is religion. This fact is interpreted in many ways, but it is denied by none. It would seem, therefore, that art owes its existence as an objective reality, as well as the developed idea of value, to its correlation with the religious instincts and impulses.

The tendency, therefore, observable in our day, towards a more or less definite separation of religion from art, of aesthetic from theology, is not a true reflection of the course of history, and is rather to be explained from the standpoint of the strained relations that exist between science and religion in our time. Religion, far more than art, is sensitive to the changes of philosophical opinion, because, from the first, she has relied on philosophy for her weapons against error. The boldest art critic has never presumed that it was possible to map out the laws of criticism as the logicans have mapped out the laws of thought. Nothing comparable to the medieval scholastic logic has ever developed in the history of art. Art, up to the present, has not greatly gained from the philosophers, especially in the practical sphere.

Present indications are that a desperate conflict is going on between the mechanical conception, which is the firmly rooted postulate of the scientists, and the idea of value, for which religion and art to some extent have always stood. Religion, however, is affected by the mechanical conception far more readily than art. Perhaps the value of both religion and art will be found at last to harmonize with the conception of absolute order. Artists, however, have ever been ready to catch the prevailing Zeitgeist, without critically examining into its foundations. Wagner is full of Schopenhauer. The abstract spiritualism of Gabriel Max, as well as the socialism

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of Uhde, are symptoms showing the influence of the times on contemporary art work. So along with the philosophy of Hegel and Schelling goes the poetry of Goethe and Schiller. Along with all goes the teaching of Rousseau. So that whilst art is less susceptible than religion to the changes in science and philosophy, it is affected by it, if only unconsciously.

Artists have not, as a rule, even when aware of its friendship, regarded science as a friend. Perhaps a natural antipathy exists between them. But looking at it in the broad light of history, aesthetic evolution cannot permanently separate itself from religious and scientific evolution, and yield a content fruitful in productivity of all sorts. Art, science and religion have ever played into one another's hands, and neither has developed in isolation from the other without injury to all. Therefore artists need to study the foundations on which art work rests. Indeed, I make bold to affirm that art never can give us aesthetic result in isolation from science and religion. It certainly never has. The future can never absolutely contradict the past, though we cannot set any arbitrary limits to the possibilities of human achievement; but that such limits exist cannot be doubted. This is not saying, of course, that artists must be satisfied with the standards of the past. Indeed, one of the main contentions of our thesis is that reconstruction is inevitable. The former aesthetic like the former psychology no longer satisfied either the artist or the philosopher. That aesthetic was brilliant, genial with the warmth of great achievement; but it no longer reflects the artistic consciousness of the present, any more than the scholastic logic fulfills our idea of what the science of thought should be. Even the Hegelian aesthetic, perhaps the most complete hitherto elaborated, does not fit into the modern manhood with its wider self-consciousness. Art is not worthily treated apart from the contexts of the general life of humanity.

The new life of our day brings new grist to the scientific mill, and art is no exception. Modern art reflects the modern spirit. Formal aesthetics cannot overthrow the new development of the art-consciousness. More of life, greater faithfulness to nature, deeper impression—these are what we see in

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art to-day; painting will exhaust itself in color; sculpture will seek freedom and a nearer expression of nature; architecture will become not only an individual, but also a national interest; so with music and poetry—each will have a right to the endless differentiation of the modern world, and will break through form to gain its end. The aesthetic that does not make room for this concrete fact, that does not open itself to the new feeling for life, will be an alien product, no matter how impressive it may be in a formal sense.

The need of a new grounding for aesthetic is, therefore, something inherent in the historical situation. The same may be seen from the ideal standpoint. History, it is true, can never be a science of prediction; at the same time the ideal can never contradict history. The subjective and the objective, that is, the mind and its conditions, can not be treated fruitfully apart. Therefore, art cannot develop an aesthetic content apart from the developing consciousness in its entirety as self-realizing and as realized in the historical process. An art theory that depends, like that of Schopenhauer, on the "pure" intuition of beauty, i. e., on the "will" in isolation from the objective, or trans-subjective activity, is a grave error philosophically and practically. As long as art is interpretation, as it is in the main, the ideal must be mediated in the forms and in the values of the developing human consciousness. The ideal of the beautiful has had a history like that of the true and the good, and cannot ignore its past, any more than ethics and science can remain indifferent to what has gone before them. Indeed, all three have grown together, the fields of each being slowly but surely differentiated but not separated. But inasmuch as new material is being almost daily added to the content of the ideal, it is plain that the newer aesthetic cannot acquire that content legitimately without actively assimilating it with the total source whence it arises, viz., the unity of consciousness.

We need to emphasize this ancient unity of art, science and religion in a developing ideal for two reasons, important in the present situation of scientific aesthetic. We are threatened with two dangers—dilletantism and utilitarian art—culture—neither of which can be avoided without the emphasis of which I have spoken. The former, dilletantism, is the pe-

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cuiiar danger of the professional art school. It demands an art without theory or science, and, in its extreme form, it is art without morals or religion. Let us be candid with the advocates of this view, and freely acknowledge that science and religion to-day furnish but little inspiration for art. They have not, it is true, accomplished the emancipation of man. Religion has been too fond of reaction, science too fond of revolution, to do this. But does it follow that art in isolation can do what science and religion can not do? Such a view would be both reactionary and revolutionary, and by cutting itself free from science and religion art would cut the nerve of its propagandism. Novelists like Ouida, "artists" like Oscar Wilde, realists like Mr. Frank Norris, show us the palpable weakness of the claim. The subtle poison of this view, however, is present, as an imminent possibility, to every student of the arts, the chief symptom of which is the selfish isolation of the artist in his art.

Perhaps we Americans are more in danger from the other tendency where art is courted for the sake of the useful purpose it serves in a scheme of education. You will see art exploited to-day and made completely subordinate to pedagogy. The interpretative factor is completely missing, the use of art being to give a pupil nimble fingers and accurate perceptions. Art is here nothing but an adjunct of manual training. Now I do not question for a moment the utility of art in education; I do not doubt that it has been grossly neglected in current theories of education. What I call in question is the legitimacy of the procedure which regards art as merely a useful activity. Historically and practically I believe it to be false and unproductive. The ideal of beauty cannot be taught from the standpoint of the useful only, they are two different things. The independence of aesthetics is like to be denied in this situation, where the question cui bono (?) which is the bane of American education, overtops every other consideration. Nothing will crush the spontaneity of art sooner than the persistence of this fad. Salvation from it is possibly only through science and religion in their relation to art. From utilitarian art, we may be certain, no new content will ever be derived for the science of aesthetics.

[1] Encyc. Brit. Art "Aesthetics." Ninth Edition.

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The need of a new grounding for aesthetics is, therefore, one growing out of the peculiar situation of art in the past and present. In looking briefly over the situation of aesthetic in relation to science and religion, as we have done, the words of Sully[1] are brought home to us with new force: "A theory of art at all comparable in scientific precision to existing theories of morals has yet to be constructed." This fact (for fact it certainly is) is not, however, due to the imbecility of the mind, or to anything intractable in the data of aesthetics, but—to speak plainly—to the absence of the scientific spirit among the students of art.

This brings us to the next point. We have seen that art can and must be brought into sympathetic touch with science and religion, for the ancient unity of knowledge cannot tolerate any separation except for economical reasons. We are now to see that the relations of art and science in the present time are inevitably drawing these two interests into closer connection, and also that from their intercourse we may expect the construction of a scientific aesthetic.

As regards the mode of this approach it is not surprising to find that the first feelings of friendship between the two came about through psychology. It has always been perceived, even by the art critics, that there might be a scientific aspect of art, and of the psychic factor in art in particular.[2] As far back as Plato, men speculated on the inner relations of the true, the beautiful, and the good, though "to Kalon" is only vaguely defined. Not until the time of Descartes, however, was the question fairly forced into the subjective territory. Baumgarten,[3] following in the footsteps of Leibnitz and Wolff, first clearly distinguished the sphere of aesthetics —a necessary preliminary step to scientific differentiation.

The way was prepared for this differentiation by the critics themselves, especially by the various schools which sprang up in the wake of the Renaissance. Scaliger,[4] the leader of them all, with Corneille,[5] Lessing,[6] Voltaire, and the Englishmen

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[1] Cf. Bosanquet, His. of Aesthetic, ch. IX.
[2] Sketch of Phil. Encyclopædia and Aesthetic. (1714-1762.)
[4] De Emendatione Temporum. (1583.)
Thesaurus Temporum. (1606.)
[5] Corneille. (1606-1684.) Cf. Essays on the drama.
[6] Cf. Laocoon, Scherer, Eng. trans. (1729-1781.)

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Burke,[7] Hume, Alison[8] and Lord Kaimes, furnish valuable data for our science, especially by the manner in which the psychic factor was analyzed and studied. Kant, accepting the demarkation of aesthetic from logic and science adopted by Baumgarten, carried his inquiries one step further and critically examined the faculty of taste in his Critique of Judgment, which would have been an impossibility without the previous critical work, and especially the spirit of criticism which had grown up even in non-philosophical circles. During all this time—many centuries—the habit of criticism had been growing up; it had grown as the data had accumulated, and a method was urgently needed in the effort to give an account, however meager and imperfect, of the facts revealed in the development of art. The very necessities of the case, therefore, forced art into the friendship of science.

The first point of real contact, however, was, as already stated, found in psychology. When Fechner published his Vorschule der Aesthetik (1876) the first steps toward a systematic treatment of art according to a scientific method had been taken. It is interesting to note his criticism of previous inquiries. He observed what we all see now, namely, that nearly all previous investigators sought for ideals, i. e., for the absolutely normal in art form, or in theory. Thus the circle had been supposed by Winkelmann to be the nearly perfect figure; Hogarth insisted on the spiral line; others on the mathematical relation of I to I. In theory Herbart had taught that it is representation of the ideal sort that expresses the nature of art; Hegel held that it was form; Vischer that it was the ideal. This, as Fechner discovered (and this is his merit), omitted the most significant factor in our aesthetic life, viz., the influence of association, which is a more important element of the beautiful than pure form. To test this fact he, therefore, invented his experiments with rectangles, discovering no such absolute line of preference as was supposed to exist, but only a general range. His experiments in sectioning lines, the so-called "golden section" experiments, revealed the same general conclusions. Thus on a basis of actual experimentation Fechner sought to elucidate the aes-

[7] Sublime and Beautiful. (1756.)
[8] On Taste. (1757-1839.)

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thetic laws which underlie our empirical judgments of beauty. Along the same lines Stumpf, Helmholtz, Mach and Wundt, to mention a few, have been working. Here, then, art and science come into the closest union, meeting on a common basis of psychology.

The significance of this event may, perhaps, be best expressed by saying that it was an inevitable result of the application of scientific method to the study of art. In it is expressed the fundamental difference between the aesthetic of the Greeks, which rested largely on fairly accurate but superficial observation, and the aesthetic of our time, which seeks to rest on carefully guarded observation, measurement, statistics, experiment, in a word, on a method.

The great service which method is likely to render is to make us aware of the complexity of the simplest of our experiences. It is true of aesthetic culture that artists work in oblivion of this fact; the artist, as such, need know nothing of the melee of problems which engages the student of aesthetic science; but they emerge as soon as reflection is turned upon aesthetic work of any kind. On the other hand, method must not be expected to lay down rules for the artist in his work. At the same time there is, as Helmholtz[11] points out, a law of unconscious order in all art work, to which method may confidently appeal without fear of confusion in the outcome of its work. We instinctively require that all art shall be reasonable, and we show this by subjecting it to criticism and by testing every detail of it by a principle of fitness. This adaptation to reason in works of art may be made conscious and intelligible by the use of a sound method. What method cannot do is create a work of art. But the science of aesthetics does not seek to create but to understand the imminent order of the beautiful and the conditions upon which it is realized in concerto. The best that the artist can get from aesthetic science is a complete understanding of himself and of the foundations, in nature and reality, of that ideal of the beautiful which is the fountain of his inspiration and effort. He cannot get this in isolation from science or scientific method. All the arts illustrate the results of this close asso-

[11] Sensations of Tone, p. 362 ff. Eng. tr. by Ellis. 2nd Ed. 1885.

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ciation. Shall a science of art in general be impossible in view of this fact?

I need hardly delay the reader with illustrations; but before passing to our final point I may here indicate my argument a little more clearly. Briefly, my contention has been that neither the older a priori philosophy of the beautiful, nor art crticism, have, up to the present, found themselves competent to account satisfactorily for the facts of art, and art history. As a form of knowing art is a science; but hitherto, and before the era I have described, it was only a theory, or a free field for personal criticism. In pre-Kantian time the philosophy of art was confronted by the fine-drawn lines of criticism, and neither seemed quite certain whether art was a department of perceptual or conceptual cognition, or both. It is not surprising to find, therefore, that the founder of modern aesthetic declared[13] that it was the region of confused ideas (vervorrende vorstellungen). And Kant himself, in the Third Critique, places the aesthetic judgment in the emotional life, midway between the intellect and the will! I contend that the coming together of art and science, through psychology,[14] has cleared the path to a sounder synthesis, promising us thereby both a better aesthetic and a more reliable basis for our philosophy of the beautiful. It is to me inconceivable that the growth of scientific methods of study should apply to every domain of activity except art; that physics, physiology, psychology, ethics, religion and history should be susceptible to these methods, to a greater or lesser extent, and art, objectively, and subjectively, should be beyond the pale of the scientific spirit or only out on the edge of it. Both for the good of science and for art's sake as well, the two need to come into intimate fellowship.

III.

The concluding point to which attention is called is this: The true conception of aesthetics, as a science, arises out of the closer relations of art and science which modern thought requires and effectuates. The problem, the methods, and the practice of this science are determined by this fact. Finally, the destinies of both, along with those of religion, are wrapped

[13] Op. cit.
[14] As conceived by Fechner.

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up in the task of perfecting the methods which express the inner relations of each as mutually complementing disciplines properly correlated in a final philosophical synthesis; no philosophical construction being possible without the reconstruction in method.

Properly speaking the conception of a science of art dates from very recent time. Aesthetics has been studied for the most part as a branch of the history of art or art criticism. Even Mr. Bosanquet's "History of Aesthetic" is, as he explicitly states, rather a history of the aesthetic consciousness than a history of the science of aesthetics. The two, though inseparable, are not the same. The conception of aesthetics as a science, based on an exact method, grew out of the closer relations of art and science, required by the sense of the unity of knowledge which is a legacy from Kant. This led to the idea that art, like morals and religion, may be a science without damaging the reality of either. Already Leslie Stephen[1] and Paulsen[2] have carried their investigations a long way, in this spirit, in the ethical kingdom. In art, too, we have men like Grosse[3] and Dietz[4] who are feeling their way towards a science of the beautiful. It is too early to qualitfy the results; but we may outline the scope and methods of the new science.

The problem of aesthetic, as a science of pleasure and beauty, is the description and explanation of the phenomena comprehended in the conception of art, the term art including all beauty and the pleasure to which it leads, together with the activities upon which they depend. The questions which naturally arise in the mind of the modern student of the subject are these: What are the permanent organic conditions which underlie the sensuous enjoyment of the beautiful—the organic functions connected with the algedonic feelings? Next, we inquire into the dependence of the subjective enjoyment of art, as a psychical fact, on the conditions of the body and nature. Included in this subject is the disposition to give as well as take pleasure in the forms of art. Psychological aes-

[1] Science of Ethics.
[2] System of Ethics. 1899.
[3] Beginnings of Art. Cf. also A. C. Haddon—Evolution in Art.
[4] Theorie des Gefuhls.

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thetics, i. e., must be preceded by physiological aesthetics. And both can, and must, be succeeded by normative aesthetics, where attention is directed to the permanent relations between personality and objective art. This, I claim, is an empirical inquiry. So that the science of art is primarily an empirical investigation into the sources of pleasure in art. But inasmuch as an ideal is implied in all art activity empirical aesthetics naturally leads to philosophical aesthetics, which inquires into the reality of the universal idea of beauty as connected with the fine arts and with the ideal of art. The problem of art thus carries us directly into connection with speculative thought. The two divisions, however, are distinct. The following diagram may make this plain. Aesthetics is divided, according to the disposition of the problems, into:

I. Empirical Aesthetics (Pleasures of Taste)	1. Physiological Aesthetics.	Experimental.	
	2. Psychological Aesthetics.	Introspective.	
	3. Normative Aesthetics.		
II. Philosophical Aesthetics (Beauty)	1. Theory f the Fine Arts.		
	2. Theory of the Ideal.		

I may briefly expand these divisions so as to make my meaning plainer. The first subdivision of the empirical inquiry comprehends the description and explanation of the beauty of nature and the pleasure it affords as facts of organic evolution. The fact of objective beauty does not come immediately into view here; but its significance in a biological sense and as connected with the algedonic principle, is of primary importance, for upon the possibility of explaining play, pleasure and art in accordance with a subjective principle of differentiation of the algedonic sort, the science of art must rely. If this principle has no biological significance it is plainly futile to speak of physiological aesthetics, or indeed of any organic difference between the pleasures taken in the beautiful and its natural forms. Presuming, however, that the algedonic principle has biological significance we are at once furnished with a basis for the further study of the physiological conditions connected with man's appreciation of beauty. Man's body is a center of nervous discharges greatly influenced by this principle. His instincts in particular come into view here. Their place in the natural history of art must

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be determined from the standpoint of the organic. The same is true of the physiology of art.

In psychological aesthetics the individual form of the problem comes into view, where we are concerned with the study of the life work of the artist as dependent upon the mind and its laws. It is divided, as I have indicated in the diagram, into two parts—an experimental and an introspective. In the former, which can and must be the chief base of support for our new science, the object is to submit the aesthetic experience of the artist to the tests of scientific psychology in the laboratory. In the latter the object is to examine, descriptively and explanatorily, the art-consciousness as illustrating the laws of the mind in their higher synthesis. The establishment and demonstration of the normal relations that exist between the individual artist and his work—this is the general problem of psychological aesthetics.

In normative aesthetics the results of the two preceding studies are carried over for a still higher confirmation and illustration, but without abandoning the scientific method. Here the object is the description and explanation of artistic creation as the normal product of artistic individuality under certain social conditions. It is purely an experimental inquiry, though for a long time it has been regarded as a branch of historical art criticism. As will be seen, this branch of empirical aesthetic embraces a wider area than either of the others, and in turn mutually conditions them.

Philosophical aesthetics is much better and more easily outlined. The conception of art is not complete from the purely empirical standpoint. As involving an universal idea of beauty, art betrays the activity of factors that are plainly metaphysical. Philosophical aesthetics, therefore, seeks to complete the system, and, further, to articulate it as a part of a system of knowledge as a whole. The mutual interests of both branches of aesthetics requires, however, that empirical aesthetics be kept free from the philosophical, so far as no injury is done thereby to the data.

These remarks may be sufficient to show how the land lies which the science of aesthetics cultivates. The problems of our science as thus exhibited are direct, coherent, and logical.

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A word now as to method. Sully's statement that aesthetics lacks the definiteness enjoyed by ethics is, as already contended, due to the lack of scientific method in the study of art. Art students, to begin with, have not, as a rule, enjoyed a scientific education. Then again, the critics have not pursued their work in the light of consciously held ideals; they have trusted, for the most part, to their brilliant intuitions. Further, the data has never been worked over, even by the bureaus of the various governments, according to a scientific plan. Monographs have been published without any apparent sense of the continuity of the aesthetic consciousness. All of which points to the lack of method.

There is no reason why art cannot or ought not to be studied scientifically i. e., systematically and according to a method. notwithstanding the deficiency mentioned. Now a scientific method must be first logical, then psychological, and finally metaphysical. Let us take as an illustration the second problem of Empirical Aesthetics. Here, as stated, we study the life work of the artist as dependent on the psycho-physical and psychological laws of the mind. We can, and perhaps must, study this problem in a scientific spirit and according to the methods of psychology, both experimental and introspective. How otherwise, e. g., are we to determine the reflex actions which underly the whole question of tact, upon which so much of art depends.[18] The same question of the alliteration and appreciation of words which is one branch of literary art, must be carried back to the psycho-physical principle on which it rests. In like manner many of the individual problems of art can be treated according to this method.

Indeed, why should there not be a normal science of art based on experimental psychology? Such a science cannot, of course, ignore the metaphysical problem; but it can be kept distinct from it. For that problem the metaphysical method is necessary. But the entire movement of our time is in the direction of economy in method and the effort to secure a science of norms in art seems to fall in with this fact as the most natural course of procedure. We are not ready to say that aesthetics is a science fully equipped, like ethics and logic, with a method of its own; but the separation of the empirical

[18] This question is, at any rate, quasi-aesthetic. Cf. Ladd, psychol. in loco.

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from the philosophical part is an arrangement demanded by the spirit and method of science. This does not imply any radical antagonism or ultimate separation; but if philosophy rests on the particular sciences a philosophy of art must rest on a science of art. If the object of science is the search for truth and the ordering of our knowledge, the aim of the science of art must be to determine the essential and intrinsic elements of pleasure and beauty, and to systematize its results in the form of cognitions critically and scientifically valid. Philosophy can only take the results of science, test them in the light of our ultimate convictions, and, if proved true, give them a higher articulation in the system of knowledge as a whole. This I claim is the true relation of aesthetics and philosophy, as affected by the possibility of grounding the science of art on experimental psychology. Though this consummation is, perhaps, remote, it is plainly an implication of the historical and practical situation.

In this way, then, as I conceive it, does the inevitable spread of the scientific spirit and method influence art and aesthetics. And if aesthetics have been unfruitful in the past, the reason is probably to be found in the lack of an exact basis for thought. But now, through the closer relations of art and science, this has been partly removed, the result being an exchange of content; that on the side of aesthetics being a true method of study, that on the side of science a large addition to its territory, and, above all, a refining of its spirit.

I am fully prepared to hear that my thesis is an impossible one. I shall be told that there can be no appeal in matters of art from individual taste: de gustibus non disputandum; I shall be reminded that the infinite number of effects produced by art cannot be reduced to law, and, above all, that the genius is incomprehensible. The concept of value, upon which these and similar objections to the intrusion of exact thought in art rests, is certainly of infinite importance to aesthetics; but it should be remembered that the object of a science of art is not to lessen the importance of this idea, or to diminish the admiration most of us feel for the work of the genius. The object of a science of art cannot be to create works of art, but only to comprehend them. Art work is

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permanent in value; all science can do is to render the grounds of this permanence clear.

Art, however, can yield us no content for aesthetic in isolation from science. We are thus once more brought face to face with the fact of unity. In the sphere of life art must stand with religion and science to be fruitful; each contains the corrective of the extremes of the other. So Tennyson:

> "Beauty, Good, Knowledge are three sisters
> That doat upon each other, friends of man,
> Living together under the same roof
> And never to be sundered without tears."

The renewal of science, as well as the renewal of religion and art, must come from the realization of the unity of life. No one can have witnessed the tragic struggles of the past, where both science and religion have sought a life apart, as well as art, without sorrow. The conflict has not been entirely in vain, if it shall teach us that in isolation neither can be practically profitable. Art needs the quickening of science, science needs the insight of art, and both need the eternal life of religion. If art be the child of feeling, science the child of reason, and religion the child of the will—all three must combine their interests in a thoroughly furnished mind in the unity of the personality, reflective, however remotely, of an absolute unity, in which the true, the beautiful, and the good are perfectly realized and perfectly revealed. I say that we are brought back at last to this fact.

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POEMS FOR MUSIC.

BY FLORENCE ATTENBOROUGH (CHRYSTABEL).

A WIND IS IN THE WOOD.

(Words for Music.)

A wind is in the wood, my sweet,
It waits to hear you sing;
The light, like golden cords comes down
Where leafy tassels swing;
Where leafy tassels swing, my love,
Come, be to me the flow'r;
And all the world shall chant refrain
Unto the happy hour.

A wind is in the wood, my sweet,
A lull is on the breeze;
The clover bends its head to hear
The passion of the bees:
The passion of the bees, my love,
Come out and list to mine;
Whilst mem'ry brings an altar gift,
And hope uprears a shrine.

A wind is in the wood, my sweet,
It loiters at my breast;
It blows about the dappled pool,
And longs to sing of rest;
It longs to sing of rest, my love,
But all in vain until,
Your presence brings the gift of peace,
Because you love me still.

(Copyright, 1900.)

THE KNIGHT'S RESOLVE.

(Words for Music.)

The sweetness of my lady wins
The lily for her lover;
Her thoughts are opal pictures set
Within a snow-white cover;
Her nut-brown curls entice the sun,
Alack-a-day! I am undone.

Her saucy eye is as a cage,
Where light has kingly dwelling;
Her pouting lips are rosy ripe,
A storm of praise compelling;
Her voice is music, new begun,
Alack-a-day! I am undone.

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How should a gallant dare to prove
The depth of his devotion!
My lady is a sunny isle,
But I will be the ocean;
And since she lures me to the brink,
In lustrous waves her soul shall sink!

(Copyright, 1900.)

THE SLEEPERS.

(Words for Music.)

The sleepers sleep beneath the moon,
And do they dream of morning soon,
Of dewy flow'r, and budding tree,
And all the joy for you and me?

The pain is soothed which came at noon,
My soul shall leap to greet you soon,
Oh, very pale my lips will be,
But they with yours, love, must agree.
A star hangs high above the hill,
This empty world is cold and still.
The pilot waits me by the sea,
And I, beloved, come to thee.

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THE STUDY OF MUSIC HISTORY.

BY EDWARD DICKINSON.

In the series of articles that is to follow the writer has undertaken to deduce certain conclusions arising from his experience in the study and teaching of the history of music. The series will deal with the question of the true scope and meaning of music history, the problems involved, the lines along which investigation should proceed, the methods upon which scholarly results depend, the place which the study should hold in musical education, and finally its value as an indispensable aid to a comprehensive critical judgment of composers, works and schools. The writer's hope is that, by a swift survey of the whole field and an exposition of some of the laws that have been found to prevail in the history of musical progress, this bewildering subject may be shown to conform to logical system and order, and some light be thrown upon the path of those who have begun to steer their course amid its tortuous channels.

* * * * * * * * *

The rapid spread of interest in the history of music among American teachers and students in recent years is a symptom which must arouse the liveliest gratification on the part of everyone who wishes to see music take the station to which it is entitled among intellectual concerns. For just as soon as the study of an art is firmly planted upon a basis of historic criticism and a recognition of its relation to life and the spiritual advancement of the individual and the race, then the stage of dilletantism and trifling is past. Whenever works of musical art begin to be studied not simply with a view to performance, but in and for themselves as manifestations of beauty and vehicles of expression, the student readily perceives that the complete lesson cannot be learned if each work is set apart and insulated from all others of its class. To live in the whole, which was Goethe's rule for the intellectual life, is likewise the condition of the highest profit in the pursuit of any worthy object in self-culture. Every educator who knows what is going on in colleges, schools and private circles sees

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that music is everywhere being drawn within the grasp of this idea, and that the time has come when the study of music history, intelligently organized and presented on scientific principles, must be granted a place in every scheme of musical education.

Questions of the greatest practical importance at once spring to the front relating to the real extent of the subject, the meaning and value of music history, and chiefly concerned with the proper methods by which teachers are to be qualified and pupils instructed. In most instances thus far where the study of music history has been taken up in classes or in private reading, there has been no really scientific method employed. Students do not know what or where the material is, how it is to be used when found, how the facts are to be interpreted, or upon what principles the relative values of facts are to be estimated. The work is sincere and often persistent, but it is done in the dark, and is more to be admired for the spirit displayed than for any very scholarly results. The majority of those who are drawn to the subject are bewildered by the vast accumulation of detail which confronts them at every turn; they do not know how to begin or how to proceed, and their work is unsatisfactory even to themselves, because they are not able to co-ordinate their facts and derive from them accurate generalizations and guiding principles. And it must be said that many who undertake to teach the history of music in private classes and even in schools and colleges, have had no adequate preparation for such a difficult task. They have not been trained in the methods of historical research and interpretation. Their education has been chiefly along the line of musical technicalities, and they are not able to exceed the metes and bounds of their specialties and traverse with clear vision those encompassing regions of art, philosophy and history from which the streams of musical form and expression have always been fed. These defects of training, this limitation of view, must always exist where an ardent curiosity and a peremptory demand for enlightenment upon a difficult subject spring up so suddenly. It is not strange that so many rush in where ripe scholars would fear to tread. The world of amateurs can never be

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convinced that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and certainly this sublime confidence is a thousand times more hopeful and praiseworthy than indifference or an abject self distrust. But the time has come when the broadest scholarship will have scope for its action in this department, for the demand for instruction is at present far in advance of the supply.

The study of music history derives its importance chiefly from the fact that it is closely involved in a valid judgment of musical works, styles and schools, if it is not actually the condition and groundwork of musical criticism. The word criticism is used here in the largest sense as equivalent to interpretation, with all that interpretation can be made to imply. Modern criticism, as it is applied to the solution of the largest problems in art and literature, bases itself upon the principle that a comprehensive estimate of works and phases of art can be formed only when they are studied not as detached, self-dependent items, but as the result of processes. Not what they are, but how came they to be, is the question first in order. Every art work has a history behind it which must be taken into account; it is the sign of a tendency, it cannot be separated from its causes and its environment, and therefore the conditions of its appearing enter into the estimate of its meaning and hence of its value. Whatever its abstract aesthetic worth may be to a later generation its instructiveness will be missed unless we are able to ascertain something of the motive of its creator and its significance to the men of its own time. Every art production is representative and criticism challenges it to testify to the nature of the forces which produced it, and which are revealed in its special form and expression. To criticise it not simply to judge; it is also to explain. The critic, in the scholar's acceptance of the term, is one who compares and expounds, who draws conclusions not by applying a traditional standard or a personal bias of which he can give no satisfactory account, but by referring the work to the whole complexus of motives and laws so far as these can be verified—which conditioned its peculiar quality. A work of art is always a link in a chain, it cannot be an arbitrary or independent creation. Criticism asks first, How does the work stand in relation to the achievements that preceded

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it and to those that are affected by it? And still more than this, criticism looks around and beyond the evolutionary series and inquires into the general social and intellectual conditions of the time to which the work belongs. This judicial method is directly opposed to that capricious and unreflective habit which makes the receiver's own immediate feeling, which varies at different times, the sole ground of his approval or distaste. The higher critic, as we may call him, strives at first to efface his own prepossessions, to study the work from the universal point of view, and to take account not only of its real nature and the intention of its author, but also of the demands of those to whom a work of such an order properly appeals. Then, when all the factors of the problem are in hand and he has measured the action of each constituent upon the others, he may throw his personal feeling into the scale as the verdict of one to whom the impression naturally produced by a work of this character is most immediately known. All art works, musical works included, are more or less profound revelations of human life. They do not come, like comets and meteors, out of regions external to our experience. They have another, doubtless a higher value than their instant and temporary effect upon our senses and emotions. They are messages from kindred spirits; they arouse not only pleasure but the impulses of sympathy. "It takes a great deal of life," said de Musset, "to make a little art," and it is this connection with life—the life of individuals, races, institutions and epochs as reflected in music—which affords the motive to the study of historic musical criticism and the clue to its method.

The student who ranges over the whole wide field of musical progress will not be satisfied with raking together miscellaneous facts unless he is able to discover some principle of unity. He instinctively longs to fit these disjecta membra together and warm them into life. This cohesive principle, this life-giving element, is found in the progressive evolution of musical forms. The method of evolution, which has been defined as "continuous, progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces," has found no more brilliant illustration than in the history of modern music. There has

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been a steady movement from the simple to the complex, a constant process of differentiation, a regular systematic unfolding of new forms and styles out of previous forms and styles, incessant selection, specialization and adaptation, with also, as in the organic world, abortive growths, arrested developments, and exhausted energies. Every musical composition, every composer, and every school has a definite place in this intricate but logical system. So persistent and so unmistakable has been this development that every student of music history and criticism must make the recognition of this law his point of departure; for it shows him that no single event or tendency is to be studied in isolation, but always as a part vitally connected with the great living whole, and not to be fully understood except in its relation to the whole.

In order to make this important point clear, and at the same time draw up a sort of ground plan for music history study, it may be useful to sketch this evolutionary process in a few broad lines, assuming that a knowledge of the manner of growth of musical forms should precede the effort to account for their expression.

In order to find the beginnings of the impulse which produced the majestic growth of modern music we must go back to the time when the Roman Empire was tottering to its fall, and the Christian church on the one hand and the invading Teutonic tribes on the other, were rearing a new civilization upon the ruins of the old. As we gaze into the twilight of the early centuries of our era the only music that we see is a single rude and simple musical form issuing out of the unexplored musical practice of Greece and Rome, stealing into the Christian church and finding there a congenial asylum. In this we have the origins of the Catholic liturgic chant, commonly known as the Gregorian chant, the official and authorized altar song of the Catholic church down to the present day. For centuries the early chant melodies were sung without harmony or accompaniment—so far at least as records go —and were multiplied until ever psalm, antiphon, response, lesson, prayer and hymn in the whole complex office of worship was rendered in this austere yet flexible style of unison melody. These chant melodies continued as separate unwoven

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threads down to about the year 1100, when there appear in the convents—the only music schools of the time—hesitating experiments in making two melodies go together with agreeable effect. Three parts were afterward tried and at last, very awkwardly, four, until about the year 1200 a new science of harmony, or more strictly speaking, counterpoint, had taken its place in the art movement of the ages. The first attempts at part-writing were very much like the combinations that would be produced by a modern music student who should try to write three or four-part counterpoint without rules or models; but the knack of it was gained at last, and between the years 1200 and 1600 an art of chorus writing was built up which has been the admiration of all later time for the intricacy of its structure, the ease of its movement, the purity and nobility of its tone and the mingled fervor and tenderness of its expression. This consummate choral art of the sixteenth century was the result of a steady process of evolution out of the rude and coarse Descant of the twelfth century. The union of melodious parts became more complex; six, eight, sometimes even twelve or more voices were combined in deftly braided patterns; the texture became gradually firmer and more elaborate, and at the same time more definite and euphonious. Ingenious methods were devised to give unity and regularity to the close involutions of these artfully woven parts. For 400 years this process moved on without interruption, from simplicity to intricacy, from crudity to delicacy, from clumsiness to pliability and fluent grace, from harshness to an exquisitely modulated sweetness, from apprenticeship to mastery, until in the last decades of the sixteenth century the vast fabric of medieval chorus music stood complete, a triumph of constructive skill, and breathing from every line and cadence the accents of absorbed devotional rapture.

Hardly had this imposing form of music reached its climax in the work of Palestrina, Lassus and their compeers than a new movement arose, out of which the art of secular music, as we have it now, was destined to grow. There ensued a revolt against the ecclesiastical style on account of its austerity and its limited range of expression, and especially its

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sacrifice of natural rhythm and verbal distinctness, and a demand for a means of rendering a more varied order of sentiments and passions resulted in the invention of the recitative and aria, which, however, were modifications of styles and methods of expression already in use. The application of these new modes of song to dramatic dialogue produced the opera. Instrumental music also began to take shape as an independent art, at first imitating the forms of the older chorus music, next running off into florid devices of embellishment, adopting also the rhythms, turns of melody and simple sectional arrangement derived from the dances of the common people. The modern key system arose through a natural transformation of the medieval Gregorian modes, stimulated by the need of unhampered freedom in modulation and of a reciprocal balancing of tonal supports. The Italian opera and instrumental music developed side by side, the opera emphasizing melody, the other busying itself with contrivances of rhythm, harmony and form. The French opera arose in the seventeenth century through the grafting of the new Italian style of music upon the court ballets. In Italy, France and Germany and to some extent in England, comic opera sprang up exuberantly under the contact of native melody with national burlesque comedy. Dramatic music early in the seventeenth century began to divide into two great currents—the opera and the oratorio, the latter expanded to grand proportions by Handel. J. S. Bach, drawing his technic and his inspiration primarily from the German choral and organ music, worked the Italian recitative and aria also into his scheme, and built up those stupendous passions and cantatas in which are concentrated and fulfilled all the tendencies which had been moving in German music for a century.

Instrumental music shows us still more clearly the operation of evolutionary laws. At the beginning of the instrumental movement in Italy about the year 1600 the styles of writing for organ, violin and keyed chamber instruments were but slightly discriminated. As the special capabilities of each class of instruments came to be better understood the manner of writing for them became more individual. The polyphonic and the homophonic styles began to be distinguished and also

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to react upon each other. The contrapuntal style clung to the organ, while the violin and the precursors of the piano took up and worked out the sectional forms of the suite and sonata. The organ style was amplified by the German church musicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, of whom the last in the line of progress and the greatest was J. S. Bach. The stream of orchestral and chamber music, rising in Italy, was deflected into Germany and Austria and the symphonies, quartets and sonatas of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were the outcome of the impulse which gave its first sign in the little dance forms of the Italian violinists of the seventeenth century.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century the sprightly little operetta of Austria and Germany—itself an off-shoot from earlier dramatic practice—began swiftly to expand into the splendid form known as the romantic opera, which was first given a standing in high society by Weber and Spohr, and borne to world-conquering achievement in the hands of Richard Wagner. At the same time the German Lied, sweet and shy as a village maiden, was drawn from its seclusion, like another Cinderella, and raised to princely rank by Schubert, Schumann and Franz.

In the nineteenth century the specializing of abstract forms has apparently come to an end, but the ferment, instead of subsiding, only rages more furiously than ever within the confines of the forms themselves. The homophonic forms and style, erected upon distinct and independent foundations by the eighteenth century symphonists and sonata writers, have been subjected to a process analogous to that through which the old vocal polyphony passed, so that out of the transparent simplicity of Scarlatti, C. P. E. Bach and Haydn have been developed the massiveness, concentration, complexity, inward energy and affluent detail of the orchestral works of the latest German and Russian schools. Melody in the upper part with plain accomplishment, having done all that it could, Beethoven in his last quartets—anticipated by Mozart in the last movement of the "Jupiter" symphony—announced the program of further progress by leading the melody into the heart of the structure, giving free life and movement to the inner and lower

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parts—not a reaction to the old counterpoint, but applying contrapuntal principles and skill to the solution of new and inevitable problems of construction and expression. The old forms become broken and their fragments readjusted, not through exhaustion or dissolution, but through the evolution of a new principle by which form—as in Wagner's dramas and Liszt's symphonic poems—becomes moulded under poetic exigencies instead of in subjection to the architectonic conception of the older masters. The modern stress upon expression as paramount to symmetry of form for its own sake, could have no other result. The effort to make instrumental music more intense and individual, raising melody, rhythm, harmony and orchestral color to the highest pitch of force and splendor, has consistently driven instrumental music into the attempt to portray definite concrete conceptions, suggesting outward scenes and movements and the moods and passions of the soul—as in the poetic and program symphonies, overtures and symphonic poems of Berlioz, Liszt, Raff and their disciples. The Italian and French forms of opera, which at one time seemed to have become exhausted, sprang into new life under the inspirations of Gluck and Rossini, and aided by an extraordinary constellation of singers, intoxicated the world by the vehemence of their passion and the sweetness and brilliancy of their melody. The art of orchestration, aided by radical improvements in the mechanism of wind instruments, ever solving new problems in variety, contrast, fulness and delicate shading of tone, has been extended and refined by the later masters until the most greedy ear is well-nigh surfeited with sheer voluptuousness of sound. In short, the union of all the factors which the centuries have brought forth to enchant the ear and kindle the imagination has now lifted musical art to such a height of glory that it would almost seem as though the assimilation of the results attained would be gratification enough for a century to come, even if the onward march of musical invention were to be completely stayed.

Such are some of the more obvious phenomena which a glance over the history of European music presents. If we search below the surface we shall discover that this mighty

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process of evolution has been made possible only by the inpour at stated periods of new streams of energy. Whenever a form or style seemed mature and in danger of becoming rigid, a current of life from outside has either entered the veins of the whole body of the art, giving it new force and direction, or else the infusion has stimulated some modification of a single subordinate element in the parent form, thus giving rise to a new offshoot, to be expanded and specialized in its turn. These influences, by which the art has been revitalized, have almost always come from the fresh fields of popular poesy, usually the song and the dance music of the common people. In nature and in the naive life of the uncultured masses lie the pure springs from which art must always be supplied if it would remain sound and sane. Even the complex contrapuntal choruses of the medieval church—as far removed from everyday life as an art can well be—borrowed their themes as much from popular tunes as they did from the chant books; and indeed the liturgic chant itself was doubtless wholly or in part a modification of the domestic music of antiquity. The German Protestant church music, which rose to such magnificent proportions in the seventeeth and eighteenth centuries, drew its spirit and some of the most indispensable constituents of its form from the people's hymn-tune. The new form of melody which made the opera and oratorio what they are, was the transfer into conscious art of the fresh tunefulness which had always been the most cherished possession of the common people. And when, at certain periods, the Italian form of aria became stereotyped and its expression conventional, the folk-song, hand-maid of the popular comedy, brought a draught of bracing out-door air into the operatic hothouse, and not only imparted a higher truth to the French and Italian grand opera, but also became the inspiration of distinct additions to the world's art in the French opera comique and the German romantic opera. The whole art of instrumental music is virtually based on the popular dance, in spite of the influence of the learned counterpoint; the final destiny of the sonata and symphony was assured when certain Italian organists and violinists, early in the seventeenth century, conceived the notion of imitating the crisp rhythms,

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evenly balanced phrases and simple sectional forms of the country dances and elaborating their patterns into larger artistic designs. Haydn, the foster-father of the symphony, quartet and sonata, and Beethoven, who gave them their sovereignty in modern art, were giants who, Antaeus-like, drew their chief strength from the earth. Haydn poured into his works the abounding vitality, the racy joyousness of Austrian and Hungarian folk music, and Beethoven constantly refreshed his inspiration from the flood of life which he felt coursing in the nature and humanity around him. So Schubert, Schumann and Franz gave the German Lied, the child of the peasantry, its universal expressive power. The ballad of Loewe can be traced back to the poetic folk ballad of Scotland and England. The most characteristic of the piano works of Schumann, one of the regenerators of nineteenth century music, are in the last analysis the folk song and dance expanded by constructive skill and transfigured by imagination. Even Mendelssohn, an afterglow of the classic school, was at his best when spellbound by the charms of landscape and folklore. And, as a final demonstration, towards the middle of this century came the momentous musical invasion from Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia and Scandinavia, which in every case had its rise in the fountains of national music—a movement which has given a new impetus and color to European tonal art, and which affords one more impressive illustration of the truth that in the heart of the people lie inexhaustible resources from which art may be ever renewed.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

(To be continued.)

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INTERVIEW WITH DAVID BISPHAM.

During the long residence of Mr. Bispham in Chicago, before his latest starting out to enlighten the gentiles concerning Mr. Damrosch and Richard Wagner, a representative of MUSIC had a pleasant interview with him. The principal subject of the interview was this new song-cycle for baritone, "In Memoriam," from Tennyson's poem.

"It is a most beautiful work, written during the past year by Miss Liza Lehmann, I dare say in part with a view to my singing it. At any rate I studied considerable of it while it was still incomplete, and we worked it out together. It is very beautiful, very lofty in sentiment, somewhat sombre in mood, as you know Tennyson's poems to be, but of exquisite beauty. One day as we were trying it over, I remarked to Lehmann: 'This is no slouch of a piece; it takes some singing,' and we laughed at such an expression concerning a musical work of so high ideal and so finished execution.

"Musically it is fine, very difficult, and takes all the art of a singer. At the end there are two stanzas which are not sung but spoken. This is in a way melodrama. The speaking is simply done and comes mainly in the pauses of the music and so it does not interfere with the musical phrase. The effect seems to me very thrilling, and so the audiences profess to find it."

"Yes," responded the scribe, "this is where your dramatic art comes in."

"Well, yes," answered the great singer, sincerely, "but it must be done very simply, quite simply, just as one person speaking to another. The audience must feel the words, just as Tennyson would have his readers feel, that they have at last been taken into his full confidence, as he says: 'Whatever I have said or sung, some bitter words my heart would give.' He just speaks his final word; it is very lovely."

"How many songs are there in this cycle?" asked the interviewer.

"You cannot exactly call them all songs," answered Mr.

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Bispham. "Some beautiful melodies are interspersed with recitative and declamatory passages, such as the stanzas where apostrophized Sorrow speaks. Altogether it takes about thirty or forty minutes, about the length of 'In a Persian Garden.' It is not divided into two parts, but there is a place in the middle where there is an interlude for piano, where it takes up the principal melody, a most interesting bit which comes before and also quite at the end; and this beautiful sort of an Intermezzo is still working this same melody, a kind of extemporization, upon it during the time of two or three pages of the piano. I usually have a chair and sit down during this time."

"You have, I suppose, a fine accompanist?"

"Yes, here Mrs. Hess-Burr will play the piano, and I couldn't have a better pianist than she. Mr. Walker, my pianist, usually accompanies me in other cities."

"Do you anticipate for this work a popularity like that of the 'Persian Garden?' " asked the scribe.

"Well, in one way the difficulty of producing it is lessened by requiring but a single singer. But, on the other hand, this makes it imperative that the one singer be equal to the demands. I do not think there will be so very many persons who can sing it, on account of its difficulty. At all events, this is a work which every musical person ought to have whether they sing or not, it is so fine and beautiful and so well worthy of study."

At this point the question turned to the value of melodramatic effects between the speaking voice and the piano accompaniment, and mention was made of certain experiments in this direction by Schumann. Mr. Bispham acknowledged that he had not personally tried any of them, although he is very fond of Schumann's music and sings a number of his songs with fine effect.

"Schumann wrote some of these things," said Mr. Bispham, "as an experiment. The celebrated actor, Mr. Hermann Vezin, formerly of Philadelphia, did some of them at my concerts in London. He did them beautifully and they were very striking."

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"I have not found," interjected the scribe, "that the piano and speaking voice go very well together."

"It depends," answered Mr. Bispham, "upon the one who speaks. You remember Schumann's 'Manfred music.' These words are spoken with immense effect by certain German actors who recite this part when the melodramatic music comes in. But there are some great men in Germany. They are so serious. They do not merely try to do a thing, they do it. But then they have been brought up to the stage; not to opera and nothing else, but the masterpieces of song, and oratorio. And many of them have paid great attention to the liturgic music of the Roman Catholic Church. And here we come upon one of my own hobbies, which is that there is nothing better for declamation than to begin at the beginning and go back to the Gregorian chant. I have had a great deal of experience in that in my own church, St. Mark's, in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. They asked me to be a member of the choir and act as precentor. We are a high church and use the regular Gregorian service, as far as response and offices are concerned, but, of course, in English."

Here the conversation turned to the songs of Schumann and Schubert and the interviewer asked why it was that they are now so little sung.

"I am going to sing the 'Dichterliebe' of Schumann," answered Mr. Bispham, "at my concert in New York, in which Mr. Walter Damrosch will assist me by playing. On that occasion I also sing a group of Damrosch songs."

"You will, of course, sing 'Danny Deever,'" said the interviewer. "And what a world of mischief you have done in that way. For myself, I doubt the beauty of hanging scenes to music."

"You are mistaken," answered the singer; "the mischief was done by Danny himself, many hours before, when he shot his comrade in the night."

Just here the conversation came back to German opera, and the conducting of Mr. Emil Paur was mentioned.

"I think Paur is one of the finest operatic conductors I have heard for a long while," said Mr. Bispham. "And you

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can say it, too, in print, he is very fine indeed. I think he is glad to get back to opera. I know that we have all enjoyed singing the Wagner music under his baton very much indeed. You know he formerly had many years' experience in opera in Germany at Koenigsburg, Mannheim, Leipsic, etc. And while he was in Boston and later in New York he has missed it very much."

Since the above interview was held Mr. Bispham has sung "In Memoriam" many times and for some weeks has been touring the west with Mr. Damrosch and Madame Gadski in the Damrosch-Wagnerian-Lecture-Concerts.

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HUNEKER'S "CHOPIN AND HIS WORKS."

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

Musical people do not need to be introduced to James Huneker. For many years his "Raconteur" columns in the New York Musical Courier have been an oasis to which every reader turns in full assurance of finding there if not medicine for the soul at least genuine amusement and stimulation. It was in the "Reconteur" columns that the most of this book upon Chopin first saw the light, but the utilitarian parts of the book were added later, or were suppressed in favor of journalistic limitation.

I am at a loss to characterize Huneker's account of Chopin, the man, it is so queerly compounded of common sense and enthusiasm, and he has taken such a pleasure in pricking the bubbles of so many other writers upon this extremely illusive personality. On the whole, however, I think we may call his picture of Chopin a sympathetic one, the criticism upon the facts and fancies of other writers only permitting Chopin to stand out in clear light. For a short biography of Chopin, this is perhaps the best of all. But the strength of the book is in the descriptions and comments upon Chopin's works. The standpoint is phenomenally Catholic. Huneker is a pianist as well as a gifted and intelligent writer, and he enjoys the friendship of many princes of the piano and other provinces of music. He has also the journalistic sense by aid of which he reads many books, seizes their substance, eliminates their froth and straw, and gives in a nutshell the pith of the whole matter. But the best gift of all is his genuine sympathy with the piano works of this master, upon which elegant piano playing has been constructed and still depends.

Huneker begins his dithyramb with some paragraphs concerning Chopin as poet and psychologist, and here we have the genuine seer of Israel with the furnace three times hotter heated than aforetime. And first something about music itself.

"Music is an order of mystic, sensuous mathematics. A

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sounding mirror, an aural mode of motion, it addresses itself on the formal side to the intellect, in its content of expression it appeals to the emotions. Ribot, admirable psychologist, does not hesitate to proclaim music as the most emotional of the arts. It acts like a burn, like heat, cold or a caressing contact, and is the most dependent on physiological conditions.

"Music, then, the most vague of the arts in the matter of representing the concrete, is the swiftest, surest agent for attacking the sensibilities. The cry made manifest, as Wagner asserts, is a cry that takes on fanciful shapes; each soul interpreting it in an individual fashion. Music and beauty are synonymous, just as their form and substance are invisible.

"Havelock Ellis is not the only aesthetician who sees the marriage of music and the sex. No other art tells us such old forgotten secrets about ourselves. . . . It is in the mightiest of all instincts, the primitive sex traditions of the race before man was, that music is rooted. . . . Beauty is the child of love. Dante Gabriel Rossetti has imprisoned in a sonnet the almost intangible feeling aroused by music, the feeling of having pursued in the immemorial past the route of evanescence:

> Is it this sky's vast vault or ocean's sound,
> That is life's self and draws my life from me,
> And by instinct ineffable decree holds my breath
> Quailing on the bitter bound?
> Nay, is it life or death, thus thunder-crown'd,
> That mid the tide of all emergency
> Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
> Its difficult eddies labor in the ground?
> Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,
> The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
> The lifted shifted steeps and all the way?
> That draws around me at last this wind warm space,
> And in regenerate rapture turns my face,
> Upon the devious coverts of dismay.

"This 'azure psychology' gives music its power; it steers straight for the soul through the cortical cells.

"Chopin, 'subtle-souled psychologist,' is more kin to Keats than Shelley; he is a greater artist than a thinker. His philosophy is of the beautiful, as was Keats', and while he lingers by the river's edge to catch the song of the reeds, his gaze is oftener fixed on the quiring planets. He is nature's

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most exquisite sounding-board and vibrates to her with intensity, color and vivacity that have no parallel. Stained with melancholy, his joy is never that of the strong man rejoicing in his muscles. Yet his very tenderness is tonic and his cry is ever restrained by an Attic sense of proportion. Like Alfred De Vigny, he dwelt in a 'tour d'ivoire' that faced the west, and for him the sunrise was not, but oh, the miraculous moons he discovered, the sunsets and cloud shine. His notes cast great rich shadows, these chains of blown-roses drenched in the dew of beauty. Pompeiian colors are too restricted and flat; he divulges a world of half tones, some 'enfolding sunny spots of greenery' or singing in silvery shade the song of chromatic ecstasy, others 'huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail' and black upon black. Chopin is the color genius of the piano, his eye was attuned to hues the most fragile and attenuated; he can weave harmonies that are as ghostly as a lunar rainbow. And lunar-like in their libration are some of his melodies—glimpses, mysterious and vast, as of a strange world.

"His utterances are always dynamic, and he emerges betimes, as if from Goya's tomb, and etches with sardonic finger Nada in dust. But this spirit of denial is not an abiding mood; Chopin throws a net of tone over souls wearied with rancors and revolts, bridges 'salty, estranged seas' of misery and presently we are viewing a mirrored, a fabulous universe wherein Death is dead, and Love reigns Lord of all.

"To Chopin might be addressed Sar Merodack Peladan's words: 'When your hand writes a perfect line the cherubim descend to find pleasure therein as in a mirror.' Chopin wrote many perfect lines; he is, above all, the faultless lyrist, the Swinburne, the master of fiery, many rhythms, the chanter of songs before sunrise, of the burden of the flesh, the sting of desire and large-moulded lays of passionate freedom. His music is, to quote Thoreau, 'a proud, sweet satire on the meanness of our life.' He had no feeling for the epic, his genius was too concentrated, and though he could be furiously dramatic the sustained majesty of blank verse was denied him. With musical ideas he was ever gravid, but their intensity is parent to their brevity. And it must not be forgotten that with Chopin the form was conditioned by the

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idea. He took up the dancing patterns of Poland because they suited his vivid inner life; he transformed them, idealized them, attaining to more prolonged phraseology and denser architecture in his Ballades and Scherzi—but these periods are passionate, never philosophical."

And again: "Chopin has surprised the musical malady of the century. He is its chief spokesman. After the vague, mad, noble dreams of Byron, Shelley and Napoleon, the awakening found those disillusioned souls, Wagner, Nietzsche and Chopin. Wagner sought in the epical rehabilitation of a vanquished Valhalla a surcease from the world-pain. He consciously selected his anodyne and in 'Die Meistersinger' touched a consoling earth. Chopin and Nietzsche, temperamentally finer and more sensitive than Wagner—the one musically, the other intellectually—sang themselves in music and philosophy, because they were so constituted. Their nerves rode them to their death. Neither found the serenity and repose of Wagner, for neither was as sane and both suffered mortally from hyperaesthesia, the penalty of all sick genius."

Thus far we have mainly the play of fancy of a rhapsodizing writer, but when we come to the discussion of the works themselves, the training of the pianist and student stand him in noble stead. His account of the great and epoch-marking studies is excellent. Behold a few examples:

"In the first study of the first book, op. 10, dedicated to Liszt, Chopin at a leap reached new land. Extended chords had been sparingly used by Hummel and Clementi, but to take a dispersed harmony and transform it into an epical study, to raise the chord of the tenth to heroic stature—that could have been accomplished by Chopin only. And this first study in C is heroic. Theodore Kullak writes of it: 'Above a ground bass proudly and boldly striding along, flow mighty waves of sound. The etude—whose technical end is the rapid execution of widely extended chord figurations exceeding the span of an octave—is to be played on the basis of forte throughout. With sharply dissonant harmonies the forte is to be increased to fortissimo, diminishing again with consonant ones. Pithy accents. Their effect is enhanced when combined with an elastic recoil of the hand.'

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"The irregular, black, ascending and descending staircases of notes strike the neophyte with terror. Like Piranesi's marvelous aerial architectural dreams, these dizzy acclivities and descents of Chopin exercise a charm, hypnotic, if you will, for the eye as well as the ear. Here is the new technique in all its nakedness, new in the sense of figure, design, pattern, web, new in a harmonic way. The old order was horrified at the modulatory harshness, the young sprigs of the new, fascinated and a little frightened. A man who could explode a mine that assailed the stars must be reckoned with. The nub of modern piano music is in the study, the most formally reckless Chopin ever penned. Kullak gives Chopin's favorite metronome sign, 176 to the quarter, but this editor righly believes that 'the majestic grandeur is impaired,' and suggests 152 instead. The gain is at once apparent. Indeed Kullak, a man of moderate pulse, is quite right in his strictures on the Chopin tempi, tempi that sprang from the expressly light mechanism of the prevailing pianos of Chopin's day. Von Buelow declares that 'the requisite suppleness of the hand in gradual extension and rapid contraction will be most quickly attained if the player does not disdain first of all to impress on the individual fingers the chord which is the foundation of each arpeggio;' a sound pedagogic point. He also inveighs against the disposition to play the octave basses arpeggio. In fact, those basses are the argument of the play; they must be granitic, ponderable and powerful. The same authority calls attention to a misprint C, which he makes B flat, the last note treble in the twenty-ninth bar. Von Buelow gives the Chopin metronomic marking."

So here, at the third study: "We now have reached a study, the third, in which the more intimately known Chopin reveals himself. This one in E is among the finest flowering of the composer's choice garden. It is simpler, less morbid, sultry and languorous, therefore saner, than the much bepraised study in C sharp minor, No. 7, op. 25. Niecks writes that this study 'may be counted among Chopin's loveliest compositions.' It combines 'classical chasteness of contour with the fragrance of romanticism.' Chopin told his faithful Gutmann that 'he had never in his life written another

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such melody,' and once when hearing it raised his arms aloft and cried out: 'Oh, ma patrie.'

"I cannot vouch for the sincerity of Chopin's utterance, for as Runciman writes: 'They were a very Byronic set, these young men, and they took themselves with ludicrous seriousness.'

"Von Buelow calls it a study in expression—which is obvious—and thinks it should be studied in company with No. 6, in E flat minor. This reason is not patent. Emotions should not be hunted in couples and the very object of the collection, variety in mood as well as mechanism, is thus defeated. But Von Buelow was ever an ardent classifier. Perhaps he had his soul compartmentized. He also attempts to regulate the rubato—this is the first of the studies wherein the rubato's rights must be acknowledged. The bars are even mentioned 32, 33, 36 and 37, where tempo license may be indulged. But here is a case which innate taste and feeling must guide. You can no more teach a real Chopin rubato—not the mawkish imitation—than you can make a donkey understand Kant. The metronome is the same in all editions, 100 to the eighth.

"Kullak rightly calls this lovely study 'ein wunderschoenes, poetisches Tonstueck,' more in the nocturne than study style. He gives in the bravura-like cadenza, an alternate for small hands, but small hands should not touch this piece unless they can grapple the double sixths with ease." The extract well illustrates Huneker's handiness when actual information is to be given.

Not the least of the charms of this book is the discriminating tone in which he mentions the different categories of the Chopin works for piano. As a rule the emphasis applies upon the right spot. Observe what he says of the Impromptu —those elegant fancy pieces:

"To write of the four Impromptus in their own key of unrestrained feeling and pondered intention would not be as easy as recapturing the first 'careless rapture' of the lark. With all the freedom of an improvisation the Chopin impromptu has a well defined form. There is structural impulse, although the patterns are free and original. The mood-color is not much varied in three, the first, third and fourth,

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but in the second there is ballade-like quality that hints of the tragic. The A flat impromptu, op. 29, is, if one is pinned down to the title, the happiest named of the set. Its seething, prankish, nimble, bubbling quality is indicated from the start; the D natural in the treble against the C and E flat—the dominant—in the bass is a most original effect, and the flowing triplets of the first part of this piece give a ductile, gracious, high-bred character to it. The chromatic involutions are many and interesting. When the F minor part is reached the ear experiences the relief of a strongly contrasted rhythm. The simple duple measure, so naturally ornamented, is nobly, broadly melodious. After the return of the first dimpling theme there is a short coda, a chiaroscura, and then with a few chords the composition goes to rest. A bird flew that away. Rubato should be employed, for, as Kleczynski says: 'Here everything totters from foundation to summit, and everything is, nevertheless, so beautiful and so clear.' But only an artist with velvety fingers should play this sounding arabesque."

Nor can a dispassionate observer wonder that Mr. Huneker takes a much lower view of the Nocturnes than that held by hysterical admirers of Chopin's works in the limited versions. For their time they were wonderful; but there have been many and many a song-without-words written for piano since Chopin and Mendelssohn turned to dust. At all events note the key-note:

"The nocturnes—including the Berceuse and Barcarolle—should seldom be played in public and not the public of a large hall. Something of Chopin's delicate, tender warmth and spiritual voice is lost in larger spaces. In a small auditorium, and from the fingers of a sympathetic pianist, the nocturnes should be heard, that their intimate, night side may be revealed. Many are like the music en sourdine of Paul Verlaine in his 'Chanson D'Automne' or 'Le Piano que Baise une Main Frele.' They are essentially for the twilight, for the solitary enclosures, where their still, mysterious tones —'silent thunder in the leaves,' as Yeats sings—become eloquent and disclose the poetry and pain of their creator."

He holds the Scherzi as the very quintessence of the Chopin fancy, as perhaps they are. "The Scherzi of Chopin are of

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his own creation; the type as illustrated by Beethoven and Mendelssohn had no meaning for him. Whether in earnest or serious jest, Chopin pitched on a title that is widely misleading when the content is considered.. The Beethoven Scherzo is full of a robust sort of humor. In it he is seldom poetical, frequently given to gossip, and at times he hints at the mystery of life. The demoniacal element, the fierce jollity that mocks itself, the almost titanic anger of Chopin would not have been regarded by the composer of the Eroica Symphony as adapted to the form. The Pole practically built up a new musical scructure, boldly called it a Scherzo, and, as in the case of the Ballades, poured into its elastic mould most disturbing and incomparable music.

"Chopin seldom compasses sublimity. His arrows are tipped with fire, yet they do not fly far. But in some of his music he skirts the regions where abide the gods. In at least one Scherzo, in one Ballade, in the F minor Fantaisie, in the first two movements of the B flat minor Sonata, in several of the Etudes, and in one of the Preludes, he compasses grandeur. Individuality of utterance, beauty of utterance, and the eloquence we call divine are his; criticism then bows its questioning brows before this anointed one. In the Scherzi Chopin is often prophet as well as poet. He fumes and frets, but upon his countenance is the precious fury of the sibyls. We see the soul that suffers from secret convulsions, but forgive the writhing for the music made. These four Scherzi are psychical records, confessions committed to paper of outpourings that never could have passed his lips. From these alone we may almost reconstruct the real Chopin, the inner Chopin, whose conventional exterior so ill prepared the world for the tragic issues of his music."

"I find at times—as my mood changes—something almost repellant in the B minor Scherzo. It does not present the frank physiognomy of the second Scherzo, op. 31, in B flat minor. Ehlert cries that it was composed in a blessed hour, although de Lenz quotes Chopin as saying of the opening, 'It must be a charnel house.' The defiant challenge of the beginning has no savor of the scorn and drastic mockery of its forerunner. We are conscious that tragedy impends, that after the prologue may follow fast catastrophe. Yet it

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is not feared with all the portentous thunder of its index. Nor are we deceived. A melody of winning distinction unrolls before us. It has a noble tone, is of noble type. Without relaxing pace it passes and drops like a thunderbolt into the bowels of the earth. Again the story is told, and tarrying not at all we are led to a most delectable spot in the key of A major. This trio is marked by genius. Can anything be more bewitching than the episode in C sharp minor merging into E major, with the overflow at the close? The fantasy is notable for variety of tonality, freedom in rhythmical incidents and genuine power. The coda is dizzy and overwhelming. For Schumann this Scherzo is Byronic in tenderness and boldness. Karasowski speaks of its Shakespearean humor, and indeed it is a very human and lovable piece of art. It holds richer, warmer, redder blood than the other three and like the A flat Ballade, is beloved of the public But then it is easier to understand."

The foregoing will sufficiently illustrate the character of this attractive little book. That it should be used as a hand book by the student and not simply read through once and turned aside, goes without saying. It is indeed a pleasant moment to find in these days so much of genuine enthusiasm combined with so much genuine good sense and scientific scepticism. Huneker, thou reasonest well!

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HOW THE BACH SOCIETY CAME TO BE.

BY DR. PROF. HERMANN KRETZSCHMAR.

With the publication of the existing complete edition of the works of Johannes Sebastian Bach, the active labors of the Leipsic Bach Society have been completed after fifty years of effort. In connection with the closing volume of the series the society has sent out a comprehensive report of the entire growth of the Bach movement in Germany, since before the beginning of the present century. This is from the pen of the distinguished musical critic, Professor Kretzschmar, of the University of Leipsic. Following is the story:

"The works of Sebastian Bach have come under a remarkable dispensation. Formerly thrown aside and forgotten by the masses, they have become after 100 years the cornerstone of a new development in the realm of tone art. The present generation alone has become permeated with the conviction of Bach's real greatness, and by his hand has been led back to an enchanting flowering time for musical art. The best of Bach's being remained obscure through the eighteenth century. After his triumph over Marchand his contemporaries looked upon him as 'the prince of all piano and organ players,' as Sorge termed him. He was called the 'great Bach,' was spoken of as Orpheus and Arion, and was even up to the middle of our own century the recipient of unusual attention in anecdote and tradition. For his eminence as a composer, on the other hand, he failed to receive what was due him. Still up to the time of Daniel Schubart (Vienna, 1806) the writers who discussed both phases of his artistic activity—even Gerber—placed the virtuoso first. When spoken of simply as composer he was placed in the same class as Kegel, Kramer, Pfeiffer, Roemhild, and Stoelzel; and under very favorable opinion with Fasch, Graun, Telemann and his own son Philip Emanuel. This poor estimate was not due to the fact that too few of his works were published or circulated, for the church cantatas, by which he was chiefly judged, gave plenty of cause for a more fa-

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vorable opinion. The spirit of the times was partly responsible, though in the main the very tardy recognition of his compositions must be ascribed to the fact that he stood outside the Italian school which had controlled Germany since the day when Hassler and Schuetz went to Venice for instruction. While in their opinion the Bach style was very pompous (J. A. Scheibe called him the glowing stone in music), J. A. Hiller passed on the church compositions with the remark that "they will have their own admirers." In other places this estimate recurs and it is found cropping out in the nineteenth century. Though Bach, after the initiative of Burney, was mentioned with Newton, with Michael Angelo and Dante, and the assurance given that his works were "in no way without a certain art meaning," this was really the reproach of Scheibe under the guise of praise and well wishing.

The Bach star could rise only in proportion to the decline of the Italian supremacy. In keeping with this the first important conversion to Bach began in the eighties. Fétis thought it had its origin with the effort of Mozart in Leipzig, 1789. Some Bach motettes were sung for him under the direction of Doles. As an eye witness of that scene in the Thomas Kirche, Rochlitz wrote with dramatic intensity and ascribed his own Bach enthusiasm to the incident. It is probable that Fétis drew his inference from this report by Rochlitz. But the Bach feeling had become more friendly quite a little while before Mozart's sojourn in Leipzig. In 1781 the Leipzigers, who had not thought much of their fellow townsman, placed his name on the ceiling of their Gewandhaus, and two years later Cramer's Magazine placed him at the head of the "Matadors of Art." In his "Biographical Sketches" (1786), J. A. Hiller spoke in more appropriate terms of Sebastian Bach.

With Frederick the Great the Germans had become proud again and this was demonstrated in the arts. Particularly in the theater where there was much talk of a national stage. It was shown in the reception of the Schiller works, and especially in music and the desire for song, which aided by the poets of the Goettingen Literary Club (Hainbund) and the composers of the Berlin school, brought a revival of song almost equal to the time of Luther.

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Carried by this impulse, Handel's oratorios soon effected entrance into Germany. With Gluck and Haydn there were two new masters of the large form, both of whom, the first through pathos, the other through the art of thematic development, were related to Bach. The way for Bach was prepared directly by his pupils, and by their pupils in turn. They took his piano works into the homes and the lessons, and possibly the cantatas were introduced into the church. To be sure, we have no definite authority for this, but we may draw the inference by reason of a certain circulation of the Bach works; principally in consideration of the numerous copies made under the hand of Altnikol, Hering, Kellner, Kittel, Kirnberger, Penzel, and others. These copies are preserved to the present day and have rendered fine service in the researches of the Bach Society. Certain compositions such as the "Wohltemperirte Clavier," the Choral Vorspiele for organ, and the motette "Komm, Jesu, Komm," were in comparatively wide circulation and much used. Forkel observed in 1801 that some kind of Bach piece could be found with every organist, cantor, and music director in Germany. Still it would not do to seek the Bach friends in the large cities. There were direct pupils such as Homilius in Dresden, and Bach's own son, Philip Emanuel, in Hamburg, who were untrue to his cause. Berlin was the only exception. Under the protection of a freer musical court, and under the direction and by the writings of Kirnberger and Marpurg, there was established a Bach cult, which was influential and at times very zealous against the claims of other composers. Berlin became the collecting center for Bach manuscripts, and through the Singakademie, the capitol city for Bach music.

In so far as the majority of Bach followers were found outside of the great music thoroughfares, the first vigorous Bach movement developed itself quietly and unnoticed in small towns of Thueringen and Saxony, like many other things of German culture, like the all-important Collegia Musica and its weekly concerts (the beginning of the Gewandhaus series).

With the first appearance of the "Allgemeine Musik Zeitung," in 1798, published by Breitkopf & Haertel, there

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opened up a rich and constant source of information. It gave great attention to Bach, reported on numerous performances of his works in the churches, and in concert by the Thomaner Choir. They collected as well for his surviving daughter. Ludwig von Beethoven, who as a child had become acquainted with Bach through his teacher, the Saxon Neefe, and had at times termed Bach "an ocean," and "the creator and immortal God of Music," eagerly seized this opportunity to add tribute. From the very beginning the Allgemeine Musik Zeitung kept the attention drawn to the German character of Bach; to this journal he was the Albrecht Duerer of music.

The strongest evidence we have to show that the first great Bach movement was one of nationalism is a book by Joh. Nic. Forkel, published in 1802 under the title, "On the Life, Art, and Art Works of J. S. Bach." If we do not consider the well-known Nekrology by Mizler, this work of Forkel's is the first Bach biography that was ever written. Though it is now greatly outweighed by modern experience and surpassed by eminent intellect and the greater reverence of our time, it is still intensely engaging by reason of the finely intuitive observation which was characteristic of the musical biographies of the eighteenth century. But in the overenthusiasm of Forkel, in which he styled Bach "the greatest classicist that ever lived or may ever live," and as "the first of all German artists, whose works were spoken of with rapture, and by some with deepest reverence," we can observe his prejudice. All of this had its historical value on account of the surprising rapidity with which the Bach compositions were declared to be "invaluable national heritage, the like of which can fall to no other people." The preface says "whoever lessens the danger of obscurity and oblivion by helping to correct the imperfect copies extant, will raise an eternal monument to the artist and lend a distinct service to our country. The proper tribute to his memory is not a question of art, but of nationalism."

With these words Forkel gave expression to a thought which in the meantime had become reality. The same patriotic zeal which led up to the editions of Goethe and Schiller, and moved such German book printers as Palm, Cotta and

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Goeschen, was generally shown by the music publishers. This zeal was responsible for the publication of Holtzbauer's "Guenther," Schweitzer's "Alceste," and the song plays of Hiller. It led Breitkopf & Haertel in 1800 to plan pretentious editions of the works of Mozart and Haydn, and came nearly bringing a Bach edition into existence; indeed, so nearly that three publishers began the task simultaneously. In 1800 N. Simrock, in Bonn, solicited subscriptions to an edition of the Wohltemperirte Clavier. In February, 1801, G. H. Naegeli, in Zurich, followed with the "advance details of an elegant as well as inexpensive edition of the most important works of Joh. Seb. Bach," and at the same time Hoffmeister & Kuehnel, in Leipzig, announced the Bach "oeuvres completes." According to the above we have forerunners of the Bach Society fifty years before it was organized.

In producing the Bach editions these three firms took different grounds. Simrock went cautiously and with a careful hand. Naegeli distinguished between "higher and lower works" and wished in the beginning to publish such as "in the opinion of various recognized authorities" belonged to the first class; after some inquiry this came to embrace some of the less important. Hoffmeister & Kuehnel promised the complete collection apparently but in reality they meant only the instrumental compositions. If a complete edition had really been published at the beginning of our century, then it would have saved many original manuscripts which were lost in the next fifty years. It would have found much of the tradition bearing upon the interpretation of the Bach music and in more than one way would have labored under more favorable conditions. At that time the Thomas Schule owned the immense collection of cantatas of which Rochlitz wrote (in the Allg. M. Ztg.). This was about the time when the gardeners of Count Spork pasted up the bark of his injured trees with the original parts to the B minor Mass. Even in 1814 Poelchau found the all-important original of the Sonatas for Violin among some old papers which had been intended for the butter dealer, and a few lay musicians —Schwenke, Poelchau, Schicht, Hauser—came into possession of collections in the following decades which have been very valuable in the service of the subsequent society. At

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the administrator's sale of Schwenke's estate in 1824 the manuscript of the great "Magnificat" was purchased for seven Hamburger marks. The Mozart E flat Symphony brought ten times this sum. Fétis asserts that some Bach manuscripts were sold from the estate of Schicht twelve years later for even weight in gold.

The Bach plans for that time were partly frustrated by the competition between the three publishers. Naegeli, whom they attacked publicly in so far as they claimed to have thought first of a Bach edition, changed his plan immediately to embrace a "Collection of Masterworks from Frescobaldi to Reicha." A Bach composition was to alternate with one by another author, or follow a volume of collected works by various composers.

The report continues with details of publication of various Bach compositions, and calls attention to questionable procedure in some instances, such as the use of improvised titles, etc. During this time attention was wholly confined to the instrumental, but in 1803 Breitkopf & Haertel first published some of the motettes. This was the Schicht edition of six numbers which gave the cue for the final printing of the vocal compositions as well.

It had been almost a hundred years since, for the first and only time, Bach had published an important church composition. This was no cause for wonder, nor should it be considered a special injustice to Bach, for there were hardly any cantatas for choir published in all that time.

Proceeding with the discussion of the increasing interest in the vocal works it is pointed out that in 1818 the first great Bach movement had reached its highest point and its conclusion, when both Simrock and Naegeli announced the B minor Mass. "National as he was, the effort to revive the works of such a widely proclaimed German master was necessarily lamed at the time of the Carlsbad treaty (?), but all was not done in vain. The chief success lay in the much wider acquaintance which the Bach art had won, and the fact that his works were much easier of access. The Bach interest was awakened in other lands. The Allg. M. Ztg. wrote, 'With pleasure we have just learned that in England and France, particularly in the principal cities of both countries,

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a lively interest for Sebastian Bach and his works is found not only among the learned musicians, but with the capable amateurs as well. In circles of musical friends it serves to promote the high tone of such occasions to play fugues and other pieces on the piano (even the women play), and these compositions are received with feelings of wonder.'"

The example set by the Leipzig publishers was followed by the publishers in Paris. A fine edition of the Wohltemperirte Clavier was sanctioned by the Conservatory and brought out by Siebert soon after the three German editions. Janet & Co., Richault, Pleyel, Nadermann, Aulagnier, published numerous works for the solo instruments. In London, where lived the unnatural son, Philip Emanuel, who called the father an "old wig," Bach seems to have found friends among the organists, even before Burney and Hawkins, perhaps as early as 1760.

While the main movement was on in Germany it was being led in London mainly by A. F. Kollmann and Samuel Wesley. In 1799 the former brought an edition of the Wohltemperirte Clavier that became quite important. Through the influence of Wesley, who enthusiastically spoke of Bach as "the man," a Bach Club was formed, Bach recitals were given, the Forkel biography was translated into English and subscriptions were taken for a complete English edition of the master's works.

It was not only an increase in the number of Bach admirers for which these various editions were responsible, but through them the people came to a better realization of the composer's greatness. That the devotion of the people became stronger is beautifully proven by the fact that in 1819 it was proposed to erect a monument over Bach's grave. The idea originated with Poelchau, who was the most enthusiastic of all. The funds were to be had from the publication of the B minor Mass. S. Doering also promised the receipts from a subscription edition of "Jauchzet dem Herrn."

There are many musicians still living who played piano works from those early prints and sang the Motettes and the cantata, "Ein feste Burg," from the Schicht edition. The complete utility of those arrangements would establish this.

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Few of them were edited with any critical skill. The editors (only a few of whom are known), were generally content with the examination of a single copy, accepted copies as original manuscripts, and took little pains with the evidences of genuineness. For these reasons many spurious compositions crept in among the vocal works. Schwenke was employed for Naegeli, Poelchau for Simrock, while the editors and advisers for Hoffmeister & Kuehnel are unknown.

By the waning interest of 1818 the compositions for voices suffered most. Piano and organ works of Bach's continued to appear, oftenest from the successor to the firm of Hoffmeister & Kuehnel, who dragged on slowly with the instrumental works at least. But new scores failed to appear and those that were published gained no ground. The church choirs held to the works of Mozart and Haydn, of Naumann and Neukomm, the two Weinligs, Klein, Schicht, Bergt and Schnabel. The music festivals excluded Bach entirely for two more decades. The younger choral societies sang only Bach chorals at best. The only one that went further was the Berlin Singakademie. As early as 1794 this society practiced Bach motettes in a casual way and attempted selections from the cantatas and the passions. But even Zelter remained dubious about the ultimate success of the Bach music. As late as 1829, after a concert production of "Jauchzet dem Herrn," he wrote: "Some of the audience acted as if they really enjoyed it."

Then came a bold move which gave the sluggish stream a new flow. It was the well known performance under Mendelssohn of the St. Mathew Passion in Berlin, March 11, 1829. Whatever can it have been which gave the young Mendelssohn courage to test the vitality of a choral work which combined the highest dramatic vigor, the strongest protestant nationalism and the deepest of Bach's art individuality, and the artistic and intricate working out of forms from the Rococo period? It was the spirit of romanticism, the spirit which pervaded all Germany, the same that brought the "Monumenta Germaniae" into existence and caused the eyes of science and art to glance far back into the German past. Here in Berlin Winterfeld came to Eccard, here Weber's Freischuetz triumphed over partisanship for the Italian

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school, and here under the two-fold protection of the romantic and the national fervor the St. Mathew Passion was accorded a reception which would have been possible in no other German city at that time.

Indeed a performance of the Credo from the B minor Mass with which Schelble became acquainted at Naegeli's in Zurich, was given in Frankfort (1828) without success. Through Berlin and the St. Mathew Passion people came to know a new and greater Bach. The Berlin press had an honorable part in this.

The "Spener" and "Vossische Zeitung" prepared advance analytical articles for the three performances of March 11, 18 and April 17, and Gubitzen's "Gesellschafter" also devoted an article to them. A. B. Marx was Mendelssohn's most zealous supporter. In his Berlin Allg. M. Ztg. he devoted as many as nine articles to the cause. In a preliminary notice he expressed the opinion that from this time hence one could reckon with a new and prouder art. But few were thus convinced. Magister Fink, in an article entitled "The-in-Leipzig-ever-living Bach" thought it his duty to warn the Berliners that they were acting with a high hand. Mendelssohn was happy with his experiences and his hopes, without laying claim to the wide importance attached to his labors. In a letter to his friend, Franz Hauser, April 16, 1830, he wrote: "You will already know how very lucky I was here last year with the St. Mathew Passion. At first no one would think of it, it was so complicated and needlessly difficult. But after a few rehearsals things were changed and they sang with reflection as if they were in church." Of the performance he said: "This shows again that the public is all right when you present anything good. All seats were sold on the day of the concert and I have never seen such quiet, such general eagerness on the part of an audience. When I come later," he says in closing, "I expect to undertake many things of this sort. The means are available and there lacks only some one who has the desire to set things in motion. I have the desire, and may God grant me strength therefor, and wish me only the success that has attended the first attempt!"

The deliberation of his expression seemed quite appropri-

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ate considering the few cities that followed Berlin's lead: Frankfurt, Breslau, Koenigsberg and Dresden. This is not the place to make a detailed report of these first performances, though the complete data could have been desirable. They are unusually interesting in that they reflect the general standing and appreciation of the Bach art during two generations. From Frankfurt, where Scheible set the first chorus of the great introduction, "Kommt, ihr Toechter," for solo quartet, we have an example of how tradition still existed which related to the production of the Bach music. In Dresden was still found the old numerical ratio between singers and players: 50 sopranos, 46 violins, etc., and the horns in small choir arrangement: 10 flutes, 8 oboes, and sorry to say, 8 clarinets. At the same time we see from the writings of Mosewius, on the study and rehearsals for the Breslau performances, that the Bach style of song had become strange to the singers of the day, causing many difficulties, though the said difficulties are no longer noticed at present. From Koenigsberg, where Music Director Saemann had made preparations with the cantata "Ein feste Burg," we learn that many of the audience left the church while the first part was being given, and others termed the work "antiquated trash."

In one of the Mendelssohn letters to Hauser he mentions an announcement of a Hamburg performance, and being aroused by Hauser's report that parts of a Passion had been beautifully given in Vienna, he inquired impatiently regarding a future complete performance for the latter city. In the winter 1831-32 the Hamburg Singakademie studied the Mathew Passion at least, but it only received a hearing under the subsequent direction of Stockhausen. The people of Vienna waited until 1862. Only with the beginning of this period did this one of the passions begin to find its way into the smaller cities of Germany, Goettingen and Rostock being the earliest.

At this point the report goes further into the details of the publication of the Bach works, many of these editions being detrimental to the fame of the composer by reason of careless editing, thus failing to give true ideas of the worth of the compositions. One of these in particular was the Schles-

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inger edition of the St. Mathew Passion, but in spite of its deficiencies it was the first important indication that Mendelssohn's efforts in Berlin had borne fruit by reviving the publishing interests. Then attention is called to a host of editions of the Motettes, Cantatas and the Passions. The organ and the piano works profited also by the same incident. Dr. Kretzschmar continues:

"We are not in position to trace the extent of the effects following Mendelssohn's work in Berlin, since the musical statistics for Germany during the thirties are still in an unsatisfactory condition. Judging from the material to be had from the musical journals of the time, the Berlin Singakademie, the Frankfurt Cecilian Society and the Breslau Singakademie were the main organizations that gave Bach music regularly.

All three of these societies have published histories which show that in Berlin and Breslau the St. Mathew was continually favored. In Frankfurt, too, where the first performance failed to produce any serious impression after the most painstaking preparation, the Bach music held its own. In 1833 the Berlin Singakademie under Rungenhagen presented the St. John Passion for the first time. It was neither repeated nor scarcely noticed by other cities. It was much later when this composition succeeded in establishing itself in Germany. In Frankfurt, 1831, Schelble followed the Credo of the B minor Mass with the Kyrie and Gloria from the same.

The correspondent of the Allgemeine Musik Zeitung took no special notice of this at the time, but later, when the existence of the Cecilian Society was endangered, he reverted to it and in an excited way claimed that the labors of this organization had been almost without a parallel. Schelble, who was convinced of the love his organization entertained for Bach, thought of the Christmas Oratorio at this time, gave numerous subsequent presentations of its three movements, as did also his successor who prevented the work from falling entirely into disuse. Of the other cities, Berlin was the only one to follow with this oratorio. In February, 1834, the Singakademie produced the three parts very much curtailed, the next year gave it complete, and followed in after years with numerous extracts. Only the Credo was given entire.

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The Allgemeine Musik Zeitung reported: "Though only a few of the hearers could follow the eagle flight of Bach's inspiration, they were all amazed at his greatness and recognized the great enthusiasm of the institute and its leaders who had devoted unusual energy to this work. In connection with the first performance Blumner relates that many singers grew rebellious because they thought the undertaking would prove futile."

Continuing, Dr. Kretzschmar touches upon various casual editions of Bach pieces, and has to do principally with the influence of Mendelssohn, showing that this young master espoused the Bach cause with almost a frantic zeal. It is pointed out, too, that the musical press gave Mendelssohn much assistance. Also Robert Schumann, in the "Neuen Zeitschrift fuer Musik," Johann Theodor Mosewius with a monograph entitled "J. S. Bach in his Church Cantatas and Choral Works" (1845, Berlin), and Carl von Winterfeld in the third volume of "The Evangelical Vocal Music and its Relation to Musical Art" (1843-47).

But with all the impetus given by the production in 1829 of the St. Mathew Passion, it was still evident that this was not sufficient to insure the future. With those who had grown so closely acquainted with his works the belief in Bach became fixed and strengthened, but the masses were still untouched. The Bach future evidently lay in the prospect of closer organization, and in the early thirties this conviction brought up the thought of a Bach union. Schelble broached the matter in a letter to Franz Hauser some time after Zelter's death. He said: 'There is nothing much to be expected in Germany and there is no king who will enter deeply into the Bach Muse. The musicians themselves must take the matter in hand and establish a perfect edition of all the Bach compositions."

Moritz Hauptmann, then in Cassel, was considered the "most enlightened and freest" of all those available and was to take the preliminary steps by sending out a circular. Each was then to secure subscribers in his own field, and to get the musical societies interested particularly. In beginning only the vocal works were to be brought out; first the most popular of them in six inexpensive volumes per year, each

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volume to contain three cantatas. Breitkopf & Haertel were to take charge of the lithographing, the editions were to remain the property of the Bach Union. Hauser was to secure the manuscripts at cost price, the corrections and editing of copy were to be done gratis by the various artists, while Schelble was to write a short introduction for each book. Breitkopf & Haertel, and Hauptmann, became useful workers in the Bach Society which was finally organized eighteen years later. These were long and weary years for the Bach devotees, during which time there were no unusual occurrences to relieve the situation. As indicated above, Mendelssohn remained the principal enthusiast. Even in Duesseldorf, where he became located, he had the singing society practice Bach cantatas. "But in general," says Kretzschmar, "the publishers held off from the Bach movement. The confiding friends of the master were compelled in face of all this to say, 'Why, in spite of all his works, does Bach gain little ground?' They answered with a resolution that Bach should be presented in his entirety. The belief among a few, that if Bach's writings could once become correctly presented, they would work their own way, was finally the inspiration for the organization of the society which accomplished the desired end. The union of Germany was already in sight. Out in Schleswig-Holstein men were fighting for the glory of the fatherland. Thus, with the hundredth anniversary of Bach's death, the Bach society of Leipzig came into existence."

(Translated for MUSIC by Eugene E. Simpson.)

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The death of John Ruskin naturally brings up again the old dispute concerning the permanent value of his works as a stimulus in art-criticism. Ruskin was such a curious mixture of clear-seeing and natural inborn prejudice, and his writings are so polemic in their tone and so positive at every point, yet occasionally so hasty in their generalizations, that it is impossible to take them quietly. You like him and believe in him or you are in direct opposition to him. Moreover, a great deal of his technical criticism is contrary to the opinions of experts. Painters admit his sympathetic insight in many instances, while considering the grounds of his praise defective; architects make the same reservations concerning his highly impassioned and poetic writing upon this form of art. Even essayists object to the controversial and polemic tone which predominates so much. Yet when compared with the volume and quality of his writings, how insignificant are these reservations!

* * *

John Ruskin was the poet of his generation—nay, of his times in England. Save Robert Browning, what other English writer has uniformly so noble an ideal? And what other one has greater purity and truly psychical terseness of diction? His words—nay, his ideas, these are what look out at us from the printed page.

There should again be a place for the Ruskin literature. Where else are more beautiful word-pictures to be found than those in the "Modern Painters," where he gives himself to rhapsody concerning truth in sky, mountain, grass, flower, and to nobility in all of nature's works? We may search the volumes of English poetry in vain to find more vivid word-painting. The absence of metrical rhythm only leaves the

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splendor of his prose rhythm more pulsating and life-expressing. And what purity in this voice! What nobility of conception! What closeness of vision; what judgment in selecting the parts best worth telling!

* * *

To understand Ruskin one should begin with the Modern Painters. And with this leisurely. It is not a book in the sense of a connected treatise, written offhand according to a plan. It began as a tract, an appeal for Turner, the landscape painter, whose rank in art was just then vigorously denied, as everything except pure philistinism is denied in England. Between the first volume of "Modern Painters" and the second ten years elapsed. The tract had done its part in opening the eyes of contemporaries to the greatness of Turner. It had done more; it had awakened a distinct appetite for art criticism.

What was there upon art then current in England? Nothing to speak of beyond Edmund Burke's famous but noncommital essay "On the Sublime and the Beautiful." Various philosophers had tried their small hands upon this problem, only to discover that somehow English utilitarianism failed to furnish the root concepts for estimating art or for cultivating concerning it intelligence and appreciation.

Into this world of "descent and natural selection" Ruskin entered with the sure light of intuition and the domineering authority of a prophet of God. Some things which he said failed of long life; others justified themselves by wrong reasons; but in the main the art ideas of Ruskin, despite mistakes in applying and illustrating them by works of contemporary artists, had that something inner quality in writing which makes it sound true and deserve to be true. And so a great weight and a greater inspiration for the fame and authority of Ruskin.

Ruskin was more of a religious teacher than one in art. Everything in his mind went back to God. If man had been created and placed in the world, surely it was for a good purpose, which purpose man must find out by giving himself over to studying his maker. Principally from the traits of that maker to be found in his companion illustration of that workmanship, his fellow-man and the substances about

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him. And so Ruskin became a philanthropist and a politicai economist. In both these capacities he gained that same wonderful authority, due to the sincerity of the voice and the nobility of the soul; whether he was right or not, I for one know not. In the central thought he surely was right, that there is a right and wrong in life, in art, in literature.

Whimsical indeed were his railings at the manufacturing age in which his times were cast. The locomotive to him was a greater evil than the car of Juggernaut. A factory chimney was a torch of Satan; the machine-shop and the machine-work were tokens of the activity of the great enemy of man. Yet he had currency. And he gave a keynote which if only a good practical way of living up to it could be come upon, would make the world much better.

* * *

I mentioned Ruskin as a poet. Have my readers looked over the standard poetry of English literature lately? Have you thought how much of "hay and grass and stubble" there is in it, well worth its destiny of being burned? And how little of the everlasting, the commanding and the true? English poets seem unable to avoid the dilemma: To be good and dull; to be bad and interesting. Byron chose the latter; Wordsworth and many others the former. And when you go through their works is it not painful how few passages the very best of them have written which still stand beautiful, noble, and of lasting value. I veritably believe that the myriad tomed shelves of the poetical Parnassus could be sifted by a good managing editor and condensed into the corner of a trunk; and that corner would contain everything of noble and beautiful thought which English poets have produced in three centuries. Needless to say Shakespeare and Browning would occupy by far the larger part of the space.

I am not sure but that an intelligent sifting of Ruskin's writings would discover a larger bulk of beautiful and noble thoughts, poetical apperceptions into life and nature; inspiring motives for duty, and a keener sense of the imminence of beauty, than all the professional writers of meter. Many and many a calf-bound poet would go into the waste basket without the rescue of so much as a single leaf; and many

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others would contribute but little more. But the star of Ruskin would shine exceedingly bright.

* * *

Ruskin is a little like religion; he is apt to make enthusiastic young persons tiresome to their elders. Is the fault his or that of the young person? I suppose logic compels us to say the latter.

* * *

I hold Ruskin as a literal inspiration much higher than I do Mendelssohn's music, for instance. There is a time in the development of every young musician when Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words are the best and most precious music in the world. So also it is with Ruskin. There is a period in the progress of the ideal soul when the voice of Ruskin awakens deeper springs of action and furnishes the watchword of progress. In music the young person passes the Song Without Words. Does he also pass Ruskin? I know not. At least other things crowd in and take up time.

* * *

Of how great value are some of Ruskin's lesser writings. Take, for instance, his "Sesame and Lilies," which everybody knows is a treatise upon the duty and reason of reading, with side lights concerning what and why to read. It is a book to read with avidity and to criticize with zeal; nevertheless a book to remember and profit by. Moreover, everything of Ruskin belongs to literature. Along with noble and inspiring ideas there is also a noble style and a pure expression. Even when the ideas themselves have little weight there is always the charm of the pure and elegant style. But form and content are not separate in Ruskin's writing. Noble ideas are plenty; great information, careful research, terse and spirited expression. Old English here comes back in Saxon strength and in Gothic profusion of ornament—yet every ornament having the dignity of use.

* * *

I have never learned what sort of ideas Ruskin had of music; I imagine that like most English men of letters he never understood it. In his time music had not gained the place in England that it now has. I say in his time, not forgetting that in earlier days music had a great place in England. But

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the English mind has its limitations when the art of music is in question. English reticence and personal reserve are directly opposite to the spirit of our tonal Byrons who turn down their collars and tune up their impassioned lays, recite their pessimism and write odes of impending destruction. Even the most reserved of German symphonists, great Beethoven himself, is reckless and impassioned beside the liveliest lays of the English poet. The poet when he is small is trivial; and when he is large he is stupid for the most part. Not so Beethoven, Brahms, and the rest. When small they still have dignity and their conversation if not absolutely of heaven is at least not earthy; and in their rapt moments they speak "with tongues of men and angels."

* * *

Speaking of English painters, I note a curious thing. The two great painters whose works are best fitted for reproduction and household art were English. Landseer's dogs and horses are always beautiful and suggestive. Turner's landscapes are imaginative and imposing. In plain black and white they still have in them something which awakens suggestions vastly beyond the powers of most French art. Take even the little engravings in Turner's "Rivers of France." These are soft, dreamy, almost feminine, combinations of line, and no doubt they lie occasionally, as concerning the height of a church tower now and then; but they are lovely views nevertheless, and we will go a long ways through the pages of our highly illustrated magazines without stumbling upon anything of so lasting a charm. But I know not where to find English music of like sweetness, strength and universal appeal.

* * *

The paragraph is going around with suspicious insistence that "Herr Siegfried Wagner is coming to America, where he has been offered a large sum to conduct a series of concerts." Is not the title a case of mis-spelling? Should it not be "Her Siegfried"—i. e., his mother's Siegfried, etc.? But why bring over his young person? Are there not many other conductors in Europe who have failed to distinguish themselves but at least have shown superior musicianship, which the son of his mother has not?

* * *

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Is it not about time to apply to theater box offices ordinary rules of courtesy and honesty? The Grand Opera House in this city lately made a great public protest against patrons buying tickets of speculators instead of coming straight to the box office. Nevertheless it happened lately to a member of the staff of this magazine to buy, at the box office of the Grand, two seats for a performance ten days ahead, to hear James A. Hearne in his new play. The day before the performance the buyer happened to notice a line in the dramatic columns stating that Mr. Hearne was ill and would not appear. On applying at the box office for a refunding of the money it was refused; a change to a later attraction was also refused. The box office claimed that sufficient public notice had been given of the illness of Mr. Hearne. Nevertheless there was no sign up at the office when the tickets were bought, else the purchase would not have been made. And the only change in the advertisement of the attraction was an apparently insignificant one: The first form read (still upon the day when the tickets were purchased), "Jas. A. Hearne in 'Sag Harbor,'" and this was what the tickets were bought for. The modified form a few days later was: "Jas. A. Hearne's 'Sag Harbor.'"

The plain truth is, as theater patrons well know, that choice seats to any good attraction can be had at the hotel offices long after they are denied at the box office. Yet when the unsold seats have been returned at 7 p. m. on the evening of the performance, it is often possible to get a better seat at the office than several days earlier. Moreover, the present writer has yet to experience his first case of a refusal to refund, on the part of the outside agent (provided it was at least half a day before the performance) when for any reason the tickets could not be used.

For the benefit of the other houses it is to be noted that most of them, and I believe Powers' in particular, are very scrupulous to refund money for tickets which cannot be used, if the application is made several hours before the performance. And I believe all the other houses, without exception, cheerfully refund in such a case as the one mentioned above. Most of them have reputations to lose. Therefore they

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neither make false representations nor permit their employes to do so.

* * *

And speaking of theaters, was it not fortunate indeed that the Columbia happened to take fire when there was no audience in it? For twenty years this theater has been permitted to play to large crowds, when the fire department and all good judges have known all along that in case of panic scores and hundreds of lives would have been lost, owing to insufficient exits. Col. J. H. Mapleson noted this feature of the house when he entered it for the first time, before it was opened. He ran his experienced eye over the situation and remarked to the gentleman showing him about: "You have but a single exit; but how cleverly you have concealed the fact."

The danger of the house so weighed upon the lessees that at great expense they bought an adjoining rear lot and upon this erected storage rooms for scenery and the chief dressing rooms. They also provided exits through the property upon the west; but upon the east there were no exits. In case of fire the fate of the occupants of the very large gallery would have been that we know too well, in the case of the Ring theater at Vienna, and so many other houses that burn.

Generally speaking, the only theater in Chicago with exits really sufficient for emergencies is McVicker's. Even the first floor of the Schiller would be difficult to get out of in case of panic.

As for the Grand Opera House, one can easily inspect the balcony and the gallery and speculate upon his chances, if located there in time of panic.

Powers' was formerly a great sinner in this respect, owing to its being hemmed in by adjoining buildings. In the repairs last summer a great improvement was made in the exits, but the present writer has never personally inspected them and so cannot speak with authority.

The Chicago Auditorium is perhaps the safest from fire risk of any theater in America, as all the heat and lighting comes from a plant some hundreds of feet away, in a building erected for the purpose. In the Auditorium hotel and theater and office building there are no fires whatever, excepting

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those in the hotel kitchens and a few gas grates. As the building is constructed of incombustible material and there is little or nothing to take fire, it may be regarded as safe. In case of panic the main floor and the main balcony would be emptied without difficulty; the upper balconies would not be quite so safe, but it is difficult to imagine an emergency which would not give even a full audience time to get out.

Many of the smaller theaters would be fire traps in case of alarm and panics would be fatal to many lives.

To give everybody their due, the churches are often less safe than the theaters. Many of the churches are upon the second floors, and all occupants, galleries and main floor alike, would have to come out through the single narrow entry and crooked stairs.

It is a curious circumstance that the theater which has been burned down most times, is McVicker's, where the most care had been taken to avoid fire and to avoid danger in the case of fire.

* * *

A remarkable three weeks of opera was given in Chicago, in March and the beginning of April. The company was from New Orleans, the language French, and the chief singers all, or nearly all, from Paris schools. The repertory was mainly the conventional French one, but as this contains several works rarely heard in this country, it had several novelties. The season opened with Halevy's dreary "The Jewess," and went on with "Lucia," "Huguenots," "Aida," "Il Trovatore," etc. The novelties were Mr. Ernest Reyer's "Sigurd," which was given once, and his "Salammbo," which was given twice. The latter is a very brilliant work, full of spectacular opportunities. The music works hard but rarely manages to reach the heart of the matter. It belongs to the showy group in which "Aida" and "Semiramide" are striking examples. The cast for this opera was very strong in principles. I have lost my list at this writing, but as near as I remember the chief roles were taken by Miss Pecary, soprano; Mr. Gauthier, first tenor; Mr. Bouxmann, etc., and the work was carried off in splendid style. The chorus and orchestra were not very smooth—the chorus distinctly bad, as operatic choruses usually are, except where there is a body of young singers

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in training for larger work, from which the choral forces are occasionally renewed.

Despite the really strong work of this company in the leading roles, the patronage was very poor, wholly insufficient. Many of the representations would compare with those of the Grau companies, although there were no principal singers of like quality to the few at the head of the Grau company.

* * *

Ernest Reyer is a composer who has written operas which do him credit. The world is willing to admit the fact without having it argued. For this reason his works are rarely played. "Sigurd," called "a first production in Chicago," was played here ten or fifteen years ago, if I am not mistaken. It is a weaker Wagnerian effort. The whole of the Niebelungen story is condensed into one opera.

* * *

It is given out authoritatively, but as yet without particulars, that a new school of music will shortly be opened in Chicago, with a distinguished financial name as backer, the assistance taking the form of a building rent free and a fund for scholarships for talented students unable to defray their own tuition. These provisions will be admirable, and no doubt will be highly appreciated by the classes to which they appeal: The free rent to the manager, and the free tuition to needy pupils. Experience shows, however, that the standing of the new school will eventually depend upon the commanding qualities of its teachers, especially the directors of departments, upon whom necessarily depends the educational thoroughness and the artistic ideals of the teaching.

Whatever the resources of a new school, it will not be altogether easy to surpass the record of several of the existing ones in respect to bringing here and retaining artists of importance. The Chicago Conservatory, for instance, has brought Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Godowsky here, giving the school in this department a pre-eminence hard to surpass. In the line of violin and voice teachers the school was not so fortunate. The Chicago Musical College has brought here most of the successful singing teachers of the present—Messrs. Phelps, Gottschalk, William Castle, and now M. Gauthier. Also such pianists as Friedheim, Hans Schiller, Wal-

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ter Knupfer, A. Brune, and now Breitner and young Klum, from Vienna. The college has also brought the distinguished violin teachers, Mr. S. Jacobsohn and Bernhard Listemann—two of the most celebrated names in this department of music. The American Conservatory is to be credited with that able personality, Mr. Karleton Hackett, Mr. Miner, and a host of purely Chicago teachers, who do not need a foreign stamp to certify to their ability.

* * *

Any philanthropist contemplating entering the arena of free scholarships will do well to take account of the existing stock in this direction. I believe the Musical College awards no less than forty-five free scholarships in the different departments, all of which, or nearly all, are defrayed from its own resources. This is certainly a record of which Dr. Ziegfeld has a right to be proud, and that he has been able to build up a commercially successful undertaking despite so heavy a handicap, speaks magnificently for his administrative capacity no less than his goodness of heart.

The American Conservatory and several other schools offer scholarships free, but of course none to anything like the extent of the college. But taking all the schools together, it is evident that a new foundation will have to be made unusually strong to enter the competition with any hope of standing at the head—which, of course, is the intention.

* * *

If it were possible to have the new school endowed so liberally as to enable it to maintain a complete conservatory appointment, with strong heads of departments, a conservatory orchestra and chorus, a stage and good hall, then indeed with a wise directorship it might do great good in the community.

* * *

What is wanted is not a conservatory doing elementary and academic teaching, but a college, with entrance by examination for a full course, and a valid diploma at the end of it. If the standard could be made so high that average graduates of existing schools would just get in, and then the course be properly laid out and administered for four years, leading to real graduation, here would be something which

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America greatly needs. Mr. Van Der Stucken has been trying hard to get such a standard in Cincinnati College of Music, and Mr. Theodore Thomas left the same institution when he found that he could not secure such a standard. All the conservatories live by the profits of their elementary lessons and those in the lower grades. They make but small profits upon advanced students, the lessons costing nearly all that the students pay. The object of such a school would be precisely that of a liberal college, namely, to prepare specialists in voice and instruments and theory, and to take care that all of them were in a real sense musical scholars with cultivated tastes. It cannot be justly claimed that even the oldest of the European conservatores quite come up to this standard.

* * *

The least favorable feature of the facts alleged of the new school is that of the small endowment—$100,000. One hundred thousand dollars is a great deal of money, but it has its limitations. In the present earning power of capital it is equal to an annual revenue of only four or at most five thousand dollars a year. Such a sum would be an assistance and any existing school would be glad to get it; but to apply it to the myriad outgoes incident to establishing an entirely new school will soon show its insufficiency. Fortunately the financial power claimed to be back of the new institution has money enough to increase the endowment as soon as convinced of its insufficiency and that it is being wisely used.

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CHARLES H. JARVIS: MAN AND MUSICIAN.

BY T. CARL WHITMER.

For upwards of forty years the late Charles H. Jarvis was an important force in musical matters of Philadelphia, and for years he conducted many important chamber concerts, in which a vast repertory of classical and modern works came to a hearing. He was so remarkable a man, moreover, as to have made a deep impress upon the musical life of the city where he lived and worked. But although he has now been dead five years, I have not seen any account of his career. I have therefore at some pains, having myself been among the young musicians directly inspired by his teaching and example, accumulated the necessary facts from members of his family still living, and here set them forth as an example and a worthy tribute to the life work of a man singularly sincere, capable and forceful.

The keynote of his life is perhaps as well gathered from his simple creed, which he enunciated to a fellow musician at the close of a long discussion of various systems of philosophy, a subject in which he was deeply interested. He said:

"Well, in spite of theories I can see one thing clearly; there is duty to be done and I believe the man does well who does his duty as he understands it and leaves the rest to the Power that put him here."

A simple creed it was, and sincerely acted upon!

Charles H. Jarvis was born in Philadelphia, December 20, 1837; and died there February 25, 1895. He was named after his father, who was himself a musician, and gave his son his ideals of piano playing, and perhaps some of his ideals in other directions.

This father was from England; Leicester, England. For twenty years he was prominent in Philadelphia musical circles; was organist for some time at the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany. And in 1846 there was produced at the Walnut Street Theater (Eighth and Walnut streets) an opera (or operetta) of his called by the rather old-fashioned title of "Luli, or the Switzer's Bride." But, to us, all this

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work seems merely secondary to the pedagogic energy expended on the son; an activity which must have been an exceedingly vital force to produce what was produced; for the father died in 1854 when the son was but seventeen years old.

Leopold Meignen and the Philadelphia High School were responsible for the other training of the boy; Leopold Meignen being his instructor in the theoretical branches of music.

The few methods used by Charles Jarvis, Sr., for the training of Charles Jarvis, Jr., were very effective. On their walks the boy would be required to name the chance tones they would hear from this horn or that bell or some falling steel bar, etc.

And then what a wonderful sight reader Mr. Chas. H. Jarvis was! His father covered the keyboard when the boy played so that all his attention would be concentrated on the music. Studies in energy-focusing!

And then all right-hand parts of the piano music had to be played by the left hand! And the man possessed a gifted left hand.

And so we might proceed. All their talks and walks and work were made fruit-yielding. A chance glance at a shop window—and the young musician must tell the older musician the names of all the things seen. (So much for quick-apprehension studies.)

This is genuine pedagogy; pedagogy of the most pregnant kind; pedagogy based on sensible psychologic principles; pedagogic principles arranged not orderly enough for a university text-book, but principles that might be spelled into the word—Life!

Chas. H. Jarvis began the study of the piano at four years of age. When seven—in December, 1844—he made his first appearance as a pianist in Musical Fund Hall (Eighth and Locust streets). Some themes from "Don Pasquale" had been previously arranged for piano solo by H. Rosselen. Then Charles Jarvis, Sr., arranged that arrangement for four hands.

It was this arrangement of an arrangement that the seven-year-old boy played together with Miss Caroline Branson. And he played the treble part standing up at the piano!

He graduated at the Philadelphia High School in Febru-

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ary, 1854. It seems that his strongest point was in mathematics. It was in this year that his father died; and it was in the fall of this year that he began the great teaching activity which lasted until he died. In 1857 Thalberg visited this country. The impression he created on the young player was most profound and permanent. The tone-purity of the great pianist was the model of the young man and remained the model with the older man. And all his pupils heard about the Thalberg lucidity and the Thalberg tone-crystals. And then the Thalberg inoculation at lessons!

The main points in the life of Mr. Jarvis as an executant are: that in February of 1855 he played at a concert of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society (in Philadelphia) Thalberg's Fantasie, Opus 52, on Themes from Lucrezia Borgia. N. Perelli was conductor of the society at that time.

In 1862, together with Mr. Michael Cross, he instituted a series of classical soirees. In 1865 Mr. Cross, however, dropped from the compact. In the winter of 1867 he was associated with Mr. Charles M. Schmitz in a series of three symphony concerts in which he played:

Weber's Concertstück, Opus 79.
Chopin's Concerto, Opus 11.
Beethoven's Concerto, No. 4, Opus 58.

In May, 1869, he played with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra Beethoven's Concerto, Opus 58, with Cadenza by Moscheles. In season of 1870-71 he played at Musical Fund Hall in the series of three symphony concerts—this time Mr. Cross being the conductor—Beethoven's Concerto, Opus 37; Chopin's Opus 11, E minor, and Schumann's Opus 54 (A minor). Other concerts which he publicly performed were Mendelssohn's No. 1 in G minor, Opus 25, and No. 2, Opus 40; also his Capriccio Brilliante, Op. 22, B minor; Hummel's Opus 85, A minor, and Opus 89, B minor. In 1875 and 1876 he played several times with the Thomas Orchestra, playing the Chopin Concerto, Opus 11; the Beethoven Concerto, Opus 37 (No. 3 in C minor), with Cadenza by Moscheles. He played also in Baltimore at symphony concert about this time the Mendelssohn D minor, Opus 40.

And now to consider the classical soirees which started Monday evening, December 15, 1862. These continued—

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with interruptions of seasons '73-'74 and '80-'81—until Saturday evening, February 9, 1895. The two concert centers at the period of the inauguration of the series were Musical Fund Hall at Eighth and Locust streets and the Assembly building at Tenth and Chestnut streets.

However, Jarvis & Cross used the foyer of the Academy of Music. Before this series there was in Philadelphia a special series of classical concerts by Mr. Hupfeld, Mr. Thorbeck and Mr. Wolfsohn, who gave recitals in connection with Theodore Thomas. And a good deal of quartette playing had been done at the house of J. J. Mickley, violin maker, at 927 Market street. This was the rendezvous for Ole Bull, Artot, Sivori, William Vincent Wallace and George Knoop ('cellist). And there was the Philadelphia Quintette Club, founded by Mr. Gaertner, with whom were associated Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Plagemann, Mr. Charles Schmitz and Mr. Michael Cross. (Mr. Jarvis was the first of these to die.)

At the time when the concerts of Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Cross started only two or three of Chopin's works had been published in this country, and Mendelssohn's Lieder were just coming into favor.

In 1885—during the May Music Festival held in Philadelphia—Mr. Jarvis played the D minor Concerto of Mendelssohn. In 1887-88 he gave a series of historical piano recitals, Dr. Hugh A. Clarke supplying the literary portions. A series of similar aims was given also in 1888-89. He gave this series at Ogontz also in 1888. These historical concerts took place at the Academy of Fine Arts, Broad and Locust streets.

On Saturday evening, March 2, 1878, he played the first recital in a series of seventeen private recitals held at his home. He published, about this time, a little book which was advertised to sell at fifty cents, which reads thus:

"Fifty Hours With The Eminent Piano Compositions. A Series of 17 Piano Recitals, to be given by Mr. Chas. H. Jarvis, at his residence, No. 131 N. 19th st."

And, speaking about his private recitals, I wonder how many know of that wonderful souvenir programme he gave—as usual on Saturday evening—May 12, 1877, as a "memory" of the Fourteenth Season of Classical Soirees? The recital

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that lasted from 7:30 p. m. until 2:00 a. m.* And at 2:00 a. m. Mr. Jarvis said: "I feel now as if I was just in condition to do it all over again."

This programme was shown to Liszt. The Abbé said: "It is impossible; no man living could do it!"

And how did he accomplish it? The answering of this question brings me to the consideration of Mr. Jarvis' temperament. It was not only because of the great physical endurance which he possessed, for the physique alone cannot carry a man through a programme such as that is. Mr. Jarvis was primarily an objective player; objective to such a degree that the man with a small vocabulary called him "cold." All of his playing was under the constant supervision of his mind. And yet is this the real explanation of that lack of warmth? I think not. Mr. Jarvis himself disapproved of the Klindworth analytic methods, and was consistent in his work with that disapproval. Yet he certainly stood outside of his work. I have always felt that he depended too much upon his really tremendous capacity for assimilating the contents of a composition at a glance. He once said to me that he "depended on the inspiration of the moment to carry him through and so missed an intense, white-hot constant intimacy with the works he presented." He lived with too many pieces all the time. He would, at a sitting, completely play through Bach's Preludes and Fugues in Well-Tempered Clavichord. And this was but one of the many bookfuls he would over and over again devour all at once. Finally, this engendered a habit for ground-covering which unfortunately interfered with "a sublime acquaintance."

And so a programme (see programme at end of article) such as he gave on May 12, 1877, was a mind and muscle feat. If temperament had been a little more prominent and aggressive he would have been smothered in the Fifth Part.

No, I didn't hear him play it! But I heard him in many recitals after that.

And how often he played at the lesson! There one had him on the best terms—and on talking terms.

(At concerts men, like children, "lose their tongues;" at lessons they talk two ways through tone, and the real self comes in and out.)

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He loved that Schumann Quintette; and yet—oh, yes, when he played in ensemble he could reach better into one's inner self. Or, was it that he served as a kind of temperer of the intense sensuism of the string-family that made him then so lustrous? He was lustrous in ensemble playing. When he gave a solo one felt that he was striving to make the hearer acquainted in the great field of piano music; but you forgot that pedagogic interest when he was the player in trio, quartette or quintette. In other words, he was a single-minded artist in concerted music; in solo work he was really a languageless lecturer!

As a teacher of piano-playing he belonged to the class which teaches by indirect suggestion and direct example. Such a teacher demands of a pupil extraordinary powers of intuition and facility for "adding two and two together;" but given a student of that description such a teacher will make a deep and lasting impression. And Mr. Chas. Jarvis was a teacher especially unique in that regard. (And, by the way, I have an idea that Mr. Chas. Jarvis talked more to his pupils during lesson hour the latter part of his life than in the early part. So much as an "aside.") I felt him growing bigger and broader all the time in intellect. He read, during the last ten years of his life, a great deal of philosophical matter. He read Fiske and Spencer, among others. He often told at lesson time what he had read. It seemed that he had an insatiable desire to broaden the comprehension of his pupils; to constantly utilize all of his own general knowledge in order to make clear the many really unexplainable things in our especial art. A kind of teaching by the analogies. Shortly before he died he read Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." And then he thought for himself. He was thoroughly conscious of his individuality and he made it one of his impressivenesses. And as a man he was more original—the admission must be made—than as an artist. It is scarcely possible to turn to a piece and say, "This is a Jarvis interpretation." There was too much of objectivity to make it so personal as that would suggest. He was essentially an educator. And a real power he was in that! There he was original. Examine only his programmes and this is immediately evident.

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Mr. Jarvis never published any of his compositions. The Manuscript Society of Philadelphia published a Nocturne in D flat after his death. He never spent much time at composition, for that matter. His daughter remembers him playing, in leisure hours, some little things of his own. I heard him play one of his compositions as an encore, one time only. He never told me the name of it, but since I have examined the Nocturne these six years after I think it must have been that one.

I mentioned Mr. Jarvis' great sight-reading faculties. Everybody knows that! He played Schumann's "Kreisleriana" in public having played it once over; played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto with Thomas' Orchestra, although he had not played it previously for twenty-one years!

The great musical library he possessed—which now is in the Drexel Institute (31st and Chestnut streets), Philadelphia—was started by his father. And it is a coincidence that this father was a personal friend of the founder of the Drexel family in America. The library was a gift of Mr. Jarvis' daughter to the Drexel Institute. There are about one thousand bound volumes of music, one-half of which are piano scores. The next largest division is orchestral music. There are a few scores of some of Handel's oratorios, of the eighteenth century. Also sixty-eight bound volumes, forming a complete set of Mozart's works. Also a complete collection of John Sebastian Bach's music. The formal opening took place on the evening of February 3, 1896, directly after the memorial concert given in the Drexel Institute. The programme of the concert was as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in E flat—Bach.

Quartette, Opus 59, No. 3—Beethoven.

Cantata, "God, Thou art Great"—Spohr; "Holy City"—Adams.

(Imagine this composition of the "Holy City" being sung at the memorial of a classicist such as Charles Jarvis!)

Motet, "Glory, Honor, Praise and Power"—Mozart.

Of his personal history many interesting things might be mentioned if space warranted. He was married in 1861 to Miss Lucretia Yale, of New Haven, Conn., and there are four daughters of this union now living. Mrs. Jarvis died in 1875,

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and in 1879 he married Miss Josephine E. Roebling, and two sons of this union are still living. He was an excellent business manager, careful and exact. He traveled a great deal and invariably kept careful journals of everything he saw. A few summers before his death I met him one day when he told me that he had just returned from a journey of nine thousand miles in the United States. During his long career he taught nearly one thousand students. The last piece which he gave for a lesson was Henselt's "If I Were a Bird."

As a teacher he was careful, conservative, and inclined to the classical school. He considered that Liszt, as he expressed it, "excelled in purple, fine linen and cacophony;" but he played the Liszt nevertheless. The later composers, particularly Brahms, he reviled often and again for the unpianistic lay of their works. He thought the same even of Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, Xaver Scharwenka, Moszkowski, and he attributed their carelessness in this regard to the bad example of Schumann and Wagner. In his paper before the Teachers' Association at Detroit, he gave his point of view when he said: "I think all genuine progress and advancement must depend upon faithfully cherishing the best traditions of the past."

Following is the extremely long programme which he played at his house, May 12, 1877. It might stand as a teaching repertory:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Bach: Fantaisie Chromatique and Fugue, in D minor.
2-4. Mendelsohn: Lieder ohne Worte. F major, C major, A major.
5-7. Chopin:
Berceuse, Op 57 (Db).
Impromptu, Op. 36 (F sharp).
Fantaisie, F minor, Op. 49.
8. Schumann: Concerto, A minor.

PART II.

9. Hummel: Sonate, F sharp minor, Op. 81.
10-15. Chopin:
Preludes: G major, B flat, B flat minor, E flat.
Etudes: C sharp, G flat (octaves).
(No. 12); Prelude, A flat.
16. Schubert: Fantaisie C minor, Op. 15.

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PART III.

17. Thalberg: "Airs Russes." (G.)
18-20. Mendelssohn: Lieder ohne Worte, E flat, F sharp minor, E major.
21-23. Schumann:
Toccata, Op. 7, C major.
Forest Scenes, Op. 82: Prophetic Birds (G minor); Hunting Song (E flat).
24. Beethoven: Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57, F minor.
25. Weber-Liszt: Schlummerlied, F sharp major.
26. Liszt: Rhapsodie Hongroise (D flat).

PART IV.

27. Schumann: Kreisleriana (D minor, G minor, B flat), Op. 16.
28-33. Chopin: Prelude, D minor; Nocturne, B major, Op. 62; Mazourka, C sharp minor; Mazourka, B flat minor; Valse, A flat, Op. 64; Etude, Op. 25, No. 11, A minor.
34. Mendelssohn: Variations Serieuses, Op. 54, D minor.

PART V.

35. Bach-Liszt. Organ Fugue, G minor.
36-38. Scarlatti: 3 pieces: G minor, C minor, G major.
39-44. Chopin: Etude, Op. 10, F major; Etude, Op. 10, C minor (No. 12); Prelude, A flat; Etude, Op. 10, No. 4, C sharp; Etude, Op. 10, E flat; Etude, Op. 25, B minor (octaves).
45. Schubert-Liszt: Barcarolle, "Auf Dem Wasser zu Singen."
46. Von Weber: Sonata, C major, Op. 24, No. I.

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Things Here And There

LEIPZIG.

Of the deluge of music that has been poured upon us here since last I wrote, I am afraid I cannot say much, for I must confess having been somewhat lazy as regards visiting the concerts this last month. The farther the season advances the more one picks and chooses, and this difficulty is augmented by one requiring time for one's work, and the demands on one from the many other sources. However, as nothing of startling importance has occurred there has been nothing very important missed. In the eighteenth Gewandhaus concert Siloti played the Grieg Concerto and the Wanderer Fantasia of Schubert. The former was not played up to one's expectations in many ways. There was a lack of cohesiveness in the rendering that caused it to appear very scrappy and it was also played very coldly. The impression it made on one was that of an experiment in handling the piano and orchestra together, and one came away with the feeling that it only succeeded to a certain degree. His playing of the Wanderer Fantasia, however, was simply perfect, and worked out in detail and finesse to an extent that one very seldom hears in Siloti. I find the latter is, as a rule, a lazy fellow, being content with a small repertory, and also with careless technically and artificially unfinished renderings; but now and then he shines out brightly and shows us what he can do when he tries. And in the Wanderer Fantasia he did this. He showed us such a wealth of poetic feeling and artistic taste, and played his instrument with such wonderful technical nuances, that one almost felt that his master, Liszt, was there and inspired him with his presence. It certainly sounded as though Siloti had heard many artistic suggestions on the piece in the salon at Weimar. Of orchestral works in this concert we had Schumann's Second Symphony, a concert overture of Holstein, instrumented from sketches by Albert Dietrich, and the best of Berlioz's works I think I have heard, the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

In the twentieth concert Reinecke's overture to "Koenig Manfred," Liszt's Mephisto Waltz, and Brahm's Frist Symphony in C minor were the orchestral numbers, and as soloist, Sauret. He played Dvorak's Violin Concerto in A minor in splendid style and "die Liebesfee" of Raff. The concerto "took on" immensely, played as it was with such tone and temperament, and the original rhythms which Dvorak employs were shown here to the best advantage. Per-

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sonally I like the violin concerto better after a first hearing than the 'cello concerto after a second. I am awaiting an opportunity to hear them again now.

In the twenty-first Gewandhaus concert that incomparable contralto, Camilla Landi, sang, and created an enthusiasm one does not often see. She has a most perfect method and voice and an altogether charming way of singing. Her renderings of the sixteenth to eighteenth century songs and those of the modern French school are inimitable. In the same concert Tschaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathetique" was given with great success.

Of piano recitals the only one I went to was that of Harry Field, who played a very good program, including a work in a very modern and interesting direction by Louis Campbell-Tipton.

Mr. Field has a tremendous technique and possesses the capability of thoroughly working out the pieces he plays both technically and artistically, which is a great thing. If his head has more to do with a piece than his heart his fingers never betray this, as for instance, in the little A flat major study of Chopin and the latter's Prelude op. 28, in B major. Here one missed the real poetic atmosphere that surrounds those little things; the ether was not there, if I may so apply that word, but nevertheless instead of the real soul Mr. Field's fingers gave us a very good imitation. And that is a sign of an artist, as Tausig himself once declared. Mr. Field is undoubtedly more at home in things of greater importance; his virtuosity requires this. For this reason his choice of Tipton's Sonata was fortunate. The work possesses almost unbounded pianistic effects; effects that are new and interesting, and the beauty of them all is that they rest on a pure musical basis. They are not empty dynamic effects, but those that only a master of his instrument, or an observer of the same, can get. The build of the sonata is interesting and shows many signs of a great individuality as a composer. First, a true token of musical greatness is the wonderful combination of inspiration with intellect. The beauty of the second theme I don't think possible for anyone to forget, and if anyone has any good in his heart I think those notes (in every tone of which lies a wealth of experience, sad and troubled, and the yearning of an impassioned and poetic nature) must cause him to feel it. Then the contrapuntal work in the sonata is magnificent and the beautiful and ingenious figuration is quite individual. Mr. Field was accorded quite a hearty ovation at the close of the work. I have heard that Herr Teichmueller is giving Mr. Field an opportunity of playing the sonata again shortly before a number of the best-known critics here at a matinee where a number of the former's pupils are playing. Herr Stoye, bye the bye, of whom I spoke in my last, has left his master (Herr Teichmueller) to take the appointment as chief piano teacher at the Conservatory of Crefeld-on-the-Rhine. I can only wish him as much success there in teaching his master's method as he has had here in playing.

At the Conservatorium there have been the usual yearly "Prüfun-

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gen." I went to three or four of them, but they were very amateur in style. The directors seem to let anybody play who wants to, with the result that this year's examinations are not any better than the usual bi-weekly concerts. On the contrary, they are worse in one particular, in so far that the orchestra is brought to light. In the bi-weekly concerts it is very seldom used, and after having heard some most awful things perpetrated this year in the "Prüfungen" by it, I think it would be better to leave it away there as well. The orchestra itself has material, but it lacks drilling this year, and in the concerti the conductor (Herr Capellmeister Sitt) could really try now and then to aid the player and not to worry him. He is a very capable conductor when he takes the trouble, but this year a number of the soloists have got to thank him for their bad criticisms. It will surprise some of the old pupils of the Conservatorium, who are now working all over the States, to hear that this year the pupils have been forbidden to respond to the applause of the public. This brings the public examinations still a step nearer to the conservatism and dilletantism of the bi-weekly concerts and, needless to say, creates a different atmosphere in the hall. Indeed, I have noticed in all the "Prüfungen" that the directors seem to try to make the thing as pupil-like as possible. Now, I hold the contrary view. I think that after one has studied a number of years and gradually becomes less a pupil and more an independent artist, that when one makes one's last appearance before the Leipzig public under the auspices of the Conservatorium, it should be under circumstances that should give one every opportunity to present oneself as an artist and not as a pupil. But in the Conservatory, of course, conservatism reigns supreme, and pity the composer who tries to show that he is an original and independent thinker and artist! And the same with the other branches. One must either go with the sheep or be led by them. And that is the puzzle in this year's "Prüfungen"! One doesn't know exactly who the sheep are—the pupils or——but, as the classical song hath it, "There are others"!

A. J. VERNON SPENCER.

THE DUVIVIER MEDAL: A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of MUSIC:

In this month's issue of your most valuable magazine, referring to the production of the two movements of my Symphony in F minor, performed at the Thomas Concert March 3, you most kindly decorate me with a gold medal "presented to me for important services to the French Republic during the Commune of 1871." Permit me to correct this flattering error and bless the Muses, as I have had and have nothing to do with politics. Up to the present my only crimes have been musical—or tried to be so.

In 1863 the Comité du Progrès Artistique, at Paris, opened a universal competition for a unique gold medal (there was no second

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prize). The composition was to be a symphonic work. The members of the examining jury were: Messrs. Reber, Gevaërt and Ambrose Thomas, of the Institute, and Messrs. Betozzi, Foulon, E. Deldevez, Gustave Lefevre, and A. Elvart, of the Conservatoire. I had the honor of obtaining this medal, given to me in public sitting at the Sorbonne April 9, 1864. You have now the truthful story of the medal—nothing political, as you see—and I certainly do not aspire for any nomination, notwithstanding glory, perquisites, etc.

Will you most kindly rectify, and believe me, dear sir, yours very faithfully, A. D. DUVIVIER.

THE SPIERING STUDENT ORCHESTRA.

Mention was made in these pages two years ago of the uncommonly fine playing of the student orchestra conducted by Mr. Spiering. The same body gave a concert in University Hall April 17, with a program containing the following:

Cherubini: Overture, "Anacreon."
Bach: Concerto for two violins, 1 movt. (Miss Ross, Mr. Scheld).
Schubert: First Entr'act from "Rosamund."
Wagner: Prelude, "Lohengrin."
Bruch: Concerto for violin, 2 mvts. (Miss Chamberlain).
Saint-Saëns: Marche Heroique.

This formidable program was played extremely well by about forty-five players, of whom only the heads of the strings, the woodwind and brass were professional, about ten in all. The accompaniments also were done elegantly, and the solo playing showed uncommonly fine talent as well as careful teaching. A school able to muster an orchestra like this has something to be proud of, even although it may not count its graduates by the hundred. As a director Mr. Spiering has plenty of musical feeling and the rare quality of retaining the same players under his control. This is what wins in the long run.

MAY FESTIVAL AT ANN ARBOR.

The program of the Ann Arbor May Festival (May 17 to 19) shows five concerts, of which two are orchestral, by the Boston Festival Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer. The choral concerts will include Chadwick's "Lily Nymph" and Parker's "Hora Novissima." The orchestral provision is liberal, and the solo artists include Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mrs. Emma Juch-Wellman, David Bispham, Evan Williams, Gwylim Miles and Mr. William Howland.

A REMARKABLE GODOWSKY PROGRAM.

In his recitals at Lima, Ohio, Erie, Grand Rapids, Madison, Wis.,

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etc., Mr. Leopold Godowsky played the following unusual program:

Beethoven: "The Adieu," "The Absence," "The Return."
Gluck-Saint-Saëns: Themes from Alceste."
Brahms: Four Intermezzi; the Hungarian Dances; Paganini Variations, Book 1 .
Godowsky: Melodie Meditative, Capriccio and four studies.
Chopin: Ballade in A flat; Polonaise in A flat; Impromptu in F sharp; Schero in C sharp minor.
Liszt: "At the Spring"; Concert study in D flat.
Weber-Godowsky: "Invitation to the Dance" (first time).

The transcription of the "Invitation to the Dance" is nearly the same as that which Mr. Pachmann will play next season, Godowsky having made a few minor alterations since giving De Pachmann the manuscript. It is a very elegant, ornate and extremely difficult concert piece, but beautifully conceived. The foregoing program, it will be noticed, contains much more of the modern music for piano than most of those which artists are giving us. The Beethoven sonata was selected, Mr. Godowsky stated, mainly because it is so intelligible and at the same time occupies less time than most of the sonatas. It must have been played to perfection.

ITALIAN COMPOSERS: A CORRECTION.

Sir: You say in the introduction to the article, "Contemporaneous Italian Composers," by A. Bazzini: "The general deficiency of English information upon this subject renders such a systematic catalogue of great value for reference."

Undoubtedly; but why did you not translate the entire letter of Bazzini, dated Milano, 2 Marzo, 1876, and published in the Riv. Mus. Ital., 1898, Vol. I.?

In the present form the catalogue is neither by Bazzini nor is it up to date, in spite of some additions.

By translating and "mending" Bazzini's introduction you would have furnished a valuable reference to his own works and to those of Fr. Faccio, Arrigo Boito, Petrella and Giov. Paccini, who is of considerable importance as one of the first champions of the renaissance of modern Italian chamber-music.

Besides, in a systematic catalogue of contemporaneous Italian composers, the names and works of Franchetti, Mascagni, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Pérosi, Enrico Bossi, Sgambati, Hermano Wolf-Ferrari, Guido Alberto Fano, etc., ought not be omitted.

It is of minor importance (1) that Alfredo Catalani's opera, "Loreley," is not mentioned, which work is considered by many Italians as his best; (2) that Gaetano Gaspari (not Gasperi), the excellent librarian of Bologna, died in 1881; his successors are Parisini and Luigi Torchi; the latter, Italy's most learned and cultured historian of music, and, with the exception of Ippolito Valetta (Nuova Autologis),

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most important critic, is also a composer of music; (3) that Giuseppe Martucci's greatest work, his D minor symphony, has been forgotten. If his works deserve nothing more than "mention," then most of the other composers do not even deserve that; but this may be a matter of personal taste. Bazzini himself says of Rendano, Martucci, Chiui, Palumbo "meritano considerazione particolare."

As I have taken the liberty of addressing you, permit my referring to another point.

Are not such general statements as the one in the Editorial Bric-a-Brac—"It is well known that in Germany today there are absolutely no good singers, not one native singer whose work would pass for singing in any other country"—rather bold and fanatic in a review of the standard of the music? If Gura is not a good singer, who is? And have Julius Hey, Julius Stochhausen, etc., really been incapable of turning out good native-born German singers?

By the way, to show you with what interest and how thoroughly your review is read, the "Milan Notes" are partially, not quite, correct.

The German company of Angelo Neumann not only performed "Siegfried," but the entire "Ring," not only at Bologna, but first at Venice and afterward at Rome, Naples, Turin, and not in 1881, but 1883. The same correspondent says: "The opera season begins in Italy, and especially at Milan, on the night after Christmas." This, too, is incorrect. The season generally begins (at Bologna, Genoa, Florence, Milan, etc.), in October or November, not to mention the summer opera. For instance, the premiere of Giordano's "Fedora" at the Teatro Lirico of Milan, Nov. 6, 1899, was already the sixteenth performance of the season.

Why M. S. calls this theater of Sonzogno a secondary one I do not understand. The rival of Ricordi presents this season with artists like Gemma Bellincioni:

1. "Le Maschere," Mascagni.
2. "L'Amico Fritz," Mascagni.
3. "Guglielmo Ratcliffe," Mascagni.
4. "Fedora," N. Giordano.
5. "L'Arlesiana," Franc. Cilea.
6. "Il Carbonaro," Vinc. Ferroni.
7. "Stella," Camillo de Nardis.
8. "Cendrillon," Massenet.
9. "Werther," Massenet.
10. "La Navverése," Massenet.
11. "Saffo."
12. "Chatterton," Leoncavallo.
13. "La Bohéme," Leoncavallo.
14. "Samson et Delilah," Saint-Saëns.
15. "Giuseppe," Méhul.
16. "L'Assallo al Mulino," Bruneau.

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17. "Carmen," Bizet.
18. "Djamileh," Bizet.
19. "Hedda," F. le Borne.
20. "La Presa di Troia," Berlioz.

And five more operas of the modern repertory.

As Ricordi presents in his "La Scala" principally Wagner, Verdi and other classical composers, surely we Americans may envy the public of Milan. But this state of affairs is not known among us. Otherwise able men like Mr. H. T. Finck would not make such erneous statements as to be found in Vol II. of the International Monthly about the "Opera in America and Europe." Most respectfully yours, O. G. SONNECK.

56 West Forty-ninth street, New York, March 28, 1900.

MUSIC TEACHERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the National Association of Music Teachers will be held in Des Moines, Iowa, in June, 1900. A guarantee fund has been provided and the program will make a feature of American works, with especial attention to those less frequently heard. There will be the Cincinnati Orchestra, led by Mr. Van der Stucken, and among the orchestral numbers will be a symphony by Beethoven (3d or 5th), Liszt's "Les Preludes," a symphony by Haydn, Tschaikowsky's 5th symphony and a variety of other works. Among the solo performances with orchestra will be Henry Eames in the Liszt Hungarian Fantasia, and Mr. Richard Burmeister in his own piano concerto. Mr. Theodore Spiering will play the Bruch concerto for violin and orchestra, and the Spiering Quartet will take part in some of the concerts.

The list of papers has not yet reached this office. Mr. Gantvoort has taken great pains to work up a good program. The national association is now, in a way, a representative body. Part of the members come from the state associations, part from certain music schools, and part get there other ways. The transient members, whose connection consists merely in buying a ticket for the season, do not have votes. So much, at least, is a gain.

The material difficulty with this body still haunts it—namely, the question of the average musician why he should belong and wherein it will pay him to attend. Despite its alleged representative features, the association is powerless to make legislation and to put it into execution. It can give advice galore, if it has it; but it cannot order or make rules, even for its own members. Why not give up the idea of trying to find a straight-out practical benefit in the organization, and run it regardless, "for a good time"—nice music to hear, nice people to meet, good ideas occasionally—for even representation will not entirely keep them out—and "the good of the cause," whatever that may mean?

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PIANO CONCERTO BY MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

At the concerts of April 6 and 7, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach played her own first pianoforte concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The work is in the usual four movements, the slow movement, however, connecting with the finale. The key is C sharp minor, and from all accounts the playing was brilliant and telling. As usual with new works, heard but once, the critics are not quite sure whether they like it. Mr. Elson begins by referring to the Goldmark "Sappho" overture, with which the program opened, after which he goes on:

"This overture, portraying a very poetic and learned lady, was a very fitting introduction of the next number of the program—Mrs. Beach's piano concerto, played by the composer herself. Boston is evidently proud of Mrs. Beach, and her welcome was a very decided one. This lady has no desire to shine in the smaller forms of music, but constantly essays the highest flights; she has composed some excellent songs and piano works, but her vaulting ambition has recently led her to create a large mass, a long symphony, and now a four-movement piano concerto. In the last composition she is in her own peculiar field, for she is a pianist of high ability; one therefore expected a work in which the solo instrument should dominate the orchestra, for this has been the weakness of all great pianists who have produced piano concertos. Chopin, Rubinstein and Liszt all put their especial instrument too much in the foreground when combining it with the orchestra.

"It was a surprise, therefore, to find the fault of the concerto to be in exactly the opposite direction; the orchestration swallows up the piano in many passages, and the solo instrument is not employed in sounding forth bold themes in its own definite style, but in giving constant, fioriture, scales and ornate passages, against rather vague themes in the orchestra. Only in the cadenza of the first movement did the piano assume individual prominence, but here Mrs. Beach gave a great amount of virtuosity and proved her technique as brilliant as ever.

"The whole first movement seemed rather indefinite at a first hearing; although there were many individual passages of much charm, there did not seem to be that coherency and clear scheme which one finds in the masterpieces; it was a case of the dove soaring with the eagles.

"To follow Brahms' lead, and give four movements to a concerto, was rather a risky proceeding, but the scherzo was very brief and presented such pretty filagree work on the solo instrument (and this dainty embroidery of tone fitted the Steinertone like a glove) that one readily condoned its interpolation. Again we wished for a lighter orchestral scoring to balance against the delicate solo work.

"The largo, although given on the house-program as combined with the finale, was in reality a movement of itself. It treated a figure which reminded of the fate-figure in Wagner's trilogy (Cesar Franck

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has also developed this figure in his D minor symphony) and indicated a pensive melancholy.

"The finale seemed to us the best, most decisive and most original movement of the work. There were some phrases given in this that seemed to be in the vein of Dvorak's 'American Symphony,' although not suggesting plagiarism in the remotest degree. The entire movement was interesting and had many bold and striking contrasts.

"It is unnecessary to speak of Mrs. Beach's performance of her own work; her technique was adequate to every demand made upon it. It was no slight matter to appear in a piano work on the same day that a prince of technique had electrified Boston, but even the great piano recital of the afternoon did not seem to dwarf Mrs. Beach's playing. The public were in the friendliest mood and recalled the composer-pianist four times and also added floral tributes."

Mr. Ticknor, in the Courier, says:

"The most important novelty was Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's new pianoforte concerto in C sharp minor, opus 45, dedicated to Mme. Teresa Carreno. This composition displays in dignified, scholarly, impressive and gratifying ways that advance upon herself and that perfecting in art of which Mrs. Beach's later writings have given proof. As with Prof. Paine, so with her—each new year sees a fresher, richer and more spontaneous melody, alike in the simple salon songs and in works for the chamber, or the orchestral musician, while the variety, surety and strength of the instrumentation develop logically and agreeably, as was felt when her 'Scotch' symphony was presented. The concerto begins allegro with the announcement of the primary theme by the orchestra, after which the solo instrument makes a brilliant entrance, responding and leading up to a quieter presentment of the subject. Hence the usual forms of evolution and combination are followed, a second theme of more expressive character being introduced, as well as a cantabile passage for solo first violin (rendered delightfully, of course, by Mr. Kneisel) until, after some changes in tempo and an episode in the key of E flat, the movement comes to a brilliant and powerful conclusion. The second movement, in A major, is a scherzo, cast in the form of a 'perpetuum mobile,' the opening of which is led in by the 'cellos and violas and which grows in animation as it proceeds, although it ends lightly with long trills and chromatic runs for the piano. The third movement begins with a calm and almost melancholy largo, also in A, but soon resumes the original key and accelerates its pace to an allegro con scioltezza, which gives great scope for display in both the solo and orchestral scores and provides for some effective and brilliant cadenzas.

"The fine Steinertone, with Mrs. Beach's exquisite touch upon the keys, brought out a wonderful depth of tone, and responded to her call, whether for dreamy softness, sparkling vivacity or broad maestroso effects. Her reading of the part was delightful, so sincerely earnest and unaffected, yet so instinct with feeling and intelligence.

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The orchestral portion was grandly given, and the pleasure and appreciation of the audience was evidenced by the repeated recalls of the composer."

It will be noticed that both critics approved of the effect of the Steinertone, the new action invented by Mr. Morris Steinert. This novelty has not been heard outside of Boston. If it makes way it will no doubt in time be heard in the Central and Western states. In reply to a private letter, Mrs. Beach stated lately that the more she used the Steinertone the more she liked it. And concerning the criticism made by Mr. Godowsky, that it seemed to him that he had to retain too much in reserve, since upon letting himself loose the Steinertone failed to respond like the usual pianos, Mrs. Beach says that every instrument has its peculiarities. She herself experiences no trouble in this respect, and she thinks that if any pianist were to play upon the Steinertone a few times in public he would find his command over the tone of a piano far more complete than usual, and the extremes of force reached with far less effort.

AN INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The International Society of Music Scholars is the name adopted for associating the limited number in every country who have pleasure in musical knowledge as such, in order to secure by this association the publication of monographs and original documents belonging to musical science, which could not otherwise be published. In one sense the name is as imaginary as that of the famous society of the "David's League," which Schumann invented for the discomfort of the Philistines. In another way the present society is real and active. The old and celebrated publishing house of Leipsic, Breitkopf & Haertel, to which the musical world has been so greatly indebted any time this hundred years or so, has undertaken the new organization. To become a member one has to send a subscription of 20 marks per year (with possibly additional for postage) and in return he will receive the Monthly Journal of the society, and the occasional publications, to the number, it is thought, of two per year. The first issue of the Journal is at hand, containing about forty pages of matter of some interest, not unsuitable for any good musical monthly. The first of the "Sammelbaende der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft" is also at hand, containing the 160 pages octavo, as follows: Oskar Fleischer, "A Chapter of Music Resemblances Scientifically Discussed," 53 pages; Komitas Keworkian, "Armenian Church Music," 11 pages; Johannes Wolf, "The Music Teaching of Johannes de Grocheo," 66 pages; Max Seiffert, "On Haendel's Clavier Works," 11 pages; "The Musical Guild in Friedland," 8 pages; Johannes Wolf, "Dufay and His Time," 14 pages. All, of course, in German. The editor is Mr. Wolf. The work is printed by Breitkopf & Haertel.

Prof. A. A. Stanley of Ann Arbor, Mich., has undertaken the

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organization of an American section of this society, and those interested will do well to apply. Libraries desiring to add these to their list should subscribe direct to Breitkopf & Haertel.

MUSICAL CONDITIONS IN BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

During a recent visit to Birmingham, Ala., I was much impressed by the activity of its musical life and the high standard of musical culture which prevails. It is a city of something over 100,000 inhabitants and of considerable wealth, and therefore able to give liberal support to the art, and this is what it does. There is a large conservatory in a very flourishing condition, while the Birmingham Seminary and the Pollock Stevens Academy both have well patronized musical departments under very able direction: At the seminary Miss Hattie Morton, with Bohlmann of Cincinnati as associate director; at the academy Mr. H. T. Staats, formerly of the New York College of Music.

An important place in the musical life of Birmingham is filled by the Apollo Club, which boasts an orchestra of 27 pieces and a chorus of 75. It is the only incorporated musical society in the state, and under the able direction of Mr. E. E. Williams has given five operas, the most successful performance being "Martha" and "Bohemian Girl." The club and its director have done much toward elevating the musical standard of the city.

Among the private teachers of piano Miss Daisy Woodruf Rowley is particularly successful. Miss Rowley was educated in Dresden, where she spent three years under Krauz and Schmidt of the Conservatory. She has now been in Birmingham five years and in that time has sent several pupils to Germany, where they have been especially successful in their further study. Miss Rowley is also a composer of considerable ability, and her comic opera, "Terra Sortis," which contains many catchy airs, has been given four times with great success.

The Birmingham Conservatory of Music has now been in existence five years, and its director, Mr. B. Guckenberger, has accomplished great things. Mr. Guckenberger is a native of Cincinnati, and received his musical training there and in Berlin, where he studied piano with X. Scharwenka and score reading and directing with Ph. Scharwenka, Gustav Kogel of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and Henschel of London. Returning to America, he was connected with the Cincinnati Musical College until prominent Birmingham citizens induced him to locate there.

Mr. Guckenberger is a most enthusiastic musician. His forte is directing, and he has given three successful performances of Haendel's Messiah, one of the same composer's Judas Maccabeus, Gounod's Redemption, and a Bach Passion. His crowning achievement was the May Festival of 1899, for which the Boston Festival

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Orchestra and Campanari were engaged. This is to be repeated this year.

While in Birmingham I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. Milton Jones, the genial secretary of the Music Students' Club Extension. He told me that he had successfully organized the above mentioned institution, and spoke enthusiastically of the reception accorded to the greatest educational movement on musical lines which this century has developed.

Together we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Paderewski play to a large and appreciative but discriminating audience. There was hearty but dignified applause, but none of the hysterical demonstration so common to the appearances of this distinguished artist. Paderewski was in fine form and his playing was more controlled and more truly beautiful than it had yet been my good fortune to hear from him. He used the forte and fortissimo very sparingly. With the exception of the last movement the Symphonic Etudes of Schumann were wonderfully done. But this he played capriciously, with many arbitrary pauses and a general lack of rhythmical precision. The Appassionata showed the same weakness in the first two movements. It was very beautiful and full of the richest coloring—in short the best kind of piano playing, but not the most satisfactory Beethoven. But the rest of the program—Schubert-Liszt, Chopin, Paderewski, Straus-Tausig, Liszt—was ideal, and the artist, in response to hearty applause, supplemented it by more Liszt and Chopin.

GLENN DILLARD GUNN.

THE VIOLIN AT ELGIN, ILL.

In further illustration of the kind of musical doings that occasionally come off in the smaller cities of this country, note the violin recitals given at Elgin, Ill., by Mr. Carl Hecker.

February 12, 1900, he played: Concerto, No. 7, DeBeriot; Spanish Dances, Sarasate; Musin, Caprice de Concert; Weniawski "Faust" fantasia; Sielanka and Chanson Polonaise, by the same; and Grand Polonaise, by Hesselberg.

March 6, 1900: Bruch Concerto, op. 26; Romance, Paderewski; Guitarre, Moszkowski; Souvenir de Moscow, Weniawski; Paganini "Moise" and Vieuxtemps' "Norma" on the G string; Vieuxtemps, Hommage a Paganini.

The Hecker string quartet also played last season three concerts which included entire quartettes by Dvorak, Mozart and Haydn, and a variety of smaller number. All this in connection with the Elgin College of Music.

MR. WILSON G. SMITH AS TEACHER.

From programs received from Cleveland one gets an idea of the kind of work that is now being done in every large city of this

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country. Mr. Wilson G. Smith, for instance, besides making the usual studies under good European masters and composing in a variety of styles and dimensions (the pedagogic largely predominating), has distinguished himself as a teacher of high ideals. He was one of the original and most active members of the American College of Musicians at the time while the society was still alive and national. As such he held a prominent part in the examinations and had much to do with establishing and defining proper standards. Two of his more recent programs are at hand, the first one illustrating the range taken in modern instruction. For instance, the concert included trio, op. 46, by Reinhard; the Mendelssohn Capriccio; Sonata Fantastique, Godard; Godard Concerto, a variety of pieces by Schytte, a Beethoven sonata, etc.

In the second concert Schumann was the composer most represented, the works being the Faschingsschwank, op. 26; Concerto in A minor, and the Kreisleriana, op. 16. There were other works upon the list, a Mozart concerto, a two-piano piece by Jadassohn, etc. Both were pupils' recitals. It is unnecessary to say the pupils able to play works like these are the same kind of pupils as the best of the European conservatories.

EDUCATIONAL RECITALS IN NEW JERSEY.

A remarkable series of programs of music recitals before some school or other (particulars rather indefinite) has reached this office. They were given (perhaps) at the "auditorium of the state schools of New Jersey" (only one for the entire state?) and all the programs evidence the assistance of Prof. Skilton at the piano. It is a pity that so many concert programs omit the name of the city in which they are given.

During the fall course five recitals were given, the subjects being: Descriptive music and part songs; Descriptive music; Analytical recital by Dr. Henry G. Hanchett (fine program); Advanced music (including something from "Parsifal"); and a lecture on Classic and Romantic music. In the winter course there were also five recitals of unusual merit, the most unusual of all perhaps was one from Wagner, given by a soprano, tenor and piano, permitting most of the soprano and tenor solos and duets from "Lohengrin." There was one program which may have been a little dry, unless sanctified by some right good talk. It contained the Buelow arrangement of the "Tannhaeuser" overture for four hands, Liszt's "Tannhaeuser's Pilgrimage" and the "Evening Star." Miss Maria Schwill of Cincinnati gave a fine song recital March 15, including splendid representatives of Schubert, MacDowell and Chadwick. To judge from the lists these recitals must have been intended for students of high-school age and rank, or but little farther on. Something of the same sort is being carried on in the high schools of western New York and

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Pennsylvania, to judge from some of the Zelinski programs which occasionally come to hand.

SHERWOOD RECITAL IN CHICAGO.

Mention was inadvertently omitted last time of Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's splendid piano recital in University Hall, March 15. The program was varied to a degree. Beginning with a Bach "Echo," Mozart Gigue, and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, it went on with the whole eight of Schumann's "Kreisleriana"—and this was really the great feature of the recital. The playing was intelligent and sympathetic, and the fantasy of Schumann was well brought out. The remainder of the program was of a lighter character, closing with the Dupont "Toccata," with which Mr. Sherwood has been accustomed to exploit his octaves these many years. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

MISS AMY FAY WRITES FROM NEW YORK.

New York, April 11, 1900.

Dear Mr. Matthews: Inclosed please find check for subscription to your valuable magazine, Music, which I greatly enjoy reading and never lose an opportunity of recommending when I can do so. I gave one of my piano conversations before the Musical Club of Fall River, Mass., a curious old town, of which Mrs. R. W. Thurston is president, on March 3. There I found a former pupil of yours, now Mrs. Barnard, who has a very gifted little girl, 5 years old. This child played for me after the concert, as her mother has been teaching her for a year already, and is very ambitious for her. It was easy to detect the incipient artist in the little Stella, as, with her baby hands, full of dimples, she played two little pieces quite correctly, counting slowly and carefully aloud all the while. When I began advising Mrs. Barnard in regard to teaching her, and played over some children's etudes by Czerny, which I thought it would be well to give her, the child, who was standing behind the piano, looked up and remarked, gravely, with the air of a connoisseur: "Pretty!" and nodded her head in approval. I felt very much complimented on my performance. She is a judge. Mrs. Barnard asked after you, and I told her about your musical periodical and recommended her getting it into the club. She said she "would be glad to do so."

I was much pleased to receive circulars within a few days from Mme. Zeisler and Emil Liebling, who seem to have been doing great deeds and covering themselves with glory in their public performances. I am surprised that Mme. Zeisler does not give some recitals in New York. Just now would be rather a bad time to do it, however, as even Dohnanyi, the new pianistic star, has had small audiences. He is a first-rank artist, and his playing is perfect, yet does

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not enthrall, somehow. He has a cold way of playing warmly, and is almost too much master of the situation for so young a man. One would almost like a little nervousness. Dohnanyi made his début with the G major symphony of Beethoven and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He took the first movement exactly the opposite tempo to that of young Hofmann, who played it so fast and so impetuously. The opening chords were delicious, and Dohnanyi played the whole movement with great deliberation, phrasing with the utmost care. His technique is flawless, and all the difficult passages were "played out" and surmounted with the greatest ease.

Dohnanyi's great characteristic is the overpowering climax which he builds up toward the end of the pieces. Thus the last pages of the final movement of the concerto were something wonderful, and different from any other artist. He had composed two very fine cadenzas, one for the first and one for the last movement, which displayed the modern dazzle and brilliancy, while preserving a serious character. They were in the minor mode, in contrast to the major one in which the concerto is written.

Well, Dohnanyi is a very remarkable artist. In personality he is of the MacDowell type, and he has short hair! I don't know yet whether I like him as well, or better, than I do his contemporaries, Mark Hambourg and Josef Hofmann, those two young Hercules of the piano, who strangle serpents in their cradles. You can judge for yourself soon, no doubt.

Last week we had a great musical event in the Bach B minor mass, which was produced for the first time in New York, under the leadership of Frank Damrosch, with a big chorus, organ, orchestra and soloists. It is simply stupendous, and I don't know when I have been so carried away by anything as I was by that! I expected to be fatigued, but, on the contrary, I was buoyed up, and was as fresh as a bird at the conclusion of the concert, so exciting and interesting was it! Your intellect was kept on the qui vive all the way through.

The very first number, the "Kyrie," was pathetic enough to make anybody weep, and, as the pamphlet describing the mass said, "the 'Kyrie' ushers in a scene of lamentation such as, in point of power and breadth of conception, has no equal in music, except, perhaps, in Handel's 'Israel in Egypt.'"

It goes on and on, in Bach's "endless melody style," and the men's voices are like the soughing of the wind in the trees, while the 'cellos and double basses in the orchestra beat relentlessly upon your heart-strings.

The famous chorus, "Cum Sancto Spiritu," was the most inspiring of all, and was overwhelmingly grand, and at the same time joyous.

Old Bach was a man who knew his Bible, and he probably laid it to heart that the "fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace," etc., for this chorus about the Holy Spirit was in the major mode, and

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went through all its windings (in six parts) in such an exultant and jubilant way that it made you feel perfectly splendid!

Saturday evening, April 6, was the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, but in spite of the beautiful programme, which opened with Bach's fugue in A minor for string orchestra, proceeded through Wagner's "Parsifal," "Waldweben" and "Tannhaeuser," and closed with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, it was almost an anti-climax to the Bach mass, and ought not to have been given in the same week with it.

I positively could not get out of Bach and into Beethoven on two days' notice, for the mass was given on Thursday and the Ninth Symphony on the following Saturday evening.

I forgot to say that Mr. Frank Damrosch received quite an ovation for his admirable conducting of the mass. We are having a Bach wave here in New York at present.

For a change and diversion I thought I would go to the theater and see Sothern and Virginia Harned in Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," which has been admirably translated by Charles Henry Meltzer, with original music, composed expressly for it by Aimé Lachaume. This play made a great sensation here when Agnes Sorma acted it at the German Theater two years ago, and all the papers were full of it. I did not see her, but it is difficult to imagine that anyone could look the part of Rautendelein, the elfin maid, better than Virginia Harned does. She was a vision of "Spring" when the curtain went up and revealed her sitting in the crotch of an apple tree, in full blossom, and combing her "golden hair," which waved in great profusion "down her back." She wore a clinging silver robe, which outlined her graceful, slender figure, and slewed around in serpentine folds, as she danced in the electric moonlight. Around her head was a wreath of roses, trailing down upon her hair behind, and she waved her long and filmy angel sleeves as she flitted about between the rocks. Virginia Harned was the ideal Fairy Queen, such as we see her in the pictures. The play was a surprise to me, in spite of all that has been written about it, and is a work of genius —all but the last act, which is rather absurd, and spoils it. One ought to leave at the end of the fourth act (after the terrific scene in which Heinrich casts Rautendelein from him in wrath and loathing, and rushes down the mountain), in order to preserve the impression.

The play is a great study of the artist nature, and Heinrich, the bell founder, is an "exposed nerve," like all great artists. Sothern did the role of Heinrich magnificently, and he grows all the time in his acting. This is the best thing I have seen him in. He was really great. Anyhow, it is a strange, weird and fascinating play, with its Alpine scenery, elves and fairies, and the moss-covered well, with the old Nickelmann (the water spirit) coming up and waving his green flippers. He was just like a frog. I suppose you saw the "Sunken Bell" when it was first produced in German, two years ago, so you know all about it, but to me it was quite new.

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Last night I was one of the patronesses of a very charming concert given by Miss Lillian Littlehales, 'cellist. Miss Littlehales "hales" from Canada, and is a very finished artist on her chosen instrument. She has a great deal of fire and abandon in her playing. She is going abroad for a year's study, and the concert was given to that end. Mrs. Emma Juch and Campanari kindly gave their services and sang superbly. Stars! what a voice Campanari has! And to think he was once a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and never knew he had such a voice! It seems incredible. As for "pretty little Emma," she is as exquisite as ever, and her blond beauty was set off to advantage in a poetic dress of black tulle, embroidered with silver "paillettes"—"the latest." I think Emma Juch-Wellman sings, in some respects, better than ever. She has gained in style and dramatic intensity, and her facial expression is full of variety, and shows her long training on the stage. It is fascinating to watch her.

She sang some great songs by Brahms and others, but captivated everybody with a song by Chadwick, called "The Rose Leaned Over the Pool." The refrain of each stanza, "Touch me not, touch me not," was sung with a bewitching grace and coyness that made one want to "touch her" very much indeed! In fact, one would like to catch the lovely artiste to one's heart and kiss her.

Madame Juch has a distinctness of enunciation which makes it a delight to listen to every word, and one comprehends the meaning of the song completely. Many young singers could take her for their model in this respect with advantage.

Miss Littlehales' concert was not given in a hall, but in a superb apartment-house. This apartment was the largest one I ever saw, and consisted of twenty rooms. The music room was in the center, the other rooms opening into it, with handsome inlaid floor in hardwood, and no draperies. Music sounded very fine there. The walls were hung with pictures and we sat and gazed upon them, so that the eye was gratified as well as the ear.

The hostess' daughter, Miss MacMillin, received the guests as they came in. She was attired in white, with a magnificent pearl necklace wound about her neck and falling below the waist.

Chickering Hall has become a thing of the past, I grieve to say. John Wanamaker has bought out the New York branch of the business and the pianos have been transferred to the piano department of the Wanamaker store, Broadway and Tenth street, where there will be a grand opening on Monday night, April 23, with a concert. The last concert in Chickering Hall was given on Thursday evening, April 12, and was a benefit tendered to Mr. J. Burns Brown, long connected with the firm.

As I had attended the first concert in this hall, when the doughty Hans von Bülow was brought over to this country by the Chickering house, twenty-five years ago, for the express purpose of inaugurating the new hall, sentiment demanded that I should attend the last con-

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cert ever to be given in it. The programme was a miscellaneous one, with the Dannreuther String Quartet; Mr. Richard Hoffman, pianist, and a group of soloists, of which Mr. Tom Karl was the most prominent. The veteran pianist, Mr. Hoffman, played exquisitely a trio by Tschaikowsky for piano, violin and 'cello, with Dannreuther and Schenck, three Schubert songs, transcribed by himself—"Am Meer," "Hark! Hark! the Lark!" and "Erl King."

The noble Chickering piano rang out with all its old-time beauty of tone, or warbled like a bird in "The Lark," under Hoffman's fingers. Truly, we may be proud of this distinguished American piano, which has maintained its high rank for seventy-five years.

It was with a feeling of sadness and of the transitoriness of life that I left this charming hall, which had so long reverberated with delicious harmonies, and been such a musical center! Never shall I forget the imposing series of concerts given there by Von Bülow, the first of the great "recitatists." None has ever made a stronger impression upon the country than he, except Paderewski.

And now I will conclude my budget of musical gossip with something brighter—an announcement of an engagement of marriage. It is that of my former pupil, Miss Laura Sanford, who has been studying abroad for a year, and, at the age of 19, is about to exchange the triumphs of a successful artistic career for the more solid, if less glorious, joys of domestic life. Her many friends will be pleased to learn that Miss Sanford's good fortune will follow her, and that she will marry a man who is unexceptionable in every respect. His name is Mr. Walter Hoffman, and he is a resident of New York. Mr. Hoffman is young, of good family, well educated, attractive, and well established in business. The young couple will be married on June 2, and will live in this city. AMY FAY.

A COLLEGE ORCHESTRA WITH A HISTORY.

Some Suggestions by Eugene E. Simpson.

In the winter and spring of 1888 there were eight or nine Chicago friends who had become accustomed to meet once per week to play easy orchestral music with the assistance of a pianist. At the same time another orchestral crowd of about the same importance were meeting at 233 State street, in the music warerooms of Estey & Camp. The two companies became acquainted and soon united, continuing weekly rehearsals for some months. A Mr. Bosson had lately come from Boston, where he had been engaged with an amateur orchestra, which had given performances, so some one suggested that a like organization should be effected here. The proposition was taken up with great enthusiasm, and search for a conductor began immediately. One of the members being a player with the Jacobsohn Orchestral Club, in connection with the Chicago Musical College, he proposed his name. Mr. J. I. Veeder and Mr. C. L. Jenness were

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appointed a committee to wait upon Mr. Jacobsohn, their mission being so well performed that he consented to conduct the orchestra for a year, and if money were in the treasury at the end of the season he was to have pay; if not, his services were donated.

When this had been done a circular was issued calling the first rehearsal, stating the composition of the proposed orchestra as being of forty first and second violins, twelve violas, eight 'cellos, six double basses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two cornets, three trombones, one tympani—total, eighty-four. To this was appended a list of the officers of the orchestra.

After a period of about six months the first concert was given in Central Music Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 6, 1888, with the assistance of Sara Philips, soprano; Mrs. S. E. Jacobsohn, violin, and Adelaide Lou Northup, piano. The orchestral part of the programme was as follows:

Overture, "Joseph," Mehul.
Andante, Second Symphony, Haydn.
Violin Concerto, Paganini, Mrs. S. E. Jacobsohn.
(a) Serenade for strings, Fuchs.
(b) Waltz, "Marianna," Waldteufel.
Overture, "Massaniello," Auber.

The first season brought but two concerts, and, as a result of a great deal of energy on the part of members, who procured subscriptions, the organization was enabled to stand on its own feet. For the first few seasons the expenses were from $1,500 to $2,000 per year, this allowing the conductor about $400. With the second season Messrs Simmons and Baker promised to assume the management and the financial responsibilities for the club. The arrangement proved so unsatisfactory that disruption resulted, with the new managers assuming the club name. The other party took a new name—"Chicago Symphony Club." It seems that a sort of fusion was effected later, when Mr. Shea Smith, a Chicago business man, was attracted by the enterprise of these amateurs and offered to raise a subscription of $2,500 to continue the concerts.

For some reason difficult to explain—probably because Mr. Jacobsohn was connected with the private institution—it was deemed expedient to change conductors. After much discussion, this was finally agreed upon, and Mr. Henry Schoenfeld was placed in charge. Though this gentleman was a very fine musician, he found the air still too heavy for comfort, so, after a few rehearsals, he resigned of his own accord. Mr. T. P. Brooke was the successor, though he conducted only until the close of the fifth concert season. From that time the orchestra has played under the name of the "Jacobsohn Orchestral Club," and has been continually under the protection of the schools with which Mr. Jacobsohn has been connected—from the sixth to tenth seasons, inclusive (1893-98), with the Chicago Conservatory, since that time with the Chicago Musical College.

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The work of the organization under its various managements has been, by seasons, as follows:

First—Two regular concerts.
Second—Two regular concerts and one appearance with the Arion Society of Milwaukee, in Rheinberger's oratorio, "Christophorus," December, 1889.
Third—Four regular concerts and one for the Art Institute, November, 1890.
Fourth—Four regular concerts and a programme for waifs' Christmas dinner.
Fifth—Three concerts.
Sixth—Three concerts (Chicago Conservatory).
Seventh—Three regular concerts and two outside programmes—one with Wicker Park Choral Society, in "Judas Maccabeus" and "St. Paul."
Eighth—Three regular concerts and four outside appearances.
Ninth—Five regular concerts.
Tenth—Three regular concerts and one programme in Austin Presbyterian Church.
Eleventh—Six regular concerts (Chicago Musical College) and dedication of Memorial Hall in Public Library Building.

While the orchestra has already made three outside appearances the present season, it has played but one regular concert, and this was given in College Recital Hall, March 27. The assisting soloists were: Miss Rosalie Jacobsohn, a daughter of the conductor, who appeared with the 'cello, in "Romanza," by Hugo Becker, and "Serenade Espagnole," by Glazounow, and, while her numbers were not heavy, her work is very enjoyable. Miss Charlotte Kendall Hull played the Saint- Saens Violin Rondo Capriccioso, and Mrs. Ethel Kirwin Rood sang "La Zingarella," by Campana, with orchestral accompaniment, displaying a very agreeable florid soprano. The orchestra played the Mozart "Jupiter" symphony entire, and two other works by a pupil of the school—Mr. Copland. One was a clever arrangement of the "Oriental Song," by Brounoff, the other a march on original themes. The arrangement of the Brounoff piece is done in a popular style, introducing various effects of the tambourine, cymbals, triangles, etc. The march opens with a horn theme, with seeming operatic intent. It is quite a dignified and interesting composition; a very pretty clarinet cadenza and a strong theme for violins on the G string are particularly remembered.

The orchestra was decidedly capable as amateur orchestras go, with very little to suggest dilettantism, with the exception of the time occupied for the players to ascertain where they were to sit, and in the beginning of the symphony, the playing was quite perceptibly cautious. The later movement came off with some abandon and in the last of the symphony there was great vigor. Little need be said of the conductor who gets these results except that he is very quiet in the

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conductor's stand. He secures an excellent attack and keeps the various instruments extremely well balanced, so that the parts are all heard. There were no French horns engaged in this concert.

CHICAGO ORCHESTRAS IN GENERAL.

Let us observe the change which has been wrought in the orchestral field since the Chicago musical schools began such work in 1887. Joseph Vilim came to take charge of the violin department of the Chicago Musical College in about 1885. In 1887 S. E. Jacobsohn, a much older man, just in his prime, was called from Cincinnati to succeed Mr. Vilim in the directorship for the violin work in this, the only important music school in the city at the time. After remaining a short time under Mr. Jacobsohn, Mr. Vilim became dissatisfied with his position, and went to take charge of the violin work for the American Conservatory. This was an institution which had just been founded by John J. Hattstaedt and a few other teachers, all having seceded from the Chicago Musical College. It seems that Mr. Jacobsohn organized an orchestral class the first season at the college, while Mr. Vilim did the same at the Conservatory, the class of the latter numbering about fifteen pupils in 1889. They were accompanied by a pianist. Then came the "Chicago Orchestral Club" and its successor, the "Chicago Symphony Club," while the Chicago Orchestra, under Mr. Theodore Thomas, began its regular work in the autumn of 1891. Fear of the competition naturally arising from this new orchestra, and the very depressed business situation, coupled with liberal quantities of internal dissension were deemed sufficient cause for a discontinuation of the Chicago Symphony Club's independent concert seasons.

In the meantime an institution under the name of the Chicago Conservatory was established, and a couple of years later Mr. Jacobsohn and his assistants took up the work in this new school in the autumn of 1893, and here they remained until 1897. They went back to the Chicago Musical College and were succeeded at the Conservatory by Theodore Spiering, who also withdrew after two seasons and established his own violin school in September, 1899. His orchestral class is in fine working condition, having played a symphony program April 17, as elsewhere noticed.

Mr. Herbert Butler came to the Chicago Conservatory in September last year with practically no material remaining from which an orchestra could be established, but he has been so fortunate in securing a class that he actually has an orchestra of thirty-five to forty instruments doing not only creditable work in the symphonies but in accompanying the arias and piano concertos. This is one of the plainest possible evidences that orchestral material has become available out of all our musical endeavor. Mr. Vilim has seceded again and is in the second season of a violin school of his

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own. His orchestral class has just begun work on the Second Beethoven symphony. They have arranged a subscription scheme to procure music to a series of symphonies and they expect to read parts or the whole of one symphony each month. Being a very practical man, Mr. Vilim inaugurated another plan by which an orchestral concert was given in a certain part of the city, when pupils, soloists and conductor all received pay for the performance. It was a co-operative plan. Each pupil was allowed as many tickets as he could sell, the proceeds to be entirely his own.

The director printed the programs, did the advertising and paid the soloists. The results were satisfactory to all, and as it was in a part of the city made up of a very mixed population, the hearers had never been under the influence of the Chicago orchestra. This was really breaking new orchestral ground. Mr. Vilim has also a junior orchestral class of about fourteen pupils who work once a week with piano. He hopes soon to have this division ready to engage in the heavier work with the main class. The Balatka College of Music has only a small class of perhaps fifteen pupils, but it is the intention to keep open house next season and have a much larger orchestra under the direction of Mr. Sansone.

In view of all this earnest work by Messrs. Jacobsohn, Spiering, Butler and Vilim, it would seem that the time is about ripe again for the founding of a series of amateur orchestral concerts. The long time faithful officer of the "Chicago Symphony Club," Mr. C. L. Jenness, explained that a factor which was ever active against an amateur orchestra was the ever changing personnel. A chorus could be got together from city residents and trained up to a fine skill with about the same voices each year. But with the instrumentalists from the colleges it was different. They came from everywhere and dispersed to the same points. The objection has been very valid, but progress has been bravely marching over it. The conservatories in Berlin, Vienna, Leipzig and Paris have pupils' orchestras made up in the same way and subject to the same changes. At the beginning of a season they play raggedly enough, but long before the year is closed they do playing which is extremely creditable and to be enjoyed thoroughly by an old critic. In this one field of musical activity American vanity may still hang her head. But it will not be always so.

With the reflection of Chicago orchestral conditions upon me I lately visited Mr. Shea Smith who was the manager of the "Chicago Symphony Club" for three or four seasons. In his office, where he was almost surrounded by his morning mail, I approached him and asked what were the prime difficulties encountered and the benefits to be derived from the work of an amateur orchestra. He gladly suspended business affairs to explain that it was quite a trial to manipulate the financial machinery for the first few years at least. Then a very great difficulty, as he understood it, was to get a conductor not connected with any private school, who could be abso-

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lutely fair in the selection of worthy candidates from whatever school they might happen to come. Indeed, he thought this had been the principal objection to Mr. Jacobsohn, and whether or not it was fair, it had caused unending trouble.

From the educational side he thought it one of the most beautiful influences that could exert to promote a profound musical interest on the part of the populace. He told how seats for the gallery had been occasionally distributed gratis to all the employes of a factory or mercantile house, and the many letters of profound gratitude from those who had in this way been brought to hear orchestral music for the first time. As we spoke further of the probabilities for the future, the pleasures of the past aroused him to strong animation, but recalling the bitter that had crept in with the sweet, he spoke of it as of a nightmare, so I thanked him for a pleasant half hour and finally retired in gloom. Getting a few blocks away from his office there came the thought, "Is there, then, no balm in Gilead?" Oh, happy thought! Why could not the Chicago Orchestra Association establish an auxiliary season of twenty-two concerts to be conducted for the amateurs. By having even a much lower subscription rate for these concerts a younger and less affluent population could become trained music lovers and these would soon come to manifest a decided interest in the work of the older orchestra. The interest once being established the means for admission would be procured even at an occasional sacrifice. There should be many thousand persons addicted to the theater habit who, with a little coaxing, might become regular attendants at musical entertainments. With a little gain in this direction where would the deficit be then? The Chicago Orchestra Association should have lifted itself over the wall by its own bootstraps. With this rare quality of Utopianism next upon me I straightway repaired to the office of Mr. Bryan Lathrop, president of the Chicago Orchestra Association. He received me kindly when it became known that I wished to talk of orchestras. After reciting the short history of the Chicago Symphony Club and the conversation with Mr. Smith, I tried to learn what he thought of a proposition to place before the orchestra association the idea of an auxiliary series, the parallel of which would be found in no other city of the world. It might seem rank Utopianism at present, but in so far as the association had begun some nine years ago to indulge in Utopianism at the price of about fifty-two thousand dollars the first year, and the problem had increased in worldliness until the deficit was now about a fourth of the above sum annually, there might be some reason to take hope.

Lovable man that Mr. Lathrop is, he neither called the police nor made inquiry as to which of the state institutions had graduated me. He looked upon me with compassion and said that it was a new thought, and at first blush he was hardly of the opinion that it would be right to ask those who had so faithfully contributed in the past to sustain the orchestra, now to take up a new and uncertain burden

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at the first signs of relief. Then he suggested that he hardly suspected the existence of a lower class for such an orchestra to reach, because those who could not afford the present subscription rates of ten, fifteen, twenty and thirty dollars for twenty-two concerts would probably not care to hear a musical performance anyway. Hence the principal benefit would accrue to the pupils engaging in the performances. Our time was too limited for discussion and thought on the subject was very immature, but later consideration of all musical conditions lately observed is directly adverse to this hurried supposition. During my investigations of the public school music thus far, I have found almost invariably that the musical exercises were indulged in most enthusiastically by the poorer children, where there seemed much more need of music's comforting spirit. The question is worthy of much subsequent consideration. This was in no way an unkind thought of the worthy president of the orchestral association, but one naturally to be expected from one whose business and association had not brought him to an observation of the life of less affluent classes. He said, too, that others of the board of directors had been more actively engaged in the details of management and he would be glad to have me visit them for further information as to the practical workings of the association.

Before my departure he related an incident of the campaign of education which the Chicago Orchestra was waging out of town. At some place down east one of the members of the orchestra became especially anxious to get the critical opinion of a certain rustic whom he had noticed at one of the concerts. Approaching after the performance, the orchestra man took the risk of a personal interview. What did he think of the orchestra? Well, he was very much interested. He could not see for the life of him though why they brought that big drum all that distance only to hit it once.

PITTSBURG.

Mr. John Dennis Mehan has given a series of three lectures on the voice. The first was a talk on the views of the distinguished English teacher, Mr. Shakespeare, as expressed at his lectures here. Mr. Mehan acknowledged that he differed from him in many important points, especially in regard to the breath preparation for singing. Mr. Shakespeare held that the breath should be taken by first spreading the ribs, then "quivering" the muscles at the stomach, finally extending the "quivering" to the breath muscles of the back—then sing. Though the recipe included much, Mr. Mehan remarked, the cake still lacked many important ingredients, as was amply illustrated in the thin tones which Mr. Shakespeare produced for us. Mr. Mehan went on to say that the less muscular effort one makes in taking breath preparatory to singing, the better; though one must have muscular developments before one can sing. The act of lifting

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on anything too heavy to raise, he went on, puts into play the right muscles for breathing; though repeated stretching and yawning are the best breathing exercises he knows.

After the lecture a song-recital was given by some of Mr. Mehan's pupils. Miss Clark sang Weber's "Softly Sighing" from "Der Freyschuetz" in a delightful way; then there was the Lucia sextette and several other numbers.

The second lecture was on the subject of "Getting the tone on the breath" and tone coloring. The latter subject was made particularly interesting and after the lecture we had a song composed on one tone, in which by way of illustration, the singer, Mr. Myron E. Barnes, kept one tone-color throughout the piece. Even with such limited musical material, Mr. Barnes succeeded in putting in the light and shade, so that the song was full of tone-atmosphere. Questions were asked during the evening, one of which was as to the number of tone-colors there are. Mr. Mehan's pertinent answer was: "As many as there are different shades in the rainbow. Miss Burke was heard in an aria from "Joan of Arc." Her voice is dramatic and singularly beautiful in quality. Miss Arndt, one of Mr. Mehan's most gifted pupils, sang the waltz from Gounod's "Meirelle." Mr. Roberts sang a beautiful Welsh melody, and several other pupils sang Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer."

The subject of the third lecture was "Registration, Tone-Color, Nasal Reinforcement." Registration, Mr. Mehan said, is the point which singers most often fail to comprehend; it is indeed a subtle point. The idea that there is only one register for the voice is an absurd one; "I grant," he said, "that when the voice is rightly trained it should appear to have but one register;" but he maintained that the register altered in every three notes of compass. "No two notes," he said, "are made with exactly the same vocal mechanism." He discussed nasal reinforcement, and he declared that the nose is indispensable to good singing. "I maintain," he went on, "that the tone-color of all the vowels, a, e, o, should be the same. This is particularly difficult to do in our language, where the a has a sound peculiar to our language alone." The evening was concluded with a song recital. Mr. Gwylim Miles of New York sang gloriously. Mr. Beddoe sang an aria from "The Queen of Sheba" and Miss Clara McLain sang some beautiful songs.

On the evening of March 27 there was a concert devoted to Nevin's compositions, society lent its presence and I have not seen a finer audience in Pittsburg. Mr. Nevin himself presided at the piano, playing five of his compositions. A new piece called "Captive Memories" was given. It is a novelty in form, of alternate recitations and piano accompaniment with vocal solo and quartet. I must confess that although the recitations were given by a very promising young actor, Mr. Meighan, I found the effort ludicrous rather than serious. The quartet did some admirable singing, and Mr. Rogers proved himself one of the best singers heard in Pittsburg this year. F. D.

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THE MENDELSSOHN CLUB.

The Chicago Mendelssohn Club, under the direction of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, gave its third concert of the season in Central Music Hall April 19. The assisting soloists were Charlotte Maconda, soprano, and Mr. Leopold Kramer, violin.

The club is composed of male voices only. They sang from Gomez, Moniusko, Hartenstein, Gernsheim, Soedermann, Genee, Dregert and Dudley Buck. They were in fine spirit throughout, but I must confess that I cannot find enjoyment in everything, even such a well regulated male chorus is liable to sing. In the lower parts there is too much of that ominous rumbling in which the harmonic construction of the composition is altogether obscure, the effect being about what one could expect from a convention of bass fiddles in a tuning bout. But in the sustained style of the Gernsheim "Grave in the Busento," and the Hartenstein "O Happy Time," such a chorus makes music of extreme beauty.

Charlotte Maconda sang an almost impossible aria from Gounod's "Mireille" and the Thomas Polonaise from "Mignon." I speak of the first of these as impossible, because Maconda was only able to make parts of its florid passages intelligible, and it would not be right to hold it against her in view of the sensational manner in which she gave the "Mignon" Polonaise.

The reception accorded to that superb violinist, Mr. Leopold Kramer, concertmaster of the Chicago Orchestra, may be considered practically thankless when we think of the high art he was offering. The nature of his selections may have been partly responsible. It is really a hard matter for any violinist to arrange four numbers without orchestra to enthuse a mixed audience, as this was. Mr. Kramer began with the Bruch Romanza, which was very well taken, and followed with a Sarasate Spanish Dance. It is well in some way or other to be shown through a player's technical arsenal, but a musician is liable to consider Sarasate poor game. So when he finished I was sorry for this selection, but was quite convinced that he could play. In temperament and general musical make-up Mr. Kramer belongs in a peculiarly musical class with Leopold Auer of St. Petersburg, Henri Petri of Dresden, and Julius Conus of Moscow, though few have received such universal praise from the brother violinists as the second named of this list.

E. E. S.

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MINOR MENTION.

The annual of the Crane Normal Institue of Music at Pottsdam, N. Y., has been published, showing that since its foundation, in 1888, the graduates number 134. Of these most have taught continually, 20 per cent are married, and but 2 per cent have died. From these figures it appears that the school is more favorable to marriage than to dying. The musical work of Miss Crane is sincere and thorough to judge from the programs and courses of study; the same is attested by her continued success.

* * *

At the third and closing concert of the St. Louis Amateur Orchestra the selections consisted mainly of Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas," an Intermezzo for strings by Delibes, Ballet music from "Carmen," and the Strauss "Women, Wine and Song" waltz. The concert was a great success, with fifty-four performers. The tympani were administered by Miss Marie Pettker—perhaps the first recorded instance of a woman playing the kettle drums.

* * *

A violinist of Atlanta, Ga., announces the discovery that he succeeds best with what he calls "negative force." Is not this much the same thing as "absent treatment" applied to the violin?

* * *

Among the compositions by Mr. Foerster of Pittsburg which have lately been heard in public, the song, "An Evening in Greece," is especially to be mentioned as sung by Mr. J. Melville Horner, and "My Margaret," "Fantasy," and "He Loves Me."

* * *

The large organ for the chapel of Leland Stanford University is to be built by Mr. Murray M. Harris of Los Angeles, who is attaining more and more prominence as a builder of artistic modern organs.

* * *

Mr. Howard Willson of Chicago, who has been for three years a pupil of the eminent composer and teacher of singing, Mr. A. D. Duvivier, will go abroad in May. Mr. Willson has a basso cantante voice of fine range and quality, and will, by Mr. Duvivier's advice, continue its cultivation with masters in London and Paris, following the method of the illustrious Sir Manual Garcia, as taught in Chicago by Mr. Duvivier.

* * *

At a meeting of the Joseffy Club in Seattle, Wash., a talk was given by Mrs. L. C. Beck upon "Paderewski and His Art," the eminent pianist being just then due in that city. The program of the club consisted largely of Chopin selections, the polonnaise in A, Ber-

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ceuse, Fantasia, Impromptu, Waltz, etc. Mozart, Beethoven and Grieg also were represented.

* * *

At his last song recital in Central Music Hall, Mr. Max Heinrich sang a variety of songs by Schumann, Schubert, etc., and especially the four Serious Songs by Brahms. The latter were greatly admired and the last one made a profound impression. Miss Heinrich was to have assisted but was prevented by illness. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

* * *

Miss Mary Woods Chase, whose elaborate and difficult program was mentioned in these pages before, received very handsome notices for her playing in Chicago, when she had the Brahms-Haendel variations. Miss Chase is a serious artist, with high aims.

* * *

Philip Hale's article upon the personal element in the Paderewski success is stirring up the critics all along the line, on one side or the other; but little by little the element of personality is seen to be greater than that of actual pianism. The difficulty with Mr. Paderewski is that in his tours in this country he chooses first of all stale selections, which, do not materially interest him any longer; and then under the strain of constant traveling and appearances as often as five or six times a week, playing is reduced to a horrid grind. He is not fair to himself nor to the extraordinary popular talent he possesses.

* * *

At the Chicago National College of Music, of which the distinguished Dr. H. S. Perkins is head, some recitals are given showing a large list of pupils able to play in public. For instance, at recital No. 144, no less than fourteen performers were heard in a variety of pleasing pieces. At recital No. 145, besides a variety of pleasing piano pieces and songs of minor difficulty, there was a trio for two violins and piano by Pleye, and the famous aria, "Che faro senza Eurydice," from Gluck's "Orpheus."

* * *

Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel are undertaking a complete edition of the works of Hector Berlioz, which is expected to lead to a better knowledge of this epoch-making composer in Germany.

* * *

The pupils of Madame Boetti gave a recital in Steinway Hall, at which the following unusal numbers, among others, were sung: "Ombre Legere," from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah;" a Trio from Cimarosa's "Matrimonial Secret," Suicidio, from Ponnchielli's "La Gioconda;" and a variety of other celebrated illustrations of grand moments in Italian opera.

* * *

A new pianist was heard in Chicago in Miss Augusta Scottmann,

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who played a recital containing a variety of pleasing concert music, and the Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata with Mr. Spiering. The latter also played the Vieuxtemps "Fantasia Appassionata" and other numbers, illustrating his brilliant and pleasing art. Miss Scottmann seems to be a well-taught pianist of recent vintage.

* * *

As an illustration of an improving standard of music in southern seminaries, where formerly the stricter school of classical music was impossible, may be mentioned a graduating recital at the Judson Institute, Marion, Ala., under the direction of Mr. Gunn. The piano pieces were the first movement of the Beethoven sonata in B flat, op. 22; three pieces from Sinding's op. 32, and the Chopin Andante and Polonaise, op. 22, the latter with second piano. The songs interspersed were also worthy the distinguished company. Schumann, "Widmung;" Richard Strauss, "Serenade," and Grieg, "Autumnal Gale." A still more remarkable novelty in this program were the program notes, which were prepared by members of the theory class. It is evident that Mr. Gunn has been able, even in this first season at the Judson, to institute many of the functions of a real education in music.

* * *

Mr. Ludwig Schytte, the Danish composer, has lately brought out (Kistner, Leipsic) two concert pieces for two pianos. Doubtless they manifest the brilliant qualities common to his works, but these have been criticized on account of the second piano having so little to do. As the pieces are written they amount to a first piano with accompaniment upon another instrument.

* * *

A writer in the Leipsic Signale regards Eugene d'Albert's lately published Concerto for violoncello as the best written in late years. The work is not distinctly separated into three movements, but all are structurally related, as in the Liszt piano concerto in E flat. The chances are that 'cellists will find this an agreeable addition to their by no means too extended repertory of show pieces.

* * *

Mr. E. R. Kroeger of St. Louis, in his fourth recital of the present season, gave a curious program of Wagner transcriptions. The following are the selections: "Rienzi," The Call to Arms; "The Flying Dutchman," Spinning song—Liszt; Tannhaueser," March—Liszt; "Lohengrin," Elsa's Bridal Procession—Liszt; "Rheingold," Walhalla—Brassin; "Walkuere," Fire Charm—Brassin; "Siegfried," Waldweben—Brassin; "Gotterdaemerung," Siegfried and the Rhine Daughters—Joseph Rubinstein; "Tristan and Isolde," Isolde's Lovedeath—Liszt; "Die Meistersinger," Quintet—Buelow; "Parsifal," March to the Castle of the Holy Grail—Liszt.

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A NEW SONG PRIMER FOR CHILDREN.

The completion of the Primer of the Modern Music Series, edited by Miss Eleanor Smith (Scott, Foresman & Co.) marks a notable step in a very important educational progress. The competition which has been going on for fifty years in the production of books of school music has now taken a higher key. Something better is aimed at than the mere teaching of music-reading. There has been a disagreement as to the primacy of educational requirements in music, which has never been fully settled. Many of our text-books in singing aim first of all at the teaching of time; others at the scale and precision in the sight reading of scale relations. All the books have been obliged to furnish more or less of pleasing songs, but there have been serious difficulties in the way of their doing so. The first was the fact, so influential in musical instruction, that the same persons rarely happen to have exact pedagogical perceptions and artistic sensibility. Moreover, until lately there has never been a flow of inspiration in children's songs in American music. All the good songs in the earlier books came from the German. The American productions were generally composed by the authors of the books, and were constructed by rule to meet certain pedagogical needs—as for a song in such a key, such a measure, such and such a compass, etc. Naturally, songs turned out to fill a purely local want of this kind almost never had in them any of that subtle flow of melody which we mean when we say "song." It was music (?) with the music left out. This kind of thing began in the very first books; and it has not disappeared from the latest, unless we can credit Miss Smith with having finally put to flight the text-book devil of monotony and mechanical sterility.

At all events the modern music series starts from a principle which ought to lead to fruitful results and to paths ascending Parnassus by flowery roads, amid an enticing variety of scenery. In other words, this series aims first of all to give the child something to sing which is really musical as well as educational. The first step is to find enjoyment in song; the second, to have more enjoyment and a more varied range. Only later do we come to a self-conscious observation of the ground-forms out of which our pleasurable melody

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had been composed. That is to say, after we have sung and had a great deal of enjoyment in songs, we begin to observe the scale, and to sing our songs over again and find in them scale progressions which we can identify. And only later than this do we arrive at some precision in identifying our familiar fragments of tune from their written representations in notes.

A scheme of this kind turns first of all, then, upon the taste and judgment with which living melodies have been secured. To be simple and inspired at the same time is a blessing which falls only upon minds of the higher class. Hence in this primer we need not be surprised to find the names of some of the most distinguished composers, American and foreign; and since the text furnishes the central motive of the song, and the melodic inspiration is expected to grow out of the words, great care had to be exercised also in collecting the words. So we have here in music such names as those of Nevin, Gilchrist, Chadwick, our most popular American song-writers; and Brahms, Taubert and Reinecke, the most artistic of European writers. The poems also are song-like, childlike, really imaginative and of pleasant rhythm. Many good writers and various leading magazines are represented. To give an idea of the wealth of the book in these two directions let us note more particularly. And first of the poetry and always with reference to the aesthetic key-note, which may be defined as requiring the song to be sprightly, simple, suggestive, naive, imaginative; to amuse, to stimulate, to afford mental forms for the elementary sentiments of affection for home and country.

For happy examples of jingling rhythm, coupled with what we might call a development of the ordinary incidents of the child environment, some of the poems by Mr. Frederic Manley in this book are among the best. For instance, "The Song of the Woodpecker:"

"There's someone tapping on the maple tree,
Tap, tippy tap, tap, tap;
But there's no one about, that I can see,
Save a lark that is singing a song of glee
On a sunlit bough, and it isn't he
That is tapping away so steadily,
Tap, tippy tap, tap, tap.

"There's someone coming down the maple tree,
Tap, tippy tap, tap, tap;
And he is hopping about so busily,
In a cap quite as red as a barberry,
And a coat as green as a summer lea,
And he's singing a laughing melody,
Tap, tippy tap, tap, tap.

"There's someone going to the maple tree,
Tap, tippy tap, tap, tap;
He's as gay as a prince or a lord, but he

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Hasn't time to go round showing off, you see,
For he stays in the woods working lovingly
At a snug little home for his family,
Tap, tippy tap, tap, tap."

So also the "Fireman's Song:"

"Ding dong! Ding dong! Too-too-ta-too-ta-too!
Bring the horses from their stall,
Make a way, you people all," etc.

Very pretty verses are those of Miss Rebecca Foresman, upon the "Morning Glory," to which Mr. G. W. Chadwick has written music. She begins by reproving the morning glory for going to sleep so soon and advises her to rise a little later that she may remain awake all day. This brings out the morning glory's position and the poem goes on, verse 3:

"I love to gaze upon the sun,"
The Morning Glory said;
"And when I know that he is up,
I cannot stay in bed.
By noon I cannot look at him,
His face has grown so bright,
And then I close my eyes and try
To make believe it's night.
But even if my eyes are shut,
I'm not asleep, oh, no:
I know I have a drowsy look,
But I can see to grow."

A very charming poem is that by Claudia Tharvin, reprinted from the St. Nicholas Magazine:

"Oh! Make-Believe town is a place of delight,
Where wondrous things happen, from morning to night.
You may go there in tatters, and lo and behold
In an instant you're deck'd out in silver and gold," etc.

But enough. Extracts might be multiplied of child poems of most unexceptionable quality and many of rare charm. But I think I am most thankful for Mr. Manley's songs, which are sure to appeal to the boys—a humble class too often neglected in school music. When we get too poetical the boy is apt to find himself a negligible quantity.

As other examples of utilizing material familiar to all the children take the Mr. Manley's "Journey's End," which is based upon the quiet "puff, puff, puff" of the locomotive as the automatic engine pumps up the air-brakes, while the machine is standing still. Every

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child has noticed the peculiar effect of breathing in the small exhausts of this mechanism. The poem begins:

"Puff, puff, puff,
Hear how deep the engine's breathing," etc.

Or the song of the bumblebee, from the German:

"Once there was a little fellow,
Gayly dressed in golden yellow;
Zum, zum, zum, zum,
Zum, zum, zum, zum,
Was his song."

Other songs relate to circumstances which have become mythical, such as "May Tripping Laughing O'er the Meadows," whereas she commonly comes crying and ill-natured at that; so also the "Evening Bells on the Pasture Land," the song of the milk-maids. On the whole, however, we must credit the makers of this primer with having brought together an unusually attractive collection of child poetry. Even when the poet is primarily bent upon utilitarian ends, as in some of the simple exercises, the words are not devoid of cleverness. For example, there is an interval song, in which the voice skips from the tonic to each of the other intervals of the scale, first in ascending relations, then descending. The words comport very well with this idea:

"Jumping Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Hops about the livelong day;
Tom and Benny, Sue and Jenny,
Join the jolly jumping play."

Another example of this same delicate perception of the relation between the musical form and words for practice is found in the little lines of the "Bouncing Ball," also set to an interval exercise:

"Bouncing ball, I throw you, catch you,
Toss you high and higher still;
Back again you come, my pretty,
Touch the ground, too, when you will."

The song of the "Silk-Worm" is another of these suggestive little sets of verses by Miss Foresman:

"Here's a busy little spinner,
Working hard to earn her dinner,
I am sure she never guesses
What becomes of all her dresses."

The singing begins with fifteen pages of songs intended primarily for musical enjoyment, and a very pleasing lot of melodies they are, varied in style and source. The first is an old English air, "The

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Dairy Maids," a very simple and honest diatonic tune. Others follow, all cheerful, intelligent melodies, but in no way beyond the grasp of children. "A Friend in Need" brings us to something a little higher. It is a melody by Carl Wilhelm, composer of "The Watch on the Rhine." The melody is simple enough and entirely diatonic. But it has an accompaniment for piano and the third phrase brings some very unexpected but pleasing harmonies. There are some teachers who will object to the harmony as being beyond the capacity of the children. But it should be noticed that even the phrase having the strange harmonies is itself simple and capable of being sung confidently without the support of the accompaniment; but when the accompaniment can be given it will lend new attractions to the melody and impart a more refined musical expression to that part of it. If the teacher is wise enough to call attention to the added meaning afforded by this harmonization, the children will observe it with pleasure and such a thing might make a lasting impression upon the sensitive ones and open their minds to observe the influence of harmony upon melody.

In "The Woodpecker," by the popular composer, Mr. Ethelbert Nevin, we have a melody which in its second phrase modulates into a related key, and throughout is supplied with a very well made and attractive piano accompaniment. It is doubtful whether many school rooms, of the grade of these songs, are supplied with pianos and players able to produce this song according to its intention. Wherever this can be done, however, the song will be highly enjoyed. Mr. Nevin has been very careful of the rhythm, which is very attractive. This is one of the cases of extremely fortunate association between music and words. There are other charming songs in this part. All of them are to be used first of all for rote singing. Later on it is provided for singing them by heart and comparing mentally the melody with scale successions, identifying familiar scale progressions; still later, of finding these in the notes.

Part II. is intended to be used for exercise in reading from notes. For this reason the forms are simple and short, the scale itself is printed adjacent to the group of songs in each key; and a variety of exercises are provided for real sight reading. The methods of proceeding in the latter part of the work is original with this series. The authors hold that a melody composed as such has something in it of a musical coherence and spirit which an exercise necessarily lacks.

Part singing is introduced by means of rounds, in the same way that it came into English singing. In a round, as everybody knows, there is but one melody; when the first set of singers have reached a certain point of that melody a second set begins it at the beginning. There are now two melodies going at once; or different chapters of the same melody. Thus we are having part-singing, but from a melodic standpoint. In this way, even if the round is for three voices, and so for chords of three notes all along, the harmonies are

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sung without difficulty, whereas the early exercises in part-singing, where one part undertakes to sing an alto, are almost invariably found difficult by reason of the children hearing the principal melody too plain to be able to follow their own part. Undoubtedly round singing is one of the happiest possible ways of introducing part work, and in this form it can be introduced early and without difficulty.

When one is accustomed to reading in certain New York musical criticism of the "cold grey tone" of Brahms, it gives one a sensation to find in a primer of school singing certain melodies of this great composer. Yet here they are, two of them. One is "The Goldfinch," a curious example of triple rhythm. The measure is 3-8, and each phrase consists of three measures, like one great measure of 9-8. But the melody is entirely simple, with this exception, nor does it include anything impossible in the way of harmony. Moreover, the spirit of the melody, comports well with the dainty airiness of the words:

"Sweetest of music you oft have heard,
When on a late summer day
You may have 'spied a dear jeweled bird,
Pois'd on a thistle's light spray."

The other melody by Brahms is also unusual in its metrical structure, having a first phrase of four measures and a second of three; the third, again, is four measures, and the fourth of three. Such rhythms are common enough in art-music, but they have generally been avoided in music for children; but for no good reason. It is no simpler to the child to read poetry in long meter (for this is what the regular four-measure phrases amount to) than in common, short, or irregular rhythms, such as hymn book compilers call "hallelujah" meters.

Speaking of melody which is pleasing and singable at the same time, a very pretty one is that by Miss Eleanor Smith, "The Little Trolls are Spinning," where the tune is entirely diatonic and without modulation, yet the accompaniment gives a charming character to the piece, since it includes pedal harmonies and passing dissonances during a part of the first section. This is made to a poem by Margaret Sangster, reprinted by arrangement with the Harpers.

In the song just mentioned a characteristic tendency of modern music is noticeable to make a song an ensemble work, consisting not alone of melody but also of accompaniment, which is a quasi independent instrumental part, and the correspondence between the words and the music is not alone between the words and the melodic forms to which they are spoken, but a general correspondence between the entire effect of the word-melody and the instrument melody, or melodies.

A very charming and wonderfully clever illustration of the same trait is afforded by Mr. W. W. Gilchrist's little piece called "A Dew Drop." The melody is instrumental in character, running along chord tracks instead of scale tracks, but within very simple limits, its

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oscillations lying mainly in the tonic chord, between sol and mi, with la as a changing note from the sol, and only once going up to the do above; the dominant chord appears in the melody only twice, once by suggestion (m. 3) and once actually in measure 6. Meanwhile the piano has a second or subordinate melody, higher than the child's part, and the effect of the whole is reposeful and fascinating. Rarely are so musical effects afforded within so simple limits. But space fails to trace the variety in this clever little book.

The instrumental tendency noted above in connection with the Gilchrist piece is illustrated even more forcibly by Mr. Chadwick's setting of the clever poem about the "Morning Glory," mentioned above. In this case the melody is quite simple, at least to the ear, although it contains "sharp two" of the key as a changing tone from "three;" but the accompaniment is very artistic, and the harmonies chromatic and clever; the whole is delightful and while exact pedagogues might be found to pronounce it difficult, the children will undoubtedly sing it with luxury and find it one of the best in the book.

On the whole, therefore, it is plain that the authors of the primer have been fortunate and discreet as well as a little venturesome, in providing songs for the children's table. And it is quite certain that children who start out in their musical life with such songs as these are more than likely to go straight on towards higher and more musical things of the same kind; and arrive at a maturity of taste which will at least defend them from the rag-time vulgarities of the day—or whatever fresh profanations may have been devised between now and then. Moreover, as said in the beginning, the book represents an idea—and nothing lasts like an idea.

There is still one other point to be noticed, yea, two. The first is that this book contains simpler melody and simpler exercises than any other book of the kind known to the present reviewer, and this in spite of violating certain arbitrary rules which previous editors have laid down for their own guidance. For instance, there are collections before the public in which neither songs nor exercises make any kind of melodic skip during the first six months of the book. This in music is quite on a par with preparing a primer of language in which no vowel is used but "a" during the first month; in the second month "e," in the third month "i," etc. When we speak of song, we mean melody—and everybody knows that melody is just as apt to skip to the third, fourth, fifth, or even to the octave, as to remain upon the same note or go to the next adjacent. In fact, some of these skips along chord tracks are so easy and so natural that they form the lines of primitive melody—as in those of the North American Indians, for example. To skip up to the tonic from sol, to skip up to sol from mi, or up an octave, from do to do, are among the most ordinary inflections of ordinary speech, and require no preparation whatever for children singing.

The successful defiance of ill-founded pedagogics meets us in the treatment of measure. The first song in this book is written in 6-8

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measure, with rhythms of quarter and eighth, and triplet rhythms of three eighths, as well as the dotted quarter. To the ear these rhythms are simplicity itself, and it is altogether likely that the child has yet to be invented who would not be able to sing this song upon hearing. So also the book has other varieties of divided pulses at the very beginning. They present no difficulty to the ear or to the child. It is only when we begin to read from notes that we have to create a difficulty in order to explain it. But just now we are speaking of real singing, for pleasure. And it is the distinct glory of this little book to be first of all attractive. Later on, when it is a question of sight reading, care is taken to give no more difficulties than are needed. It cannot be denied that this avoidance of principles which necessarily lead to mechanical singing and unmusical feeling, is highly to be commended. It is simply a higher pedagogy. The things which are difficult to the child are postponed, introduced with care, explained; the things which are easy to the child, these we do whether they involve divided or collected pulses, modulations, skips, or what.

Justice requires one to say, further, that the editor has been extremely fortunate in her exercises, even, to avoid the mechanical manner. And, to venture a prediction, it will most likely be found that classes taken through this little book will actually make far better readers at the end of it than those in whose training reading has been considered the one thing needful. We will wait and see. Sure it is that the children have here a collection of songs which they will take with thankfulness—if they are anything like the children who played in New Hampshire fifty years ago.

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SUITE CHARACTERISTIQUE. No. 2. By Arnè Oldberg. C. F. Summy.

Au Revoir.
White Caps.
Revery.
Song to the Moon.
Le Retour.

Five little pieces, thirteen pages in all, of moderate difficulty and generally pleasing quality. Will appeal to amateurs. Might also be used as lessons, for which their brevity recommends them. Mr. Oldberg has a certain musical quality, occasional resemblances to Grieg, and a pleasing vein of his own.

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A COLORADO SUMMER. A Cycle of Ten Pieces, by Gerrit Smith. John Church.

Artist's Brush.
At Moonlight.
In the Canon.

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Alpine Rose.
On the Heights.
Mariposa Lily.
By the Stream.
Columbine.
Arbutus.
Cloud Shadows.

The present collection, like the preceding and like some of Mr. MacDowell's later works, illustrates the new American canniness, not to jar the amateur. The pieces are short, easy, have romantic titles, wear their shirt collars turned down, their trousers turned up, and have all the marks of fashion whenever it rains in London. Mr. Smith prefixes a stanza of verse to each of his pieces, stanzas well chosen and affording the player a choice of inspiration—from the title, which suggests Colorado; or from the poetry, which suggests all sorts of situations. To the present reviewer these carefully written little sketches have no particular importance. This, however, is most likely due to a narrow-minded disposition to neglect American genius. The reader and buyer may allow for that.

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CAPTIVE MEMORIES. A Song Cycle for Baritone, with Quartet of Mixed Voices. By Ethelbert Nevin. Text by James T. White. John Church Co.

The idea of this work is explained in the preface as being: To recall and hold captive the delicious emotions experienced in the successive awakening, development and perfection of love, as expressed in the affection anniversaries of a lifetime." Truly, a charming idea, capable, if well managed, of unlimited gratification.

The work opens with a sort of pastorale movement in 6-8 measure and after the piano is well under way the player (or some one for him) proceeds to talk "on the side," so to say, "To Arcady hast thou been? Then let me give the mystic key," etc., a la Walter Damrosch in "Parsifal" or "Siegfried." All this upon a title—"Love is the way to Arcady." Later on a quartet of voices joins in, the accompaniment being still the pastoral movement with which we began. The quartet ceases, but the piano goes on while the speaking voice comments: "Love is the only door therein, etc.," and at the end of a spoken quatrain the quartet sings again the word "Arcady." The second subject is "Admiration" and a pleasant song for tenor developes itself. The next movement is an unaccompanied quartet, "The Touch of Her Dear Hand." Then a short page of yearning, off-beat syncopations, and the like, quite Byronic. And so on to a compass of 38 pages—all sentimental, capable of being thought pretty—in short, quite Nevinsian.

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M. EDWARD COLONNE,
Director of Music, Paris Exposition.

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MUSIC.

JUNE, 1900.

SCHUMANN'S STRUGGLE FOR CLARA WIECK: A LITTLE-KNOWN CHAPTER IN HIS LIFE.

BY RICHARD ALDRICH.

I.

The one stirring event in Robert Schumann's life of dreams, enthusiasms and self-centered industry was his struggle for the hand of Clara Wieck. It was not his first love affair; it was immediately preceded by that "midsummer night's dream," as he called it, of his relations with Fraulein Ernestine von Fricken, to whom he had become engaged in 1834, and from whom he had parted in January, 1836, suddenly and under circumstances that have not fully been made known. But Clara Wieck at about that time returned to her father's home in Leipzig from study in Dresden, and it is more than likely that her coming revealed to Schumann the true state of his heart, the destiny that really confronted him.

Schumann could scarcely wait for his release from his engagement to Fraulein von Fricken to yield himself entirely to the spell of the new and enduring passion that was to shape the rest of his life. This marked the beginning of a struggle for the attainment of his heart's desire lasting more than four years—a most momentous period in Schumann's career both for the severe trial it put upon his soul and for the profound and moving record it left in his music. It was a struggle through which the way to happiness was found only by the constancy and devotion of the two lovers, the resolution to be cast down by no obstacle, to break even the bonds of filial piety and to go through the painful process of forcing a judicial decision in place of parental consent, in

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which a father's insensate folly and wicked perversity must be published to the world.

As long as Clara Wieck lived, little of this story was printed in the biographies of her husband. Her family, indeed, after Schumann's rise to fame, made every effort to minimize the painful features of Wieck's conduct. Wasielewski, the author of the first biography of Schumann, appears to have been imperfectly informed as to the facts. The interesting details of the court proceedings have only recently been made known by a scrutiny of the papers in the case. But before matters had advanced to that stage there was a romantic cross-current that seemed for a time likely to wreck Schumann's happiness even more disastrously than Wieck's obstinacy. This episode, too, has never been more than hinted at in the biographies, though it loomed large in Schumann's eyes at a critical period of his life.

The course of true love, even between these lovers, did not at first run smooth. If Clara Wieck was at first disposed to drop into the arms of a suitor so recently disentangled from the embraces of another, her self-surrender was soon to receive a decided check. Was there an understanding between the two, if not a formal engagement, as early as January, 1836? Some of Schumann's expressions in a letter to Clara of February seem to imply it:

"Perhaps your father will not refuse it if I ask him for his blessing. I put great trust in our guardian angel; fate destines us for one another. Long have I known it, but my hopes have not been high enough to tell you and to be understood of you before."

So, too, do these words from a letter to August Kahlert in Breslau, dated March 1, 1836, the object of which is to ask his kindly offices as intermediary for a forbidden correspondence between Schumann and Clara Wieck, then on a long concert tour with her father:

"Clara Wieck loves and is loved. The happy couple have met, talked and promised themselves to each other without the father's knowledge. Now, he observes it, and will sever the bond between the two as with an axe; forbidding any intercourse under pain of death."

That seems scarcely to be explained away as "the utter-

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ance of the poet in Schumann," and as resting only on "far-away dream fancies," as Wasielewski would have it, in support of his contention that there was no formal engagement. ("Robert Schumann, Eine Biographie," 3rd Ed. pp. 110, 111.)

Whichever way it was, there soon came a change that brought to Schumann a period of bitter doubt and perplexity. A rival gained for a considerable time a marked advantage over him in Clara's heart. This was Carl Banck, a young composer and a clever writer, who had been since 1834 one of Schumann's collaborators on the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik —not one of the original "Davidsbund" that founded it, as has sometimes been represented, but who left it in the early spring of 1836. He subsequently became one of the foremost of German music-critics in Dresden. His friendship for Schumann was broken at that time, probably for the reason now under discussion; and in the immediately ensuing years he let no opportunity pass to discredit Schumann, his compositions and his Zeitschrift. Schumann, it may be noted, took the same course himself toward Banck and his compositions, as several pointed passages in his critical writings show.

It is beyond question that Clara Wieck felt herself for a time strongly drawn to this newcomer in her affections. Long love-letters to him, expressing herself freely, are in existence, which personal considerations have not permitted to be made public, and Jansen describes a series of letters from Banck to Hofmeister, the Leipzig music publisher, dating from the beginning of the year 1836, that show his "lively interest" in Clara Wieck; and fail to show, likewise, the faintest friendliness of feeling toward Schumann. Furthermore, it is significant that no letters to her from Schumann dating between the one just quoted (February 13, 1836) and one of December 22, 1837, have been allowed to appear in any of the printed collections of his correspondence. On the other hand, several expressions in his published letters indicate the anguish of soul through which he was passing at this time. Writing to his sister-in-law, Therese Schumann, on March 2, 1836, he says: "My guiding stars have been strangely shifted; may God bring a

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happy ending to all this." On April 1 he writes to her in a piteous appeal for consolation:

"I am in a critical state, from which I have neither the requisite calm nor the clear insight to extricate myself. As the matter now stands either I must never speak to her again or she must become wholly mine."

He excuses himself to his friend Zuccalmaglio on July 2, 1836, for his long silence on the ground of the "deep grief of his soul," from which he could not rouse himself for work.

II.

Although, as Jansen informs us, Banck's "interest" in Clara Wieck kept up until her engagement became generally known in 1839, Schumann soon found the way to her heart. He was guided to it by their common friend, Ernest Adolf Becker, an official under the Saxon government and a zealous musical amateur, to whom Schumann dedicated his "Nachtstücke," Op. 23 (though, curiously enough, with the wrong initials, "F. A. Becker," as the name stands in the first and every succeeding edition). His frankness, sincerity and geniality served to keep him in friendly relations with the suspicious and irritable Wieck, even through the stormiest period of the latter's feud with Schumann. In August, 1837, he visited the Wiecks in Leipzig and during this visit accomplished the beneficent task of bringing together again the old friends and lovers. At a concert she gave on August 13 Clara played part of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" —a sign of their reconciliation and the occasion of a note of heartfelt thanks from the composer to her father for what he regarded as a hopeful sign of special friendliness. Further signs of the same were not lacking, in Schumann's view, who several times mentions in his letters Wieck's friendly tone toward him, whereat he was much encouraged. The prospect seemed favorable for carrying out the plan he had agreed upon with Becker and his affianced, that he should ask her father for her hand by letter, on her birthday, September 13. This letter is a beautiful and dignified expression of the writer's hopes and desires, full of respect for his old teacher and of affection for the father of his beloved,

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seeking pardon for the "irritation" he had caused him for the last eighteen months and asking for another trial.

Wieck gave at first no definite answer to this demand. About the middle of October he sent Schumann a letter couched in courteous terms, expressing his opposition to the union on the ground of the young couple's limited means. It was a ground that Schumann at first admitted as a reasonable one. "He is right," he wrote to his sister-in-law in December, "when he maintains that we must first earn more money so as to live decently," and he cherished and expressed the hope that the paternal heart would soften with time. During Clara's absence on a long concert tour with her father that winter the lovers kept up a lively correspondence—apparently without Wieck's knowledge—and by spring Clara could write to Schumann that her father had finally consented to give her to him, under certain conditions. On their return to Leipzig soon afterward Schumann naturally expected a speedy conference with Wieck and a definite understanding. Instead of that he came to see Schumann at his lodgings and said not a word on the subject nearest the young man's heart. So angered and hurt was Schumann at this evidence of insincerity that he thenceforward avoided Wieck so pointedly as to cause him great irritation. From this dated the acutely hostile stage of the relations between the two men. Wieck at once began freely to express his unalterable opposition to Schumann's union with his daughter and tried by every means in his power to injure him in her estimation and in that of everybody else who would listen to him. What Schumann may have said and done does not appear; but his exasperation is repeatedly and pointedly expressed in his letters.

In September, 1838, Schumann left Leipzig for a visit to Vienna with the intention of removing the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik to that city and thus establishing himself under more favorable circumstances than he hoped for in Leipzig; and also with the expectation that in his absence Wieck's irritation against him would be calmed. A great disappointment awaited him in the Austrian capital, no longer the mother city of music. Insuperable obstacles to the publication of his journal there were disclosed, and after a stay of

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seven months he was glad to return to Leipzig, in April, 1839. He found no improvement, however, in his prospects with Wieck. Clara had not ceased to importune her father for his consent to their marriage, but so far from successfully that his hostility to the idea and to Schumann personally seemed only to increase. Indeed, his course toward Schumann had become little less than scandalous; he circulated the most outrageous stories about his private life, and manifested his enmity in every way that presented itself—in many ways that were mean and underhanded. Clara, harassed almost into illness by her father's heartless conduct, had started out, this time alone, on a concert tour before Schumann's return from Vienna. In June she was in Paris.

By the beginning of that month she and Schumann had reluctantly decided that they must abandon all hope of ever winning Wieck's consent to their union. There remained but one recourse, of which they finally resolved to avail themselves. Under the German law a couple unable to obtain a parent's consent to marriage may demand a judgment of the court, dispensing with that otherwise necessary formality, upon presentation of proper proofs of the propriety of their union and the impossibility of obtaining parental consent. Schumann at first thought to conduct his own case, and went so far as to draw up a petition to the court, dated June 8, 1839, but he yielded to the better judgment of his friends and retained as counsel to prosecute his case a lawyer of Leipzig named Einert.

Shortly before this step was taken, however, Wieck had surprised the two lovers by sending to Clara in Paris a letter granting his consent to her marriage—but under six conditions, which it was evidently his intention to make impossible of acceptance and as offensive as possible. They were these:

First, That during his lifetime the couple should not live in Saxony, but that Schumann must continue to make as large an income from the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik as it was then bringing him in—Wieck, of course, knowing that he had discovered the impossibility of transferring the publication to Vienna.

Second, That he, Wieck, should retain possession of

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Clara's fortune, pay 4 per cent interest on it, and not hand it over to her till the expiration of five years.

Third, That Schumann should make affidavit as to the amount of his income as he had stated it to Wieck in September, 1837.

Fourth, That Schumann should hold no oral or written communication with him until he should himself indicate a desire for it.

Fifth, That Clara should never make claim to inherit any of his property.

Sixth, That they should be married by Michaelmas (September, 29).

As Schumann remarks, in stating these conditions to his counsel, they could accept only the last one, and therefore they determined to go on with the legal proceedings. They still wished to leave the way open for reconciliation, however, and Herr Einert was instructed to try once more to reach a compromise with Wieck. The one thing they wished to guard against was the possibility of failure in the court, and Schumann repeatedly urged Einert to tell them if there was the slightest doubt of their success, in order that they might think of another way out of their troubles—though Schumann confesses his inability to imagine what it would be. The lawyer's assurance, however, was positive.

III.

So he began the action in the Court of Appeals at Leipzig by presenting a petition for the desired decree, dated July 15. On the 19th a decision was handed down based on a mistaken view of the premises—an indication of the rarity of these peculiar proceedings in the German courts—by which consideration of the case was refused because no proofs were submitted of any attempt at an agreement with the father before the proper clergyman. Einert immediately summoned Schumann and had Clara called back from Paris, in order to go through the formality indicated by the court. She came, made one more attempt to be reconciled with her father; failing in which she repaired to Berlin to stay with her mother, Frau Bargiel (Wieck's divorced first wife), whom Schumann was also visiting. By the middle of September

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Wieck wrote for Clara to come to Leipzig for another conference with him. The earnest desire of the two lovers to leave nothing undone toward reaching a peaceful settlement is shown in their acceptance of even this eleventh-hour summons. As was to be expected, there was no result. Wieck had no real intention that there should be one.

Thereupon they undertook to carry out the formality prescribed by the court. Wieck was called to the conference before a clergyman, but excused himself on the ground that he was obliged to be out of town on the day fixed. A second appointment was made; Wieck did not appear till the couple had gone, after waiting beyond the time agreed upon. He observed to the clergyman, however, that he would never give his consent and that he could not tell then when his business engagements would permit him to come again to a conference.

At this juncture, fortunately, the court discovered that the case did not require proofs of an attempted reconciliation. It tacitly dropped its original view in appointing a hearing for October 2. Schumann and Clara appeared, but Wieck refused to do so, on the ground that the law required the conference before a clergyman to be held first, thus planting himself on the position the court had just abandoned. His allegation was summarily disposed of, and a second date—December 18—was set for the hearing. This time Wieck appeared. The meeting was an extremely painful one for his daughter and her affianced. Wieck gave his wrath free play and overwhelmed Schumann with reproaches and personal abuse of the most insulting kind.

The court handed down its decision on January 4, 1840. Of all Wieck's allegations against Schumann urged as a bar to his marriage with his daughter, only one was declared to be of any importance, even if true—and of that he was required to submit proofs.

Wieck thereupon presented to the court a long document objecting to the decision and stating at greater length the grounds of his complaints against Schumann. First, he submitted that Schumann was not in a position to earn even his own living. Wieck admits that he had some property, but asserted that it had been much diminished, the income

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not being then sufficient to maintain him properly, and his earning capacity being doubtful. His Zeitschrift might easily lose its subscribers; his future compositions might not attract publishers. On account of the insufficiency of his income Schumann, he declared, had been encroaching upon his capital, and thus his financial condition was steadily growing worse, instead of prospering or even standing still. The second ground related to Schumann's personality and character; a special reproach cast upon him being his regular visits to the Tafelrunde, the daily gathering of choice spirits in the "Kaffeebaum" tavern at Leipzig. It was of this charge in his previous statement that Wieck was required to give proofs by the court. Another ground was Schumann's previous love affair—his relations with Ernestine von Fricken; another was his individual peculiarities, which were not of a sort to be of advantage to Clara on her concert tours; another, that Clara had not the training to make her a good housewife; and so on. An insulting insinuation was made that Schumann desired to marry Clara Wieck only for the money that her success as an artist would bring him.

These charges were all answered by Schumann in an energetic statement dated February 26. As to his financial condition, he declared that at the death of his father in 1826 he had inherited a property of about 9,500 thaler. He acknowledged that this had been reduced by the necessary expenses of preparation for his profession, as he had had no other support. His annual income, besides the return from his patrimony, included 624 thaler as his editorial salary; 200 thaler as his receipts from his compositions; 150 thaler from the sale of music sent to the Zeitschrift for review and 26 thaler for outside work. His entire income he placed at 1,500 thaler, "which could not be accounted too small for the proper support of a family," especially when it was considered that Clara possessed a fortune of 2,000 thaler and was besides in a position through her distinguished talent to contribute largely toward the household expenses. As for his compositions, he could only quote the favorable opinion of men like Moscheles, Liszt, Seyfried and others. He pointed out a contradiction in Wieck's statements—if his compositions were such poor stuff, why did Wieck set his daughter

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to studying them? If his Zeitschrift was so insignificant, why did so many notable musical associations make him an honorary member in recognition of his work as its editor? As for the company at the "Kaffeebaum," Wieck himself visited it every evening, and was generally the last to leave it. Wieck's opinion of him was formerly quite different, as could be shown by extracts from his letters, and by the fact that he had asked Schumann to stand as godfather to one of his children. "Wholly false and unworthy" was the charge that Schumann expected Wieck to undertake concert tours with his daughter after her marriage and divide the proceeds with him. Finally—and here it must regretfully be admitted that Schumann wrenched the truth woefully to suit his purposes—he asserted that his earlier interest in another young woman was "solely one of friendship"; never had he asked her father for the hand of Fräulein von Fricken! All readers of his published correspondence know, of course, that he had, and that there had been a formal engagement between them. Why this fact should be considered so serious a bar to his suit for Clara's hand, and why he should so flatly deny it, is not clear.

As a result of Wieck's appeal, the case was sent up to the Higher Court of Appeals at Dresden. On March 28 a judgment came from that court affirming the lower court's original decision. Wieck made no attempt to furnish the proofs demanded of him by the Leipzig tribunal, and the case was dragged on till the first of August, when the final decision was given. This was that for the father's consent to the union the court substituted its own; and that the petitioners were permitted to marry after the publication of the usual banns.

IV.

The sorely tried couple, happily relieved of the burden of their long struggle, with its anxieties and painful experiences, were wedded in the church at Schönefeld, a hamlet near Leipzig, on September 12, 1840, by the pastor, one Wildenhain, a boyhood friend of Schumann's. They entered upon a golden age of happiness, of fertile and brilliant productivity for Schumann, ended by the early twilight of his reason in 1853, and his death in 1856; for Frau Schumann

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of ever-increasing honor and dignity in the artistic world, and of an activity that ceased only shortly before her death in 1897.

It is perfectly plain that the grounds advanced by Wieck for opposing the match were nothing but a pretense. The real reason was the financial one as affecting himself—the loss of the large sums brought in by his daughter's concerts, at that time almost unprecedented, and perhaps, too, the idea that a more "brilliant" match was possible for her. Whatever his grounds, his methods were indefensible. Schumann never recovered from his deep and glowing resentment; and though there was a sort of family modus vivendi established, there never was any real reconciliation between the two men.

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THE ARTIST AND THE MACHINE.

BY DR. HENRY HANCHETT.

We have heard much about the shoemaker and the machine. The machine came—the shoemaker disappeared. We still have the cobbler, but he is not very busy. Perhaps machine shoes do not wear quite as long or stand patching quite so well as did the products of the shoemaker, but they are cheaper, and new shoes look better than either old or patched. On the whole the world seems to find the machine an improvement upon the shoemaker, and fewer children go barefoot.

What became of the shoemaker? Did he turn capitalist and build a factory? Did he employ the leisure given him by the machine to gain learning and culture? Did he become a "hand" to tend the machine (which probably needed only the attention his wife or child could give)? Or did he display his marvelous versatility, perhaps at fifty, by becoming a blacksmith, a pharmacist or a lawyer? There is a prevalent idea that somehow the shoemaker shared in the general progress and benefited with the rest of the world by the advent of the machine. Probably the idea is correct; but the man who finds that a machine and a girl can relieve him and perhaps a score of his comrades of their jobs, and who seeking work in some new line finds other workmen similarly relieved by other machines, sometimes is put to it to discover just the extent to which he personally has progressed, and how he would best set about enjoying his individual share of the general benefit due to the introduction of some particular machine that now does his particular kind of work.

It has been moderately comfortable for the sympathetic editor, author, preacher or artist to talk philosophically about the world's progress in material things. They have thought some about the relation of the machine to the labor market. Perhaps they have noticed that the professions are becoming somewhat crowded, even uncomfortably so, by the men who

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cannot longer compete with the machine or who do not wish to risk an encounter with it by basing their hopes of worldly success upon the mastery of a mechanical trade. Though it may not always be easy for the professional man to gain admission to that celebrated "room at the top" or to earn a decent living even when well established in its occupancy, yet those who are in the profession can usually "raise the standard of admission" to those who would enter, believing or saying that the latter can doubtless adapt their talents to other fields of activity where there is more need of their labor. But what is to be done when the labor-saving machine undertakes to relieve the professional man himself of the service to the world by which he has been earning his bread? The preacher must reckon with the stereopticon and the printing press; the editor with the great machines that send forth the metropolitan daily by the million to do away with the necessity of the local journal; and still other professional men are beginning to feel the influence of machinery directly in reducing the field of their labors. How is it with the artist?

The painter met the machine years ago when the camera and the lithographic stone gave to the world portraits and reproductions of masterpieces which while easily seen to be not so artistic as the tracings of brush or pencil, have yet satisfied as well—possibly better—many of the uncultured, even those who were financially qualified to become patrons of art. Who knows what great pictures might not have been made and sold had not the photograph and the chromo came in to take away some of the world's appreciation of its need of art works?

And now it is the turn of the musician, particularly the pianist. Not that mechanical devices for the execution of music are anything new, only such devices for which the claim can be boldly made that they lend themselves to the artistic execution of music. The Swiss music-box plays mechanically—although the artist plays with the most soulful expression possibly, he yet plays mechanically, too. Mechanism is inseparable from playing of instruments, and it is the mechanical part of his playing that demands the incessant practice that enters so largely into the pianist's life. Now

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comes the machine and offers to save him all that practice, all need of executing himself the mechanical part of his performance, while leaving him as free as ever in the matter of expression. The musician who only knows how it ought to sound without having the skill to make it sound so by manipulating the keys, may now stand on a par with the pianist who has spent hours daily for years in acquiring the technique necessary for that manipulation. On a par, did I say? Where is the pianist so accommplished that he can compete with the machine in either accuracy or velocity? And who can say that any of the qualities of playing in which the machine is inferior to the human pianist are more valuable than the accuracy and velocity in which it is superior? The machine cannot apply expression differently to different notes that enter at the same instant. As it plays treble so it must play bass except as regards the duration of the sounds produced. That is admitted to be a serious defect, but it leaves a great range of expression still open to any one who can appreciate the hidden meaning of the composer and knows how to bring it out by the aid of the machine. The machine in tasteful hands not trained in the slightest degree to the technique of piano playing can probably be made to approach more nearly to the work of the best artistic pianists than can the best chromo to the best painting; and, moreover, the machine can give upon the piano an approximate interpretation of an orchestral score such as no pianist can ever hope to rival for faithfulness or richness of tonal effect.

Are we, then, to expect the speedy disappearance of the pianist and the piano teacher? Hardly. The trolley car is everywhere and the automobiles are becoming common, yet horses are of finer fiber and higher price; libraries are abundant, yet the private individual buys more books than ever; the photograph and the chromo are by no means novelties, yet the art schools are crowded to the very doors. Undoubtedly many a father has paid for music lessons that his daughter might become able to tickle his ear with pretty jingles on the piano. Those who have such an ambition may find it better satisfied by machine music; yet even such, if they elect the machine, will lose the gratification of having

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their own daughters able to give them this pleasure. Because one daughter took piano lessons has been no reason in the past why a younger sister should not follow in her course and go through her finger-training in turn. For this class of music students the machine will simply set up a standard of precision which must inevitably tend to improve the playing of the average amateur.

But music is not the making of musical sounds; it is the expression of emotion and artistic ideas. One who would understand the language of music will get no deeper into it by the aid of the machine than will the student of Latin by the use of a "pony" translation. He only really knows the mind of the composer who absorbs his notes and interprets them by his own voice or fingers. Even the amateur who relies upon the machine finds himself impelled to go to the artist concert that he may there learn the true rendition of the pieces he would play from his perforated rolls. Not long ago it looked as if the silent-practice machine was about to drive the piano teacher from his field, since by the aid of the machine and its methodical use young girls were able to train embryo pianists in technique quite as well as experienced and high-priced teachers could do it; but the technique machine has simply given the artist teacher a better opportunity to do his legitimate work.

The wise pianist welcomes the machine as an aid, and influences as many as possible to take the machine into their homes and learn by means of it what the great world of music contains. It will surely prove an inspiration to study; it will surely develop appreciation and understanding of the aims and culture of the musician, on the part of friends and public. The percentage of music students is higher in Germany, where music is abundant and good, than it is in Patagonia, where the pianists have little to fear from competition. The artist in music does not make shoes, and he is in no danger of meeting the fate of the cobbler. The mechanical piano and organ player is a modern wonder and a distinct aid in the work of musical education. It is about as likely to contract the field of the artist pianist as the daily newspaper and its millions of readers are to supersede the platform and the elocutionist.

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THE STUDY OF MUSIC HISTORY.

(Second Paper.)

BY EDWARD DICKINSON.

In the previous article upon the present theme we observed that the progress of musical forms is from the simple to the complex, parent stems throwing out branches, which in turn become organized and matured; and that, along with this technical, we might almost say physical, development, expression constantly tends out of the abstract, vague, general and formal to the particular, definite, individual and characteristic. We also found that this two-fold process is quickened by the stir of life that springs up spontaneously in the popular heart, which, as soon as it becomes sufficiently self-conscious, overflows into the more artificial art channels, giving direction and force to the intellectual currents which without such infusion would exhaust their energy and become stagnant. And now, still further than this, we find that these historic movements in musical art are always more or less under the influence of contemporary changes in the larger world of thought and action. As in the departments of literature and painting, so there has always been a kind of magnetic connection between music and certain dominant social tendencies. The form and coloring which music has taken, in particular nations and at particular times, cannot be explained by the mechanical processes of evolution alone.

Music can never be divorced from life. The meaning and value of typical works of music are not exhausted when their immediate aesthetic impression is received. Every composition is a human document; in it we see more or less clearly defined the portrait of its creator. It is an event in the emotional life of the artist; it leads us back to that most worthy of all objects of study—a living man. But neither is this living man isolated; he is made what he is only slightly by his own determination but vastly more by innate and hereditary dispositions, by physical and moral influences—educa-

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tional, legal and conventional—and by modes of thinking, feeling and acting which prevail in the epoch in which he lives, and which he shares with the members of the community or race to which he belongs. The innate and hereditary predispositions—the spiritual elements which combine to form what we call his "genius"—cannot be precipitated by any analysis of his work. There are qualities, however, more obvious and external, but not less essential, which can be explained as the result of the harmony between the artist and his environment. Just as soon as the investigator compares different styles and phases of musical development with other manifestations of contemporary activity, when he examines all the conditions amid which large related groups of musical compositions, and also single works of the highest order, appear, he will often discover that the musical forms respond sensitively to the hidden impulses that reveal themselves in the literature, art, philosophy, religion and even sometimes in the political movements of the time to which they belong.

From this point of view music rises to the dignity of a world-oracle, and he who would expound its message must have so broad a range of vision, a mind so cultured and sharpened, that he is able to gauge all the influences in art, science, belief, in individual and social predispositions and motives, which have from age to age laid hold of the art of music and have fitted it to become, like its sister arts, a means for the revelation as well as for the adornment of life. These reactions of music upon life and of life upon music are often tenuous and evasive in the extreme; by the very mystery of music's origin and the indefiniteness of its expression it can give no such detailed and positive testimony as poetry and graphic art are able to furnish; it reflects, rather, those general diffused states of consciousness which are more easily discerned than described, but which are the underlying conditions of those particular phenomena with which words and pictorial representations deal. Difficult as it is to trace the relationships between music and life they cannot be disguised, and the fuller one's knowledge of history, the deeper one's insight into what really constitutes the problem of history, the more apparent becomes the law that

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music also has its roots in that common soil from which all human emotions and volitions spring. In this lies the ultimate instruction and the perennial fascination of the study of music history.

If we seek for illustrations of the power of extra-musical conditions to regulate musical forms and color musical expression, we may find them in almost every period in the history of the art. For demonstration's sake only a few of the more apparent need be noticed.

The unison chant, which was the only authorized form of worship music down to the twelfth century, is in its development so closely entwined with the liturgy that the two can never be separated in conception, the chant partaking at every point in the austere, exalted and fervent utterance especially fitted to the mystic offices of Catholic devotion. The chorus music of Palestrina and the Roman school of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in its impersonality and tone of chastened transport, is the appropriate expression of the entranced and self-forgetful type of piety especially nurtured by the discipline of the cloister—the same feeling which pervades the mediaeval Latin hymns and litanies, the books of pious exercise, and the paintings of Fra Angelico, Giotto, Botticelli, Van Eyck and the school of Cologne.

The whole course of German Protestant religious music was directed by the Lutheran conception of a more immediate access of the believer to God, the assertion of the reliance for salvation upon an inward personal experience instead of outward conformity. Out of this idea came the people's hymn-tune, the introduction of national types of music into the act of worship, and a more direct individual expression. The Anglican church music assumed its final character under the union and compromise of the two opposing ideas in worship, viz., the individual and the sacramental.

The revolution in literary ideals which signalized the opening of the nineteenth century—the demand for a more subjective expression, the penetration to the real roots of emotion, the substitution of direct personal revelation for academic routine—is plainly reflected in the music of that epoch, most suggestively in the changing styles of Beethoven. Weber stands forth as a national poet, a champion who car-

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ried the "war of liberation" into musical culture and patronage, and emancipated the German lyric stage. The impulse in lyric poetry, drawing its themes and phraseology from common everyday experience, which was inaugurated by Burns, expounded by Herder, and shaped into manifold types of beauty by Goethe and the romanticists, stimulated, as by magnetic induction, the genius of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Loewe. Dr. Hanslick finds evident traces of race temperament in the folk melodies of Switzerland, lower Germany, Italy and Austro-Hungary. The marked distinctions that exist in the Italian, French and German opera are not to be explained as results of formal evolution alone, but they also emanate from differing modes of feeling as affected by race peculiarities, social conditions, literary habits, etc. Italian music has always striven for plastic symmetry of form, has laid chief stress upon surface melody rather than harmonic complexity, has been content with general, abstract beauty; while German music has elaborated intricate details of structure and penetrated deeply the sources of specific, characteristic expression—and these distinctions, in spite of certain marked exceptions, hold good in the general history of art and literature in these two countries. The spirit of the Italian Renaissance seized upon music in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the frank delight in the indulgence of sense, the revival of pagan myths as subject-matter of art, the passion to embrace life under every guise—all of which had metamorphosed art, science, literature, and all the motives and methods of action—exploited themselves once more in the sphere of the opera. National forms of music have sprung into life under the stress of political and spiritual movements—as the German choral and its resulting forms in the Reformation period, the romantic music of Germany and France at the time of the revolt in literature and painting against the tyranny of tradition, the French "historic" opera in an era of revolution and the excited memory of great deeds. In all the representative works and schools of nineteenth century music we are always, to use Stevenson's phrase, "conscious of a background." It is impossible to isolate modern music. Its masters, like the poets and painters, are spokesmen of their age. Modern music is

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like a great river near its mouth, and life is like the ocean; the river adds its current to the larger mass, and its own waters are in turn tinctured by the ocean brine and raised and lowered by the ocean tides.

Music has yielded to all the intellectual agitations which have left their impress upon the modern mind. The transition from the cool deliberation of the school of Pope to the rebellious enthusiasm of Byron and Shelley and the impassioned mysticism of Wordsworth, the entrance of new literatures from the East with new problems and methods, the sympathetic love of landscape and the recognition of a prearranged harmony between nature and the human soul, the perception of the true significance of mythology and folklore, the proud assertion by the French and German romanticists of the rights of the individual as against the canons of the schools—all this has drawn music down out of the clouds of abstraction and made it a willing servant of the manifold influences that work in modern culture. The correspondences that appear when music is studied in the same light that beats upon the other products of the creative imagination are not mere analogies, they are results of similar hidden causes. We can know Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, and their compeers, only by studying the drift of the intellectual movements by which they were consciously affected. They, too, are revealers. Their work was shaped "in the tide of life, in action's storm."

These considerations, and many more of a similar tenor that might be adduced, teach us that the works of the composers and schools have, to a large extent, been made what they are by conditions of time, place and circumstance, and that if we would grasp their larger meanings we must study them with an eye to those conditions. Works of musical art —I mean, of course, those that have obtained an historic position—are not to be estimated simply by measuring them by what we conceive to be the highest excellence, and praised or condemned according as they reach or fall short of that standard; but we try to see how each met the needs of the time in which it was produced, how it indicates the achievement of the art at that particular time and place and contributed to the art's advancement, and also how it exem-

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plifies some special phase of feeling that was dominant among those for whom it was written. Just as we study, or should study, the religions of heathen nations not from the standpoint of an antagonist or an apologist, but simply to learn to what extent they are the natural products of certain stages of culture upon which they throw in turn a reflected light. A student who pursues this method will not simply appraise works of art of different periods and motives by means of an inflexible standard of valuation, but will try to understand them by applying a criterion drawn from the necessities under which the works were produced.

I trust that no one who has followed me up to this point will think that I imagine that I am telling the whole story, or that I can suppose for a moment that critical judgment is identical with or subordinate to historical classification. "The salt of all aesthetic study," says Walter Pater, "is what, precisely what, is this to me;" and with this maxim I most cordially concur. I also share Mr. Runciman's preference for "the impressions of a fully endowed man," who gives me "new sensations and emotions and thoughts," over technical or aesthetic criticism. But I demand that my teacher shall in very truth be fully endowed, which he cannot be unless he has studied comprehensively and with a humble recognition of other values than his own instincts. As a matter of fact the interminable strife over the relative merits of objective and subjective criticism is largely a quarrel over the two sides of the shield. A purely objective, or a purely subjective criticism cannot possibly exist. But I am not dealing now with finalities. I merely wish to show that so far from there being any necessary conflict between the historical perception and the aesthetic sensibility, the former is the proper antecedent and educator of the latter. This truth is tacitly admitted by all the adepts. There is not a musical critic of authority in Europe or America who is not deeply versed in the history of his subject. Art history, moreover, excites the mind to a wider range of sympathy and hence to a larger capacity for pleasure. Art history shows the artist and his work in their native atmosphere. It gives an insight into the laws by which he was consciously or unconsciously swayed. We become thereby his contemporaries and fellow citizens. His-

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tory shows how one group of artists in one epoch had a particularly keen vision of one phase of beauty and was intent upon seizing that, to the neglect of beauties of a different order. Through history the art lover takes account of the influences of race and social conditions, of public taste and fashion, of patronage now of the church, now of the aristocracy, now of the people. He learns that one standard of interpretation cannot be applied equally to all forms and schools, and he acquires larger capacities of enjoyment by coming into touch with modes of feeling different from but not less true than his own. The critic who takes all the factors of the problem into account will come to realize that a generous judgment is pliable and adaptive, he will measure art works by the laws of their own special nature and not by a pedantic canon or an arbitrary preference. He will not disparage Mozart by comparison with Wagner, Handel with Bach, old Catholic music with new Catholic, classic with romantic, the product of a formative period with the ripe product of a school's maturity. He will rather seek to learn in what the peculiar merit of each lies, and strive to make himself sensitive to the peculiar phase of beauty which each manifests. Such a critic will see that all earnest, sincere work has its own value, that it answers to a human need at a certain point, that it challenges the respect of the man of liberal temper, who desires to know the truth of art as well as to feel its obvious delights.

Such principles as these, which have in recent times been worked into the basis of all rational systems of literary interpretation, must sooner or later be adopted into musical criticism. There was once a barrier between musical criticism and history, each was made to move in a separate track of its own. Criticism, so far as it existed at all, based its verdicts on mere personal predilection, which carried no real authority because capricious and resting on no permanent principles; or else it was purely technical, passing judgment upon works according as they did or did not conform in structure and style to the rules taught in the treatises on composition and exemplified in the works of the past. The conception of historic development and the explanation of musical works in the light of their antecedents and environ-

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ment had not yet dawned. Some of the most melancholy chapters in the history of musical genius deal with the bitter animosity shown toward original and progressive artists by their professional brethren, because they dared to break over the official bounds of rule and precedent and anticipate the emotional needs of mankind. It is enough to condemn the old arbitrary pedantic criticism that it took no account of the fact of growth in the human spirit and the necessity of novel forms of art to keep pace with the widening needs of that spirit for self-utterance. It was against the bars of this narrow artificial method of criticism that the leaders of all modern art movements have been compelled to beat their way. Opposing criticism, like theology in the path of science, has always been forced to yield, but still unabashed it has forsaken its ground only to renew its bigoted assaults from new vantage points upon the next champion of progress. It would be too much to expect of human nature that this age-long contest between creative genius and criticism, liberty and tradition, is soon to be pacified. The same spirit that resisted Gluck, Beethoven and Wagner will doubtless arm itself against the next overturner of rooted ideas. But its weapons are not so sharp as they once were. A more generous and catholic spirit is making its way, softening old asperities and appealing to reason—a temper which is destined to raise musical criticism to the high ground of liberal interpretation. Dogmatism is out of date in intelligent criticism as it is in theology, and for the same reason; it is being destroyed by the scientific spirit of the age which takes a dispassionate view of the facts of history and human nature, and strives to know the truth instead of to defend a doctrine or a system.

Up to this point I have chiefly emphasized the importance of music history as a branch of culture history. I have never been able to see why Bach and Wagner should not be studied in their relation to the intellectual and social conditions of their time as well as Dante and Goethe. If my emphasis upon this point seems excessive my excuse is that this phase of the subject has been too much ignored by musicians and critics. Certainly no one is better aware than myself that a rational study of music history and criticism must put the

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works themselves in the foreground, and the steadfast gaze upon them must not be diverted by purely accessory and qualifying considerations. The study of biography, social conditions, external relations of all kinds is of value only as it helps to throw a searching light upon the works themselves and to discipline the student's faculties of perception and comparison. No books on general history or aesthetics, no curiosity over irrelevant biographical details, no critic's personal opinion, however stimulating or suggestive it may be, must ever be allowed to cast a shadow upon the works. The works are primary, all else is secondary. But it is no less equally true that an exclusive study of musical compositions will not suffice. "One who knows nothing but the Bible cannot know the Bible," said Matthew Arnold; and it is no less true that one who knows nothing but the musical works, abstracted from all relations, cannot, in a critical sense, know them at all. Here is possibility of error on each side. The method, therefore, becomes all-important, and what I consider to be the most profitable manner of study will be the subject of the next paper.

(To be concluded.)

Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

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THE OLD MAN'S LOVE SONG.

AN INDIAN STORY BY ALICE C. FLETCHER.

Early in the century there lived an Omaha Indian, a tall and comely man, gifted with a fine voice and a good memory,

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE SONG.

Omaha.

Harmonized by PROF. J. C. FILLMORE.

Solibitum. *Flowingly, With feeling.*

and who was greatly admired by the men and women of his tribe. Although genial with every one, he was reserved;

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and none knew all that had transpired in his life or that occupied his thoughts. He was a prosperous man. His lodge

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE SONG.

was well supplied, for his skill as a hunter was equal to his valor as a soldier.

Years passed, and here and there a silver thread glistened in his black hair, the furrows deepened in his handsome face,

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and more and more his thoughts seemed to dwell on the past. One day he was heard singing a love-song of his own composition, and gossip became busy as to what this song might mean. His actions threw no light on the mystery. He was the same kind husband and father, the same diligent provider, and sought no new companionship. Nevertheless, at dawn he went up on the hill near his lodge, and while the morning star hung like a jewel in the east, he sang the melody carrying the words—

"With the dawn I seek thee."

The young men caught the tune, and sung it as they wooed the maidens and the old man smiled as he heard them. "Yes, they are right," he said. "It is a love-song."

He grew to be a very old man, an old man with a love-song, until it was only when the warm days came that he could slowly climb the hill at dawn, and, alone with the breezes and birds, greet the new day with his song, that both kept and revealed his secret—the secret of a love, like the radiant bow, spanning the whole horizon of his life. At last a time came when his voice was no longer heard.

The tender cadences of his song, fraught with human hope and human feeling, still linger, and today awaken echoes across the barriers of time and race.

(From "Indian Story and Song from North America." By permission.)

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THE SINGER'S TREMOLO: WABBLING NOT WARBLING.

BY FREDERICK W. ROOT.

A correspondent of an inquiring turn of mind writes to the "Church Economist" the following letter; and as it opens a question in which a great many people are interested, I beg to reproduce it in your columns, together with my solution of the question. This is the letter:

"As your esteemed periodical reaches many organists and choir leaders, I would beg through you to address to them a question in the hope that some of them may give a reply In going from church to church in this city I notice that singers have pretty universally introduced the "quiver," or as I call it, the "wabble," in their singing. Whatever be the nature of the tune their voices shake all the time, as though they were on the edge of breaking down with overwhelming emotion.

"The question which I want to put is: 'Is this truly artistic and proper?' In my soul it always raises a tumult of hilarity, combined with disgust. It seems to me so utterly artificial and ridiculous that I feel like saying to the singers, 'Stop your nonsense and sing steadily without this absurd wabble.'

"At the same time I may be mistaken about this, and would like to hear from some men with musical training what they have to say with regard to the matter on hand.

Yours very truly,

"A. F. SCHAUFFLER."

ANSWER.

The trembling or "wabbling" of the singing voice incontinently condemned under the name of "tremolo" or regarded somewhat more indulgently as "vibrato," is sometimes occasioned by a false, strained use of muscles, the indiscriminate effort which results in a shiver or tremble when excited by any cause, extreme cold or fear, for instance. But gener-

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ally this condition of unsteadiness is because of the singer's belief that it is a sign of culture.

So many public singers, either from overstraining the organs, or from the habit of highly dramatic utterance, exhibit a constant trembling in their tones, that a sort of standard has been established which the superficial judgment thinks it proper to strive for. The vices and vulgarities of old stagers appear to callow enthusiasts as virtues and ideals for their ambitions. There are occasional moments in the utterance of intense sentiment when a trembling of the voice is true expression. But these moments are rare; and the choir singer who assumes to be this inis intense from beginning to end of the service is like a preacher who should pound the desk and saw the air in the first sentences of his discourse. There is in some rare voices a vibrant palpitating thrill which is wholly desirable.

This quality of voice will blend with others and give vitality and sincerity to expression, but the affected quivering in which inferior talent decks itself out, has neither of these virtues.

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THROND.

(From the Norwegian of Bjornstierne Bjornson.)

BY NORA TELLER.

Alf was the name of a man who was the pride of all his fellow villagers, because he excelled them in wisdom as well as strength. But when he was thirty years old he went back to the hills and made himself a home two miles from town.

Many wondered that he should go to such a lonely place and they wondered still more, when in about a year a young girl, one who had been among the gayest at dance and feast, went to share it with him. They were called the "Wood folk," and he was known as "Alf of the wood;" the people looked curiously at him as he went to church and work for they did not understand him, and he gave them no opportunity to become better acquainted.

His wife had been in town but once and that to have her child baptized. This child was a son and he received the name of Thrond. As he grew older they decided to keep some one to help them and as they could not afford a full-grown man, they took, as they expressed it, a "half"—a fourteen year old maiden who waited on the boy when the parents were busy out of doors.

She was simple minded, and the boy soon noticed that it was much easier to understand what his mother said than Ragnhild; he rarely turned to his father, for he was afraid of him and learned that when he was in the house everything must be quiet.

One Christmas eve—two candles burned on the table and his father drank wine from a white bottle—he took Thrond on his lap and said "Look at me, boy," then in a softer tone, "you are surely not afraid; do you want to hear a story?"

The boy said nothing but looked at his father wonderingly. Then he told him there was once in Waage a man named Blessom. He was engaged in a lawsuit in Copenhagen and it dragged on till Christmas eve came. Blessom felt very badly over this, and as he wandered through the streets longing

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for home, he saw a great, tall man in a white cloak walking in front of him.

"You seem to be in a hurry," said Blessom. "I have to go a long way to-day to reach home," answered the man.

"Where are you going?" asked Blessom. "To Waage," he replied, and walked still faster. "Ah," sighed Blessom, "would that I too were going hither." "You can go if you will sit behind me on my sledge," answered the stranger, turning into a cross street in which a horse stood. He climbed in his sleigh and bade Blessom to do so also. "You must hold on tight," he said, and Blessom found it necessary for it went faster than anything he ever saw. "I believe you are going over water," said Blessom. "That I am," said the man and the foam dashed about them. Again for a stretch it seemed that they no longer went over water. "I think you are going through the air," said Blessom again. "Yes, indeed, I am," replied the man.

After a while Blessom thought he recognized the country round about. "I think that is Waage," he said. "Yes, we are there," said the man, and Blessom was delighted with the quick journey.

"Many thanks for the swift trip," he said. "Thanks, also," answered the man, and added as he drove his horse on "it will not be worth while for you to look around." "No, no," answered Blessom, as he stumbled over the hill to his house. But suddenly there arose behind him such a noise and cracking that it seemed as though the whole mountain were falling down and the country was as light as day; he looked around and there was the man in the white cloak going into the side of the mountain that had opened up like a great door, and flames burst out. Blessom was a little surprised to find what a traveling companion he had had, but when he tried to turn around again he could not do so, and never again was Blessom's head straight.

The boy had never heard anything so terrible in all his life. He dared not ask his father for another story, but early the next morning he asked his mother if she knew one. Yes, yes, she knew many, but they were all about princesses that sat imprisoned seven years till the right prince came.

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The boy thought that all he had heard was right in the air about him.

When he was eight years old, on a winter evening, a stranger came to the door for the first time; he had black hair, and Throng had never seen anyone like him. He uttered a short "Good evening," and stepped into the room.

Throng was frightened and sat on a stool near the fire. The mother bade the man take a seat and as he did so she observed him more closely. "I vow, is not this Geigenknut?" she cried. "Yes, I am he; it is a long time since I played at your wedding." "Truly, it is quite a time; come you from afar?" "During the Christmas days I have played on the other side of the mountain, but suddenly in the midst of the hills a sudden illness overcame me and I must hasten in here to rest."

Throng's mother gave him food; he sat down to the table but did not say, "In Jesus' name," as the boy was accustomed to hear it.

When he had eaten he arose. "Now, I am quite well," he said, "let me rest a little," and he threw himself on Throng's bed to rest. A bed was made for Throng on a couch, and as he lay there the side that was turned from the fire grew cold.

That was the reason he thought he was set naked in the cold night in the midst of the forest; how had he come out into the wood? He sat up and looked around him; the fire burned in the distance, and he really was in the midst of the forest. He wanted to go to the fire but he could not stir from the spot. Then fear seized him; a danger seemed to threaten him; spooks and spirits pressed about him; he wanted to go to the fire but he could not stir. His alarm increased, he gathered all his strength and called out in terror "Mother," and awoke. "Dear child, you have had a bad dream," she said tenderly and took him in her arms.

He trembled all over and glanced fearfully around. The strange man had disappeared and he dared not ask after him.

The mother put on her black cloak and went to the village. On her return she was accompanied by two strangers both with black hair and miserable hats. Neither did they say "In Jesus' name" when they ate and they talked in low tones with the father.

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They went out together into the barn, and came in with a great chest that they carried between them. They set it on a sled and said "Farewell." Then his mother said "Wait a moment and carry the little chest with you also." They were about to get it, but one of the men pointed to Throndand said, "Let him have it." The other agreed and said "May it turn out as good for him as that which lies here," and he pointed to the large chest.

Then they both laughed and went out. Throndlooked at the little chest that had come to him in such a fashion, and asked. "What is in it?" "Look for yourself," said his mother, and she helped him open it. An expression of joy came over his face for he saw something light and fine within. "Take it," said his mother. He touched it carefully with one finger, but drew back quickly. "It weeps," he said in alarm. "Take hold firmly," said his mother, and now he grasped it with his whole hand and drew it out. He turned it back and forth, laughed and felt it on all sides. "Dear mother," he asked, "what is it?". It was as light as a feather. "It is a violin."

And in this manner Throndd, Alf's son, got his first violin.

His father could play a little, and gave the boy his first lessons; his mother remembered some of the melodies she had known in her old dancing days, and Throndlearned from her, but soon he made airs of his own. No sooner had he composed them than he played them, played them so constantly that his father remarked that he was getting white and miserable; all that the boy heard or learned went at once into his violin.

The slender, fine string, that was the mother; the one lying next that constantly followed it was Ragnhild. The coarse string that he seldom used was his father; but the last heavy and solemn string he was more than half afraid of and he gave it no name. When he made a mistake in the fifth, it sounded to him like a cat's cry, and the tone of his father's string like the lowing of an ox. The bow appeared to him as an image of that Blessom, who traveled from Copenhagen to Waage.

So each melody recalled some circumstance to him. When he drew a long, melancholy tone it seemed like his mother in

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her black cloak; a springing, skipping tune reminded him of Moses striking with his staff and causing the waters to gush out from the rock. When he drew the bow softly over the strings he thought of the wood nymphs, who, shrouded in mist so that they were invisible, drove home the cattle.

But his playing urged him out over the mountains, and a longing seized his heart when his father told him one day of how a little boy had played in the market place and earned much money. Throng waited till his mother came into the kitchen and said softly to her that he wished he could go out into the market and play also. "How do such notions get in your head," answered his mother, but she told his father of it. "He will have to come out into the world soon enough," his father said, and he spoke in such a manner that the wife no longer begged.

One day his father told his mother of some new neighbors that had recently settled on the mountain and were shortly to have a wedding. They had as yet gotten no player. "Cannot I be their player?" he asked his mother softly as she came out into the kitchen.

"You are only a little boy," she answered, but she went out to the barn and said to his father. "He was never in a church; he has never seen a church; I do not know why you think it is necessary to beg me for that," Alf answered, but he said nothing more, and his mother fancied he had half yielded.

In consequence she went to the newcomers and asked an invitation for her son. "How does he play?" they asked. "We never knew such a young boy to play." But finally it was agreed that the boy should go with them to the wedding as musician.

That gave them great joy at home. Throng played from early to late, learned new tunes and dreamed of them at night; they carried him over the mountains to strange lands. His mother sewed new clothes for him but his father kept out of the room.

The last night the boy did not sleep, but composed the new melody about the church that he had never seen.

He arose early in the morning and his mother got up too and gave him his breakfast, but he could not eat.

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He put on his new garments, took his violin in his hand, but everything danced before his eyes.

His mother went with him to the stone steps, and watched him while he went out of sight around the hill; he had never been away from his father's house before.

His father stepped softly out of bed and went to the window; he stood and watched his son till he heard the mother's steps on the porch, then he went back to bed, and laid there with closed eyes when she came in.

She went about continually as though there was something on her heart that she must speak of; finally she could no longer restrain herself. "I think I must go to the church and see how it goes," she said. He made no reply, but watched her in silence, while she made her preparations and went.

It was a clear, sunny day, as the boy wandered over the mountain; he listened to the songs of the birds, and saw the sun glimmer between the green leaves, as with his violin under his arm he stepped quickly forward. When he came to the house where the wedding was, he saw nothing save the fancies within him, neither the bridal pair nor the guests. He asked if they would start soon to the church and they would. He went ahead with his violin; he played the whole morning as he walked between the flowers. "Shall we see the church soon?" he asked, turning back. For a long time they told him "No," but at length some one said "As soon as we turn round those rocks we shall see the church." He played his newest melody, and he looked straight ahead while his bow danced over the strings. There lay the church right before him.

The first thing he saw was a light cloud of mist that hung smokily over the hills; then his glance rested on great houses with windows that glowed in the sunshine. They shone like the skating ground on a winter's day. The houses grew continually larger and larger and more and more windows became visible and here at the side lay monstrous great red houses, horses stood before them hitched to the walls and little gayly dressed children played on the hills, while dogs sat near and watched them.

Over all rose deep rich tones so that Throng felt his very

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soul moved within him and he felt that everything kept time to it.

Then he saw for the first time a large narrow house that pointed its glittering spire up to Heaven, and below hundreds of burning windows shone in the sun till it seemed as though the whole building was aflame.

That must be the church thought the boy, and the music must come from there.

Round about stood crowds of men who were passing each other. "Now I must play," thought Throng, and gathered all his strength together. But what was this? No sound came from the violin; there must be something the matter with the strings. He looked but there seemed to be nothing. "Then it must be that I did not bear heavily enough on the bow," and he used all his force, but the violin was silent. He tried to play another melody that he had intended for the church, but the tone was nothing but a sorrowful, piping sound. He felt the cold sweat drop from his brow, he thought of all the wise people who stood about him and perhaps laughed at him, at him who could play so beautifully at home, while here he could not bring out a single note! "Thank God! my mother is not here to see my shame and disgrace," said he softly to himself as he stepped, still trying to play, through the people, but lo! there she stood in her black cloak, and shrank farther and farther back. Then he saw high on the church tower the black-haired man who had given him the violin: "Give it back again," he cried laughing and stretching out his arms, and the steeple seemed to move back and forth. But the boy put the violin under his arm; "You shall not have it," he cried, and turned and ran through the crowd of people, past the houses, over field and hills until he was exhausted and sank on the ground.

Long he lay there, his face on the earth, and when he raised his head he heard and saw naught but God's endless Heaven that spread its soft clouds over him.

But all was so horrible to him that he buried his face once more. When he looked up again he saw the violin which lay beside him. "It is all your fault," cried the lad and raised it over his head to shatter it; but paused suddenly and looked at it.

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"We have spent many happy hours together," said he and fell into silence. Shortly after he continued, "The strings must go; they are good for nothing," and he drew out his knife and cut them.

"Ah," said the first shortly and sadly. The boy cut again; "Ah," said the next string. But the boy cut on; "Ah," cried the third in pain, and now the fourth remained. A heavy grief seized him; he had never named the fourth and he dared not cut it.

Now he felt for the first time that his failure to play was not the fault of the strings. His mother came slowly along to take him home, but a great fear took possession of him. "No, mother, I can never go home till I have learned to play what I have heard to-day."

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I have had within the last month a real sensation. I have heard incomparably the worst oratorio I have ever heard or read of in all my life. The benefactors who brought me this unexpected sensation, at an age when few novelties make a deep impression, was the Apollo Musical Club of Chicago. Their leader, Mr. Harrison M. Wild; the work, "Mary Magdalen;" music by J. Massenet. "Wherein," I hear the reader ask, "is this work a greater sinner than many others?" It is perhaps a long story; but the pre-eminent quality of it justifies particularizing.

The peculiar badness of "Mary Magdalen" begins in the libretto, which is phenomenally unscriptural, unbecoming and "Frenchy" in a strong sense. It quite recalls the word of one of the critics who reported concerning the same author's "Herodiade" that "it follows the scriptural narrative quite closely; the best number in it being the love duet between John the Baptist in prison and Herodiade." The same kind of French additions to scripture abound in the present work; and even if we admit for the sake of the argument (as is likely true) that the translator may have imparted an additional vulgarity to the poetry, enough remains to class the book as above stated.

"Mary Magdalen" is laid in three great scenes. The first begins with a pastoral chorus of expectation, the hour of the Nazarene's customary public ministry being at hand. This chorus is after the well-known French manner, a la the peasant's chorus in Gounod's "Faust," the women singing a pastoral phrase, followed by an interlude of two measures of instrumentation. The whole very simple and naive, in the French style.

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"The hour now cometh near;
Yes, now cometh near,
When our Nazarine teacher
By the way-side wandereth here;
And we hail the voice of the preacher
Who brings words of truth
To childhood, age and youth." Etc.

After the women the tenors and then the basses, the latter the pharisees:

"We now shall see this impudent pretender.
Our cunning foe we soon shall meet;
Let the crowd their praises render,
We brand their idol as a cheat."

Later the first subject comes back and dies away.

Then enters Mary Magdalen, announced by a small chorus of Pharisees (from the role assigned the Pharisees it would seem that Mr. Massenet must be accounted a Saducee.

"Mary comes, queen of all our beauties;
Our fairest fair one.
With charming grace she approaches, tranquil and sad."

Then Mary:

"'Tis in vain that I seek a retreat still and lonely
Where my remorse might find me only."

Presently her strain rises to one of those impassioned couplets, which serves here as a refrain, the words being:

Have you heard him, that stranger holy,
God-like, and yet meek and lowly
All that flows from his lips has a kindness divine."

The music to this text is really one of the very best bits in the entire work, having more of delicacy and musical sensitiveness than most—which as a rule is shallow and without heart.

Then occurs one of the most objectionable bits of all. It is a chorus of the women, "Allegro vivace e leggierissimo," 12-8 accompaniment a la guitar:

"But say, can she repent them truly,
All the sins of days long ago?
A life so free and so unruly
Be made as white and as pure as the snow?
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!"

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Even Judas does not escape the French appetite for misrepresentation, for he comes in now, a la Mephisto:

"Ah, Mary, give an ear one moment.
To my counsel attend,
For it comes from a friend.
Shed not a tear; thy sadness is madness.
Then welcome back delight and love to thy heart once again."

And then he falls into an aria:

"The days are all sunshine around thee," etc.

We come now to the fourth step in the story. Mary in a brief recitative deplores their taunts and falls into deeper despair. Chorus again pianissimo a la the evil spirits in the church scene in Gounod's "Faust":

"Vain is all thy pleading; all thy tears are vain,
Soon wilt thou be leading Thine old life again."

All this with sickening iteration, fortissimo, fortzando, and fugato. The whole, after several interruptions from Mary, ends with a climax:

"Guilty creature remain."

All this to prepare the way for the entrance of the Evangelist, in other words of The Christ.

"Ye that are so lost in your pride and blindness,
Can ye not show your mercy and kindness
To this poor stricken heart?
Say, can ye not yield consolation
Stay those cries of deep lamentation,
Ere she depart?"

Mary appeals to the Master, and Judas joins prematurely:

(Judas) "Like her I bend before thee at thy feet."

And the whole eventuates into a trio. Verily as Trinculo remarked, "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows." Here begins the finale of the first act. Evangelist:

"Though thy life hath been shameless
And thy sins were so vile,
Go thou in peace, be freed earthly guile."

Then the chorus:

"Ne'er did man yet speak as he speaketh."

The second act takes place at the house of Mary and

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Martha (Mary Magdalen here being taken as the sister of Martha). After a short prelude the chorus of women appears, in more favorable guise than before: "With flowers of the best and fairest around us, 'tis lively and gay"—a chorus of the daughters of pleasure. The chorus is really a charming part-song for women's voices, one of the few good musical bits in the work. When the music has been once sung, Martha interferes saying that the Master will not care for such levity, and sends them away. Whereupon the music over again.

The eighth number brings more trouble for Judas, for it is a duet between him and Martha. He begins:

> "Martha, I am told, but scarcely can believe it,
> That the Nazarene will eat with you this day."

Judas is afraid the foes of the Nazarene will take this occasion to arrest him. Whereupon an indignant reproof from Martha, and an ensemble for closing.

With the ninth number the Master approaches. Mary sings, again in the pastoral strain of the first number:

> "Sister, behold, low sinking in the west," etc.

Then the Master enters and both sisters join in an "Alleluiah."

In the tenth number Mary sends Martha away "to prepare our evening repast"—in other words, "to be cumbered with much serving." And then a long duet between Jesus and Mary, curiously enough not a love duet.

In the eleventh scene Judas and the disciples enter and the "Lord's Prayer" is sung:

> "Be thy name an adored one, our Father on high,
> And may thine earthly reign draw nigh," etc.

We now come to the chorus "Golgotha," which forms scene twelve.

> "'Tis the man; that is he.
> Far the worst of the three.
> No crime could viler be."

And so on, with terrible iteration. Meanwhile the orchestra has a funeral march, and the chorus occasionally shrieks and yells, after the manner of certain sensational passages in Berlioz. Quite after. This piece is spun out until just be-

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fore the death upon the cross, each new turn bringing added sonority and sensational features.

Yet before the moment of death, there is a pause, and a soft strain is taken up; it is Mary weeping at the cross. Musically this is the gem of the work. It is much in the spirit of the famous air at the end of the Bach "St. Matthew's Passion," "I'll watch with my dear Jesu"—very sweet, meditative, and charming. Distinctly "after" Bach.

> "Brightest and best, Oh, my Lord and Master.
> Flows ever fast and faster thy pure life away."

When this is completed the chorus comes back, "He is dead" —very strong and with the full power of the orchestra.

The fourteenth number opens with an orchestral prelude, which presently is followed by Mary and what the book terms, with unnecessary euphemism, "chorus of females"—most likely women.

"I have wept all the night and long to see the morrow." And then the chorus:

> "Mourn for the lost one wailing.
> Mourn for the heart now cold and still;
> But thy tears and thy sighs will be unavailing,
> Death will not hearken to thee nor thy prayer fulfill."

In the fifteenth number the Master appears and speaks to Mary. Then the chorus of men and "females" celebrate the resurrection. All this at length with full power of all the forces, but innocent of polyphony and antiquated guile.

* * *

As for the style of the music, everybody knows how Massenet writes. He represents the worst elements of the higher French musical art. At times sensuous, sometimes sentimental, he is never dramatic except in small occasions, and never strong. He is a combination of properties which by rights have belonged to Berlioz, Bizet and Gounod. But the young David does not wield the weapons of the fathers with equal skill. Parts of the work would be available for ballet; parts for opera; and there is the one real air of Mary. The chorus has enough to do such as it is; but it is not musical nor edifying. The orchestra is handled with the customary art of impressionistic color. The 'cello now and then "soz-

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zles" about in the middle range; the oboe, the flute, the horn, each gets its meat in due season. It is a capable hand, that of Massenet; but it does not obey the bidding of a sincere and deep musical heart. This is all that lacks. And why mention it?

* * *

I have characterized this work above as the worst oratorio that I have ever known. Why should I do so when upon detailed examination there appears nothing very bad the matter with it? It is a fair question. Oratorio, I answer, is a class of art devoted to noble ideals, lofty conceptions, the sublime and the beautiful in their purest aspects. These extreme notes of feeling are nowhere touched in this work from first to last. The puerile conception of Judas, the chorus of women and of all against Mary, the diluted words of the Master, the watered out prayer—all these belong to a grade of art administered by minds of lower potency. The highest notes are those of shallow pleasure, in the chorus of women opening the second part; and in the aria of Mary at the cross. While representing opposite poles of life, one can praise both of them. As for the remainder, it is conventional and shallow. Also vulgar, profane, and debased.

* * *

A correspondent asks me how to mark for contestants in vocal contests. He gives several lists already used. For instance: Ability, Enunciation, Stage Presence, Culture. Or, Merit of Piece, Ease, Technical Ability, Expression, Tempo. Another, Articulation, Time, Expression, Vocal Production. Another, Enunciation, General Musical Ability. I propose the following scale and values therewith given:

Merit of Selection 20
Musical Quality (10).
Suitability to Individual (10).
Tone Production 30
Intonation (15).
Tone Quality (15).
Interpretation 30
Phrasing (10).
Musical Conception (10).
Dramatic Conception (10).

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Enunciation 20
Distinctness (10).
Dramatic Expression (10).
Total 100

It seems to me that this recognizes all the qualities of the singer and at something like a fair estimate. I do not mark Stage Presence, although it is a very important element of public success, because I do not think it fair to give these prizes to the handsome women who have leisure to get themselves up for the occasion. I want every real musical talent to stand an equal show.

* * *

In her interesting letter from New York, in last month's issue of this magazine, Miss Amy Fay speaks of Josef Hoffman and Mark Hamburg as the "two young Hercules of the piano, who strangle serpents in their cradles." I have never happened to see either of the young gentlemen engaged in this act, but I did hear Hambourg strangle a Chopin Nocturne in Central Music Hall, and pound it to death afterward. Hercules all right; Sampson, if you please. But they would do well to confine their strangling operations to the animal and reptile kingdom, and, as the southern editor expressed it, "not ruthlessly trample under the foot of brute force the delicate blossoms of musical inspiration."

* * *

Chicago is a place in which the unexpected is very likely to happen—the unexpected in almost every direction. The latest unexpected which has come under my notice is a wooden piano. I have played upon and carefully examined a pianoforte made entirely of wood, excepting the tuning pins, rivets, bolts, strings, and a thin plate of aluminum covering the after part of the bridge, where the strings are fastened. This piano is the work of Mr. Durkee, the same who invented the Lyon & Healy harp, and who has made all sorts of small instruments for many years and is therefore familiar with the good and bad qualities of wood as a material. It is known that ever since about the beginning of this cen-

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tury the tendency has been to put more and more metal into the piano. At first there was a hitch-pin plate, at the right end of the square piano; then there was the full iron frame; later an iron truss carrying the entire tension of the strings, amounting to a pull of twenty tons or more.

Theoretically the iron in the frame has nothing to do with the tone. The piano maker's ideal is to hold the strings entirely rigid near the point where the hammer strikes, in order to send the entire swing of the vibration down into the sounding board through the wooden bridge, somewhere along the middle of the instrument. In order that this sounding board might be in tension and capable of sustaining, receiving and increasing these vibrations, it has been made thin, strengthened by ribs underneath and compressed into a convex surface pressing up against the strings. Just as soon as the wood dries out there is a tendency for this board to assume a flat position in which the bridges no longer press firmly enough against the strings. Moreover, the board itself generally cracks, and it is no uncommon experience for a piano of the most celebrated make to fail in this vital point of its construction after no more than two or three years' use. As for the less careful makes, they have little to fail; but that little fails promptly and unassumingly—as a matter of course. Few who play upon these instruments understand what is the matter with the tone. It is generally regarded as a consequence of wear—which it is not.

Moreover the iron piano has another great defect, which as yet no one has been able to overcome. When the instrument is new and the sounding board in fine order, the hammer just soft enough, the tone is clear, telling and musical; but just as soon as the hammers get hard, which they do very soon with playing, the tone begins to sound sharp, metallic, "tin-panny," as the girls say. Try any old piano you like it is always the same story, and in an old one of the very best makes it is even worse than with the poorer ones. I fancy the reason of this is that the vibrations of the metal tend to divide into the higher harmonics, and when the sounding board faithfully takes up all the vibrations, you get these metallic flavors in the tone.

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Mr. Durkee has recognized these drawbacks in the iron piano for years, and lately has turned his attention to finding a way of avoiding them. He has taken the animal by the horns, with a boldness and a disregard of the entire course of invention during the last century characteristically American. He has made his piano of wood. The ordinary piano, with its steel wire string, pulling some hundreds of pounds, is supplied with a sounding board but little thicker than that of the little violin. Mr. Durkee makes it of thick board and fastens the strings to the board itself, and not to a frame outside of it. The wrest-plank is supported against the end of this board, but the string is fastened to the board at the bridge itself, just as in the guitar. The only use of metal is to strengthen the after part of the bridge a little, by the thin plate of aluminum, already mentioned, which naturally being behind the bridge and not in tension or in any way pulled upon, except by the wire passing over it, does not enter into the vibration at all. Mr. Durkee declares that this instrument will support the tension of the strings and be less affected by the weather and will preserve its tone longer than any piano made. In case the board should spring under the tension (which is guarded against by means of heavy ribs below and strengthening supports, covered by his patents), the tone will still remain unchanged. The sounding board still carries the tension and the strings cannot get away from it. Just so long as they vibrate at all, the sounding board stands in the same position to receive and reinforce them as at the beginning. Moreover, the getting out of tune through the different behavior of the iron and the wood under changes of temperature is here done away with.

* * *

Since the foregoing was in type this interesting piano has been subjected to further tests by Mr. Leopold Godowsky, in the presence of the undersigned and others, and the musical and sympathetic qualities of the tone were greatly admired. Its carrying power is great, and at a distance the absence of the usual metallic brilliancy is even more noticeable than when the listener is close at hand; but the pene-

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trating power of the tone seems to be much greater than in instruments of the usual construction. It only remains, therefore, a question whether the new system is capable of the necessary durability. It would seem, at least, that for upright pianos, intended for small rooms, this system would be preferred by all who are sensitive to refined and delicate tone. What adds to the value of these tests is the claim that no tone-regulation whatever had been performed, the instrument having been left to stand upon its own merits purely, without any attempt at glossing over imperfections by treating the hammers.

It is certainly a most remarkable experiment, the most remarkable and novel which has ever come under my notice, the most striking novelty in piano construction since the over-stringing of the Steinway system, in 1854, and some of their other patents a few years later.

* * *

In another part of this issue notices are made of certain musical developments in two western colleges, the state university of Nebraska and Beloit College, Wisconsin. In the latter, Professor B. D. Allen is conducting a series of classes in music and the general culture in music, in which he is making highly successful use of the Aeolian orchestrelle. He has written this office a letter concerning it, here omitted, because in an interview with our representative he has sufficiently stated the rationale of his work and the advantage he has gained from the use of this instrument.

The point particularly gratifying in his report is the fact that he is working to influence the average student of the college in favor of listening to music as a serious art. This is the most important influence a college professor of music can perform for the body of undergraduates. His purely technical instruction to special students in music cuts precisely the same figure as equivalent instruction given elsewhere, its value depending upon the scope and ability of the teacher and the capacity of the scholar. But to so conduct musical exercises within the college as to develop a real understanding of music (the meaning and sound of master-

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pieces, and the esthetic satisfaction to be gained from music) these are works which will make a difference with undergraduates all through their subsequent life. The results will appear years later in the willing support which professional and business men will be ready to give to intelligent effort in music; and will crystallize into schools, chairs of music, orchestras and the like. The older colleges in the east have overlooked this part of their duty to a considerable degree, although in Harvard, for example, the musical advantages of concert-hearing are great. But a concert takes in but a limited portion of the undergraduate body. What is needed is the exercise of persistent influence in favor of musical intelligence until the unregenerate undergraduate also spurs up and listens to music from an art standpoint.

If it proves possible to do work of this kind in a college without neglecting those educations so peculiarly prized in presidential circles, the college yell, the glee and mandolin club, and baseball, every lover of "the humanities" will have reason to bless so fortunate an epoch in culture.

* * *

I am glad to say that by all accounts Mr. Paderewski played a great deal better at his closing recital in Chicago than at any of the earlier. His program was better chosen and he played it with interest. The audience was extremely meagre—some say the very smallest that has ever been seen in the Auditorium. It was estimated as low as $500 or lower. The playing was well received. I was sorry not to hear it, but an imperative engagement elsewhere prevented.

I notice that some of the musical young gentlemen who write for daily papers in Portland, Oregon; Seattle and elsewhere, discover between Mr. Hale and myself contradictions, in re Paderewski. They should remember, what both Mr. Hale and myself omitted to state, that we spoke of what we heard. If Hale admired Paderewski's playing of a Bach Fugue in Boston, this is no more than I have myself done of his playing one in Chicago; but upon the occasion I mentioned these good qualities failed to appear. The truth is, as Mr. Hale says, that Mr. Paderewski is an extremely gifted

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popular player, capable with a fair chance for himself, of sentiment and fair technique. Owing to the demands of his tour he often plays against great disadvantages. Hence the poor playing. He is unjust to himself; he might tour more slowly. As for his Barnum capacity, it is great; it is well worked; and it has paid beyond the record. I do not think it will stand another American turn.

* * *

When Mr. Godowsky played in Halifax, N. S., lately, he found that De Pachmann, who had been there two or three weeks before, had done much for his reputation by his enthusiasm concerning both the writing and the playing of the younger artist. Mr. Paderewski was also very handsome, acknowledging the epoch-marking nature of the Chopin studies as rewritten by Godowsky. He offered, it is stated, to write a preface for the collection, in order, as he gracefully said, to have the honor of connecting his name with so important and original a work.

* * *

Mrs. Schumann-Heink gave a remarkable song recital in University Hall, Chicago, under the auspices of managers Hannah and Hamlin, May 17, with a large and fashionable audience in attendance. She began with the well-known recitative and air from "St. Paul," "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own," which she sang in English—the only case of the kind in the program. Naturally, as a German woman, her English was not altogether perfect in accent, but considering it as probably learned for the occasion, it showed conscientious study. Her singing of the recitative and air was very artistic, saving that dramatic expression was perhaps a trifle overdone for this class of work. Particularly fetching was her mellow suggestiveness on the word "women" in the phrase "Men and women." Her next number consisted of three songs by Schubert (in German, of course)—"Death and the Maiden," "Whither," from the Miller songs, and "The Almighty." Mme. Schumann-Heink is an actress in all respects. Accordingly when the prelude begins she begins to assume the mood of the song—in pose and facial expression, and every part of the song is carefully

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considered first as to the prevailing dominating mood, and then as to the variations and climaxes. Her first song showed these elements, where the maiden sang with such appealing and womanly flexibility. Then came the speech of Death, calm, confident, relentless, unimpassioned. After this the afterlude, during the whole of which the singer remained in the mood of her closing phrase.

A most remarkable example of technique was her treatment of the sprightly "Whither," which she sang throughout mezza voce, very fast, staccato, very flexible, and only in a few places coming out to a real mezzo degree of force or a sort of mezzo forte. This made a great effect and was repeated. The third song, Schubert's sublime "Great Is Jehovah, the Lord," illustrated her range of expression in broad and strong conceptions.

Her next number consisted of three songs by Brahms—the "Sapphic Ode," "Thou Art My Queen" and "My Love Is Green." Here again were all the qualities of most finished song singing. Her third combination consisted of a pleasing "Swansong" by Lud. Hartmann, "Like a Greeting," by Ad. Mehrkens, and Schumann's "Spring Night," in all the same perfection, or nearly so. The accompaniments were delightfully played by Mrs. Nellie Bangs-Skelton, but it would have been better if Mr. Heinrichs could have performed this part, for greater force and a more freely dramatic mastery of the pianoforte part would have aided the singer. Mr. Hermann Diestel played three 'cello pieces, one of which was a Romanze by Mr. Weidig—which pleased the audience.

I do not remember any woman singer in such a program as this so gloriously done. For a combination of vocal technique, a voice of singular range and great power, and a temperament to conceive a song to its amplest range of expression, I remember no woman like Mme. Schumann-Heink since Rudersdorf. The latter was perhaps even more elemental in her abandon, but she also was capable of refinement combined with extreme breadth. She had intelligence, was versed in art and grasped her subject matter like the best type of man, with woman's emotionality super-added. I have no personal acquaintance with Mme. Schumann-Heink and am not aware whether she really knows what she seems

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to know when she sings; if she does not, but only seems to know, the miracle is even greater and the triumph of her art.

If only some one of our American singers were capable of singing her own language with the fullness and finish with which Mme. Schumann-Heink sings her native German, then America would have reason to be proud of art progress. If we had some one just entered upon this great way—even that would be something. But at this point our foreign teachers and our fool submission stand in our way. Meanwhile let us admire the real article when we hear it.

W. S. B. M.

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THE TIME-MARKING SYSTEM IN MUSIC.

BY T. CARL WHITMER.

Some time ago I made a promise that I would give an exhaustive exposition of a system of simple and compound time which, by its markings, would serve to indicate more clearly and accurately the intentions—especially as concerns accents—of composers.

I stated that our system as at present noted is not exhaustive enough, and therefore not sufficiently accurate in the denotement of the relative and absolute values within a measure; which I prefaced by saying that the widely varying interpretations of any one composition by great artists are due not solely to the individualities of temperament.

There is form in music just as surely as there is architectural form. The composer molds and models quite as cunningly, quite as accurately, as the architect draws his plans; and his plans, therefore, should practically be no more misunderstood than those reproduced on the blue-print.

If a musical structure is to be appreciated—in that wonderfully comprehensive specific sense known to readers of John La Farge's works on painting—it must be notated in such a way that, when interpreted, each measure, each phrase, each period, each individual movement shall be structurally defined to the ear; and that definition must, of course, correspond to the conception as original with the composer.

Interpretation is general and specific. Specific interpretation comprehends, among other things, the attributes of a measure; but the first requisite of good interpretation is the recognition by the interpreter that the attributes of a single measure are, practically, the attributes of a complete movement. The principle of form in music—as understood when applied to movements or union of movements—is but an enlargement of the principle of applied accents.

Several centuries of usage by the best (as well as worst!) composers have had a hand in the conventionalizing of certain musical symbols, signs and signals. It is hard to adapt

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ourselves to the new—even if better—and so we go on and on and on and on using the same symbols, the same signs.

Several ultra-revolutionary systems of "Time" have suggested themselves to the writer, but he well knows the impracticability and the utter waste of energy involved of endeavoring to cast off a system which has proven itself to be good; a system which has shown itself thoroughly capable of almost unlimited intellectual and emotional definition.

And it is, you see—almost! Therefore he does not wish to overthrow, but to—develop. He wishes to make suggestions on how to build up this system, not on how to overthrow it and construct new bases.

The vitality of accents is universally appreciated. But the expression of that vitality is at present left to the interpreter in great part; and it is a question of intuitive luck whether or not the composer's intention is divined.

It is as if an architect would make out the specifications for a number of rooms, doors and windows, and leave the size of the same to the judgment of his builder.

Conceive of the effect: Conceive of the incongruous shapes and likely anachronismatic styles!

That is practically what is happening five-sixths of the time in the executive or interpretative section of our musical world.

It is strange that, with all our materialism, we cling to the belief that our divine (!) interpreters can express a composer's intention when that composer has not notated one-fiftieth of what he had in mind!

Now, the succeeding matter is intended to enlarge the scope of only one element toward adequate notation—viz., accent. Yet this element is—after the matter of practical accoustic definition (as applied to a system)—the most important of all the affecting factors. It is the most important of all such factors when considered from the standpoint of both emotional and intellectual expression. Accents determine general and specific form. Accents make possible the auricular definition of those general and specific forms. Accent is vitality, is energy, is movement. And why this branch of our musical expression should have such paltry attention paid to its proper and exhaustive notation is a mystery.

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Few students have a clear idea of how our system works. They know by tradition that 4-4 has two accents, that 6-8 has two accents, and are not aware that here is a way to show why such and such a time is the possessor of a certain number of points of emphasis. The old German professor's heels tramp corn at "one" and "three" or at "one" and "four," as the case may be, and warns you to do the same on penalty of knuckle-tapping. And thus you learn that four-four and six-eight have each two accents! It is the logic of sole leather and thumps!

It is conceded by authorities that our present "times" are not accurately or universally systematized; that there are differences in naming which cause considerable annoyance. It appears to me that what is lost sight of in formulating systems is that what is traditionally used is not necessarily good, and that what is in ordinary usage quite well understood is often very faulty logically and therefore unfit for technical classification.

Every substance comes from something. All compounds come from simples; all simples from some inappreciable simples. But all we are now concerned with is that something compound comes from something simple. There is nothing in our musical system which is simple absolutely, only relatively. No art has absolutely simple bases.

Let us observe that, in our system:

(1) No number of units in a certain conceivable time can be less than two;

(2) Although the number of units is limited (on the minus side only) the kind of unit is altogether unlimited. (There is an auricular limit to accentual appreciation of both number and kind, but that is not relevant here.)

As two is our lowest appreciable number—appreciable from a rhythmic viewpoint—we will call it simple. (We must have names to have a classification. A rose might be as sweet by other names, but its preesnt name is its identifying mark in the flower system.)

Take two (2) as a basis. Two (2) is simple. Whatever has like characteristics is likewise simple. (It is understood that this two (2) stands as a "numerator" in a time-mark.)

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The main characteristic of the number *2* is that it is no common-multiple for any two numbers.

Simple time, therefore, is defined on this basis. We can define compound time as that whose "numerator" is a common-multiple for several factors. (The unit-value—or what is commonly known as the denominator in the fraction form used—has nothing to do with simple or compound time, because, in our present system, "number" and not "kind" is the determinate factor in the filling of a measure.) Now, all measures are—within a certain type of time—alike. And this may be termed the principle of mensural equalization.

It is now necessary to note that, according to the number of units in simple time a name is given. Of the numbers, two (*2*) is Binary; three (3) is Ternary; five (5) is Quinary, and seven (*7*) is Septenary. Therefore, whatever is found having the characteristics of two, three, five or seven, as the case may be, is named, in part at least, therefrom.

Hence, whatever has its compounds as compounds of certain simples, takes its fundamental names from the same. But that "whatever" has naturally, a qualifying name. The name Binary is a fundamental name. The name Duple, e. g. —preceding the word Binary—is a qualifying name.

As a simple time number is irreducible it carries but one impulse (ordinarily called strong accent). But as there is more than one factor involved, that other factor—or those other factors—must carry something; and that something we call pulse (weak accent). I prefer to use the word "accent" in a general way only and to cover the whole question of rhythmic markings, but to use the words "impulse" and "pulse" in a specific way.

Therefore, simple time has but one impulse, but compound time has as many impulses as there are combinations, or compoundings, of simple groups. Simple time has as many pulses as factors minus one exist, while compound time has as many pulses as exist in the number of compounded groups (each group's pulses equal factors, minus one.)

The pulses of simple time and the impulses and pulses of compound time diminish in force relatively, and that relatively is a logical weakening. But the pulses of simple time diminish logically according to individual factors; while the

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impulses and pulses of compound time diminish logically according to individual groups. Hence the pulses contained within these groups cannot alone be considered in the aggregate as logically weakened for that would be the recognition of them as independent whereas they are vitally related to the impulses.

Each group, in simple time, is an organism by virtue of its members considered as individual factors. In compound time each organism is a unity by virtue of its groupings considered compoundedly.

Now, in the next place, in every particular must the individual secondary member of a simple group sustain its relative position to the impulse when the organism, to which it belongs, is compounded.

Also, each group must sustain itself, when compounded with other groups, according to the law which governs the relation of individual members. That law is logical relativity.

Some Limitations in Our Present System: First, the use of but a few out of the very many possible simple and compound groupings.

Second, the little or no use of so-called time duplicates.

Third, the neglect of what may be termed ocularly duplicate times.

Fourth, the confirming of the time-markings to the use almost exclusively—of the medium units.

Consideration of the First Limitation.

Examine any collection of music and note what little variety there is in the time-markings. There is variety of key and form; but it is amazing how much harping there is on a few stock "times." Let us look through the eight Organ Symphonies of Charles Marie Widor. These comprehend forty-eight movements. Taking them in their order we have the following result: 4-4, 3-4, 4-4, 9-8, 2-4, etc. Recombination 4-4 occurs seventeen times; 2-4, eight times; 3-4, eleven times, etc.

Movements, 48; varieties of time-marking, eight. These symphonies are written by a living Frenchman, a progressive man, a man who is inventive and imaginative, who is no

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repetitor; yet, there is such diversity (?) in his time markings. If time-marks mean anything at all, they mean that the "unit" and "number"—the so-called denominator and numerator—indicate the character of the measure.

And in not two cases out of twenty-five is the indicator in our modern music exactly what it should be.

Let us now look at the Sonatas of Beethoven from Opus 31, No. 2, on to Opus 111, taking the Sonatas by movements in their exact order:

Fifty-eight time markings, and 12 varieties. (Note, however the unusual 6-16, 9-16 and 12-32. Such marking is more in the line of accuracy.)

Now let us look at Schumann. We will find in the Fantasiestucke, Op. 12, that Warum, In Der Nacht, Fabel and Traumeswirren are all in 2-4, notwithstanding their inherent differences of rhythm and musical feeling. As for the other time marks in the same opus we have only 2-8, 6-8, 3-4 and 4-4.

In the Kreisleriana, Op. 16, we find that Nos. 1, 3 and 7 are in 2-4; Nos. 2 and 8 in 3-4—2-4 and 6-8—2-4; No. 5 in 3-4; No. 4 in 4-4 and No. 6 in 12-8—6-8. Phantasie, Op. 17, equals 4-4—2-4—12-8. Drei Phantasiestucke, Op. 111, equals 4-4—3-4—4-4.

I have indicated twenty pieces with twenty-five time-markings. Yet there are six—only six—varieties of time. Only six kinds of time in twenty movements; and in a fantasie style at that.

Our time-marks, as at present used, have no real meaning. They indicate nothing more than how to count.

We will take a look through Chopin's Preludes. Surely here we will meet some marks that will give us a clue to those subtle accents of his. Twenty four Preludes, Op. 28: No. 1 in 2-8; 2, 4, 14, 16, 18 in 4-4, Alla Breve; 3, 8, 9, 15, 20, 23 in 4-4; 5 in 3-8; 6, 7, 10, 12, 19, 21 in 3-4; 11, 17, 22, 24 in 6-8; 13 in 6-4. Twenty-four time-markings and only seven varieties.

Widor's Symphonies: 6 different markings out of 48.
Beethoven's Sonatas: 12 different markings out of 58.
Schumann's Fantasies: 6 different markings out of 25.
Chopin's Preludes: 7 different markings out of 24.

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Consideration of the Second Limitation.

"The little or no individual use of so-called duplicates." By this time it will be observed that the kernel of our principle is that every grouping is individually functional. That is, every root being individual all the compoundings to which it may be subjected can never totally destroy the individuality of the factors. There can be found, by sufficient compounding, certain kinds of time which at first sight (and by arithmetic) have accents exactly alike. But 4-8 and 2-4 are not alike in significance; 6-4 (Triple Binary) and 3-2; 8-8 and 4-4; 12-8 and 6-4 (T. B.) are not alike in significance, because each number and unit form an independent organism, and all compounds of the same are absolutely individual. This time seems to need no further comment.

Consideration of the Third Limitation.

At first sight, the existence of two 6-8s, two 6-4s, etc., will be confusing. But it is a very easy matter for a musician to judge by the context. (Just at present in e. g. Schumann's "Des Abends" one who closely observes will at a glance be able to see that, although the accompaniment is in 2-8, the melody is really in 3-8, notwithstanding the 2-8 time-mark.) It is a very great mistake to discard the ocularly duplicate. Such things confuse the musical smatterer but never the knowing. And then, basing my assertion on the individuality of every simple and every compound, these apparent duplicates are a necessity.

Consideration of the Fourth Limitation.

As my example under the "First Limitation" will show, the composers of even the best class have made nothing of the possibilities within our time-marking system. The 2-4s and 3-4s, etc., are put down on paper almost perfunctorily and as seldom changed as can be helped, no matter what the change of emotional contents may be the 2-4 or 3-4 still governs (?). Now to come to our point more directly, let us examine the character of the units as suggested by the so-called "fraction." The variety (?) is even more appalling than the various varieties already aired.

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Widor (in examples cited) uses the eighth, the quarter and the half.

Beethoven uses the thirty-second, the sixteenth, the eighth, the quarter.

Schumann uses the eighth and the quarter.

Chopin uses the eighth and the quarter.

And yet the eighth and the quarter, etc., are supposed to express something. They do not express anything vital at present; but it is just this unused vitality which I am endeavoring to demonstrate and provide for in the present article.

At present we depend on French, German, Italian and English words, and multitudinous sandwiched and sardinely packed signs to reach the composer's idea. There is only one way to free ourselves from the burden of verbal signs and that way is to recognize—and practice—that a quarter-note unit does not have the same absolute accentual weight as a sixteenth note or a whole note; it has not the same length and so the weight or accent must differ.

Widor has written an exquisite Adagio in his sixth Organ Symphony (Movement 11). It is written in 3-8 time and the M. M. 46 equals the eighth note.

A fair example of the carelessness in time-marking which destroys the vitality of our eighth notes. This Adagio should be written in at least 3-2 (M. M. half equals 46). I should write it in a compound time rather than a simple time, however, because of the sustained accentual equalization (e. g. 6-4 Triple Binary).

To bring these brief considerations to a close—after which I will give, by a less negative method, the exposition of my plan for development—let me ask those who are interested if anything has been suggested by the briefly laying bare of the thoughtlessness of even the best of composers, follow, especially thoughtfully, the course of my thought from now on.

The rejection of the longa and the rare use of the breve, and the little or no use of the thirty-second and the sixty-fourth, except as "fillers," are of decided disadvantage to our system. The disuse—comparatively—of those two members of our mensural system was the first step toward the neutralizing of a note-

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value's accentual vitality. The compression, as it were, of our "values" is to be deprecated most vehemently.

Our system recognizes that an eighth and a quarter are not the same in length; but it does not recognize that they are not the same in weight—or accent, as we term it. Notice that I use the word weight. That is, an eighth is not so "heavy" as a quarter; a quarter is not so "heavy" as a half or a whole note. Unfortunately our composers seem to imply in their writing that an eighth or sixteenth is short, but not light. My Widor's Adagio example is illustrated by this, and at the same time is the illustration of this.

It is true that we can have no absolute weight and attribute it to the note value. But neither can we have an absolute length. At present, however, certain values represent certain relative lengths; and in a given composition that length may be spoken of as absolute. And this is all I ask for my weight plan, viz., that, in addition to considering note-values as relatively long or short, we call them relatively heavy or light. And that weight will be in time appreciated as an almost absolute quantity when considered, as we will find later on, within the limits of a certain movement not only, but as independent of a special environment. As a quarter represents twice the length of an eighth, that relation denotes their relative value. As a quarter is placed at a certain metronomic degree in a given piece, that degree expresses the absolute value. Now apply this to "weight." As now, according to our new idea, the quarter is twice as weighty as the eighth, this relation denotes the relative accent-value. But accent seems too intangible a quantity to catch and brand at any absolute value.

However, there are the natural and the artificial accents to deal with when an attempt is made. The difference must be settled by the metronome. A natural accent is that accent which the metronome describes, so to speak, by a complete single oscillation. Measure, by hearing, the impression made from the click to the end of its swing one way only. That is natural accent. The artificial accent is more violent, and is in ordinary use in conservatories.

The metronome is, then, an all important factor in our plan. Its use has become more and more general, but there

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seems to be no uniform treatment of it. Or, rather, does its use have no vital principle involved. As our own "values" must be made more vital so must the metronome be used more and more consistently and uniformly in order to render absolute those values.

In the first place calculate all note-values when used as units by the auricular measuring of metronomic or natural accent.

In the second place make the metronomic unit correspond to the time-unit and not, as is so often at present, with a unit greater or less than the time-unit.

The difficulty of measuring those impulses by the metronomic oscillation is great, but then it is accurate. Unless this necessity be recognized as a first step the vitality of our values will never be developed. If we desire to become sensitive we must have manual, ocular and auricular problems to solve. It is not possible to preserve an absolute simplicity of detail in a system which is as well developed as our musical system is. When simplicity stands in the way of accuracy it is no longer a virtue.

Carrying on our principle of an absolute accent we will observe the following generalization:

Large units have more absolute weight than small units, therefore when two or more large units are grouped (as is the case in all simple and compound time, although the relative weight by this grouping is unchanged by character of units) the absolute weight of the mass is greater—owing to the original individual weight of its members—than the weight of a grouping of small units. Now, of course, one can put an eighth note to any metronomic degree he wishes and say that therefore that eighth note has an accent of such and such a weight. But it would not fulfill the functions of a system. Neither would it meet the question that what is satisfactory to the ear should be satisfactory to the eye. Such markings as an eighth equals 46 are, to me, eyesores. A system should be, when possible, auricularly and ocularly satisfying. And here it is possible.

(To be continued.)

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

PITTSBURG.

Grand Opera in Pittsburg is now of yearly occurrence, but this year it broke all records. It is to Mr. George H. Wilson, manager of the Pittsburg orchestra, that we owe our debt of gratitude for this privilege. Without his energy we could never have had the Grau Company here. We were disappointed in only one star—Mme. Eames—and her place was so royally filled by Ternina that we had nothing to complain of.

The opera began on the eve of Easter Monday. We heard a double bill—"The Barber of Seville," beginning with Act II., and "Cavalleria Rusticana." The cast for "The Barber" included Sembrich, Campanari, Sig. Pini-Corsi, Edouard De Reszke, Salignac and Meux. Signor Bevignani conducted. I enjoyed it much more than "Cavalleria," though Calve was great as Santuzza. The other singers did not make up in acting what they lacked in voice. The chorus was the best I have ever heard.

Tuesday evening we heard "Tannhaeuser." Mr. Paur conducted, and I have never heard the music more beautifully played or sung. Ternina as Elizabeth was perfect, Schumann-Heink as The Shepherd and Suzan Strong as Venus showed themselves remarkable singers. Van Dyck as Tannhaeuser was a happy surprise. Five years ago he was a mighty uninteresting Tannhaeuser, but I found him very satisfactory the other evening.

"Carmen" on Wednesday afternoon, with Calve in the role of Carmen, Suzanne Adams-Stern as Micaela, Salignac as Don Jose, and Plancon as Escamillo, was the second of our two-star operas.

Our short season closed Wednesday evening, the opera being "Don Giovanni." Mme. Nordica as Donna Anna was vocally very pleasing and I heard a new side of her voice. I did not know before how great her art was. Mme. DeVere took the part of Donna Elvira, and Sembrich that of Zerlina. Edouard De Reszke was great as Leporello. Corsi was good in the role of Massetto. Signor Scotti was a fine Don Giovanni.

The Apollo Club, under the direction of Rinehart Mayer, gave its closing concert for this season on the evening of May 3. We heard a delightful program. Perhaps the most popular number on the part of the club was a song called "Oft in the Stilly Night," which is one of

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their old favorites. Mr. Rogers, a member of the club, sang the short solo in a way to charm us all. His voice is an unusually good baritone. The artists of the evening were Mr. Richard Burmeister, pianist, and Josephine Jacoby, contralto. F. D.

THE CHICAGO APOLLO CLUB.

The Apollo Musical Club of Chicago gave a concert April 26, the program consisting of W. H. Parker's "Dreaming and His Love," Hoffmann's "Song of the Norns," Bruch's "Fair Ellen" and Massenet's "Mary Magdalen." The present writer, being too late in the hall to hear Mr. Parker's work, has never heard it mentioned by any one; it must therefore have been one of those venial sins which a recording angel blots with a tear. The Hoffman piece was rather monotonous. The gem of the concert was Bruch's "Fair Ellen," and it was admirably given. The chorus, numbering somewhere about three hundred and fifty, sang with spirit under the direction of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, who showed himself an energetic leader, able to command the respect of the singers and players.

The solo roles were also beautifully done by Mr. Charles W. Clarke, who is a magnificent artist, and Miss Helen Buckley, who took the place at short notice, Mme. Gadski having refused to fulfill her engagement made many months before. Miss Buckley has a voice of beautiful quality and when she sings not too fast nor too loud her work is delightful. Her method is not yet so well established as to permit her to achieve equal success in rapid singing, nor is her enunciation of words as yet fully perfected, although much improved over her former condition. Her vowels are still a little uncertain. She shows talent, however, and that she should manifest so much improvement while doing so much public work is greatly to her credit. To judge from the present illustration of her powers, she must be the most satisfactory soprano we have here—at least in the absence of Mrs. Osborne-Hannah.

Miss Buckley also sang very charmingly in the "Mary Magdalen" music, which she had to prepare at short notice. In the one really fine air the effect was very good indeed.

In the latter work Mr. Clarke also distinguished himself, although the music of the role is nowhere grateful. Mr. Geo. Hamlin also pleased in the tenor roles and the mezzo soprano music was well given by Mrs. Marshall Pease, whose beautiful voice does not as yet show a finished style of delivery.

The accompaniments were played by an orchestra composed of forty or fifty of the Thomas orchestra, and the playing, particularly in the Massenet work, was the best they have been heard to do upon any strange work when not under the baton of "the Old Man" himself. Mr. Wild, if he accomplished this result, is entitled to great credit. In the Bruch work the orchestra played with enthusiasm.

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MISSOURI MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Missouri Association of Music Teachers will be held at Columbia, June 12-15, 1900. A strong program has been arranged for discussions and concerts. Among the pianists will be Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, and August Hyllested. The association is trying to accomplish several definite advances: First, to get a chair of music into the state university; second, to oblige music to be taught in the public schools of all cities of over two thousand inhabitants; third, to require the school teachers to qualify as music teachers of school singing. Still further, to oblige all proposing to teach music publicly in that state to pass an examination and take a certificate. The latter idea is a favorite one with all the state associations, but it is not very practical, if legal. Anybody has a right to give lessons to anybody else who cares to take them, with payment or without. This is part of the liberty of "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness." Even a state is a pretty large area, and to oblige an intending music teacher to go across it some hundreds of miles in pursuit of a certificate is too much. The game is not worth the candle. The elevation of the music teaching profession will work itself out in another way—automatically, through natural competition. So also to oblige school teachers to qualify as teachers of elementary music is as yet impracticable. Later on it will come, but the teachers will have to begin earlier.

Missouri composers were invited to submit musical compositions for prizes or honors, May 20th being the latest date. The secretary of the association is Mr. H. E. Rice, of St. Louis.

RUBINSTEIN IN MILAN.

The London Musical Courier contains a story of Rubinstein's first appearances in Milan, which is worth reading again.

"The great Russian pianist did not at first please in Italy, and left Venice in disgust some forty years ago because of poor audiences. He went to Milan in 1876, accompanied by his wife and Bosendorfer, the piano manufacturer, and after some terrific playing conquered his audience. Ludwig Breitner's teacher in theory, Prof. Angelari, was the high court of critical appeal, and it was his display of enthusiasm that decided in Rubinstein's favor.

"Mazzucato relates that on the next day all the available seats for the next two concerts were booked in the forenoon; and when the recitals took place, at the instance of hundreds who could get no tickets, chairs were brought in from the adjoining Church della Passione, placed in a large passage flanking the hall, and sold at 10 frs. each.

"An equally uproarious scene of enthusiasm, and this one even dearer to the heart of the pianist because coming from a quarter

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where enthusiasm is not looked for by any of the most sanguine artists, took place at the first orchestral rehearsal of a concert in which Rubinstein was to play his own Pianoforte Concerto.

"The day and night rehearsals at the Theater of La Scala had prevented the members of its orchestra, who in those days represented in reality the pick of the profession, from hearing Rubinstein. It is a well-known fact that nothing is more ludicrous to an outsider than the talk of enthusiasts; the conservative members of the orchestra thought that their fellow-musicians and the town had gone mad by a fit of admiration for a foreigner, and felt much inclined to jeer and sneer at him.

"At 9 o'clock on a frosty and dark January morning the orchestra of La Scala was assembled in the Sala del Conservatorio for the first rehearsal of Rubinstein's Concerto. Early hours and cold make men not very agreeable, and when Rubinstein took his place at the piano—though he showed no sign of pleasure or of displeasure—he must certainly have commented in himself on the behavior of the orchestra that did not acknowledge his appearance, even by the elementary polite act of uncovering their heads. The first movement of the concerto began and proceeded satisfactorily—that is, without interruptions. At the end of the first movement there is a cadenza, which was, of course—when played by the author—one of the most imposing and irresistibly effective piano compositions. Andreolei was conducting. When Rubinstein started on the cadenza the players, knowing it would be a long solo, leaned back unconcerned in their chairs—not, however, for long. The very attack forced them to turn their heads towards the player; then they stared at him; they stood up to see better; they put down their instruments; like ghosts they glided from their seats, and in breathless silence thronged behind the pianist, who had not noticed what had passed. When on the last chord of the cadenza Rubinstein raised his left hand, turning to the orchestra to show the attack, he found himself in the arms of a crowd of artists, who cheered him, embraced him, and could scarcely be induced to go back to their seats and resume the rehearsal.

"The concerto played must have been the D minor, for in the cadenza Rubinstein usually raised the roof."

A SOUTH CAROLINA MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

At Columbia, S. C., a musical festival was held, April 26 and 27, under the direction of Prof. H. J. F. Mayser. The solo artists included such names as those of Miss Clary, Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, Mr. Heinrich Meyn, Mr. John Cheshire, harpist, etc. The first concert was composed of miscellaneous selections, closing with Miss Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden." The second concert, a matinee, was also miscellaneous, the main part consisting of selections from the

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"Flying Dutchman," the ladies' chorus singing the Spinning Chorus. The third concert was more ambitious, among the vocal numbers being the duet "Quis est Homo" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," two Brahms songs by Mr. Meyn, and Schumann's "Widmung," and the whole closed with Sterndale Bennett's cantata, "The May Queen"—a curious revival of a charming but by no means strong work. The festival was a great success. The chorus numbered forty voices. Northern readers will not understand this; they should attempt to organize a complete mixed choir in the south. Basses and tenors are practically non-existent; or, when existent, often impossible socially. It is evident to the experienced observer that this festival must have been a great pleasure to the hearers, and have marked an advance in musical experience. Mr. Mayser deserves the thanks, therefore, of all who appreciate missionary effort.

MUSIC IN ADELPHI COLLEGE, BROOKLYN.

Several times in the life of this magazine mention has been made of the lecture courses given by Dr. Hanchett in the Adelphi College, Brooklyn. The following are the courses of the present year:

First Course—General Topic: Musical Material.

October 23—Life (Rhythm in the production of musical effects). Chopin—Polonaise in A flat, op. 53. Schaeffer—Three Fantasie Pieces from op. 1. Bach—Fugue in D major; Clavichord, Part I. Beethoven—Sonata in C major, op. 2, No. 3.

October 30—Light (the expressive power of harmony). Moszkowski—Moment Musicale in C sharp minor, op. 7, No. 2. Grieg—Morning Voices, No. 1; and, The Death of Aase, No. 2, from op. 46. Rachmaninow—Prelude in C sharp minor, op. 3, No. 2. Chopin—Etude in E flat major, op. 10, No. 11. Schumann—Nocturne in F major, op. 23, No. 4. Beethoven—Sonata in E flat major, op. 7.

November 6—Lines (the curve of melody). Chopin—Etude in B minor, op. 25, No. 10. Gottschalk—Aeolian Murmurs. Schumann—Traumerei in F, op. 15, No. 7. Schubert—Impromptu in A flat, op. 142, No. 2. Beethoven—Sonata in B flat major, op. 22.

November 13—Links (references by imitation). Schumann—The End of the Song, op. 12, No. 8. Grieg—On the Mountains, op. 19, No. 1. Bach—Prelude and Fugue in C minor; Clavichord, Part II. Beethoven—Sonata in E minor and major, op. 90. Wagner-Liszt—The Love-Death of Isolde.

Second Course—General Topic: Musical Construction.

November 27—Detail. Liszt—Forest Murmurs, Etude in D flat. Grieg—Canon in B flat minor, op. 38, No. 8. Bach—Fugue in C minor; Clavichord, Part I. Schumann—Second Number, in B flat major, from Kreisleriana, ap. 16. Beethoven—Sonata in D major, op. 10, No. 3.

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December 4—Development. Chopin—Scherzo in D flat, op. 31. (Called, Scherzo in B flat minor). Schubert—Andante and Variations, from Sonata, op. 42, in A minor. Grieg—In the Hall of the Mountain King, op. 46, No. 4. Dayas—Fantasie Piece, op. 3, No. 1. Beethoven—Sonata in D major, op. 28. (Called, Pastorale).

December 11—Dependence. Raff—A Fairy Tale, op. 162, No. 4. Chopin—A Cradle Song, op. 57. Dupont—Toccata di Concert. MacDowell—Selections from Woodland Sketches, op. 51. Beethoven—Sonata in E flat major, op. 31, No. 3.

December 18—Design (form). Mendelssohn—Andante and Rondo Capriccioso in E. Schubert—First and Third Movements from Sonata in A minor, op. 42. Schumann—Aspiration, op. 12, No. 2. Beethoven—Sonata in C major, op. 53.

Third Course—General Topic: The More Important Musical Forms.

February 26—Fugue. Beethoven—Second and Third Movements from Sonata in F, op. 10, No. 2. Rheinberger—Fugue in G minor. Bach—Prelude and Fugue, C major. (Clavichord, Part I). Bach-Liszt—Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor.

March 5—Variation. Beethoven—Finale from the Last Sonata, op. 111, in C. Chopin—Nocturne in C minor, op. 48, No. 1. Schumann—Symphonic Studies in Variation Form, op. 13.

March 12—Sonata. Schumann—Second Sonata in G minor, op. 22. Saran—Fantasia in Form of a Sonata, op. 5,

March 19—Fantasia. (At this Recital assistance was kindly rendered by Mrs. Stuart Close, pianiste.) Mozart-Grieg—Fantasia and Sonata in C minor, with additional part for Second Piano. Beethoven—First Movement of Sonata, in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2. Schumann—Three Selections from the Kreisleriana; Fantasie Pieces, op. 16. Chopin—Fantasia in F, op. 49.

Fourth Course—General Topic: Musical Masterpieces.

April 16—Schubert, MacDowell. Schubert—Fantasia in C, op. 15. Called "The Wanderer Fantasia." MacDowell—Sonata Tragica, op. 45.

April 23—Beethoven. Three Movements from Sonata Pathetique; op. 13, in C minor. First Movement from Sonata Appassionata; op. 57, in F minor. First Movement from op. 106, in B flat. First Movement from op. 111, in C minor.

April 30—Chopin. Four Preludes from op. 28. Second Sonata in B flat minor, op. 35. Two Etudes: Op. 19, No. 12; and op. 25, No. 7. Second Ballade in F, op. 38.

May 7—Schumann. Fantasia in C, op. 17. Sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11.

PAREPA-ROSA AT TERRE HAUTE, IND., IN 1865.

In the Concert-Goer, Mr. Angelo De Prosse gives the following amusing story of incidents in a Parepa concert at Terre Haute, Ind.:

One of the grandest concert organizations which ventured out West shortly after the close of the civil war was the Parepa-Rosa

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Concert Company, which included Parepa, her husband Carl Rosa, Brignoli, Ferranti, Susini, Mills, and Hatton, the English composer as musical director and accompanist. The episode here related happened in Terre Haute, Ind., and to fully enjoy and appreciate this story, the reader is asked to consider the time and place, as well as the high standing of the artists mentioned.

Those who are fortunate enough to have heard Parepa sing admit that she was unequaled. Signor Brignoli had no equal in the world at that time. We search in vain to find his superior even at the present. S. B. Mills was then recognized as a pianist of the highest type, a distinguished and fine-looking Englishman, who received his musical training in Germany. Intelligence, virtuosity, graceful and gentlemanly appearance were combined in Mills. The other members of this company were also superior musicians.

Terre Haute was a small city. Its growth had been retarded on account of the war. However, cultured people could be found there as well as in all smaller American cities. Many prominent Southern families took refuge there during the war.

Dowling hall was the largest public auditorium. It had been used for the drilling of recruits and political gatherings, and previous to this concert was rather neglected.

Two semi-monthly papers, one English, the other German, were published in Terre Haute. Consequently, to sufficiently advertise a concert given by such a brilliant combination of artists, it became necessary to circulate handbills, which was done by a number of boys, whose chief remuneration was an admission to the concert. Tickets sold rapidly at $5 each, and days before the great event every seat in the house was sold. It was said that this company took in $6,000 for one performance.

The audience assembled promptly. Five minutes before the rise of the curtain everybody was seated and on the qui vive. At 8 o'clock sharp the curtain began to rise, slowly and laboriously, "squeak, squeak, squeak" at every turn as if the unoiled, unused rollers and pulleys resented this innovation. When about one-third up, ropes and pulleys broke, and the curtain came down with a crash. The urchins in the front row shouted and yelled, and became so hilarious that the whole police force (consisting of the marshal and one bailiff) was obliged to restore quiet, in order that the concert might begin.

There was no real dressing-room in that hall. The artists were obliged to make their toilettes behind the wings of the scenery upon which remnants of broken mirrors were fastened.

The first to appear was Mr. Hatton, who being afraid of catching cold wore a black velvet skull-cap, which in the hurry he forgot to remove. Parepa, who was seated behind the wings, was the first to notice it, and called in sotto voice: "Hatton, Hatton, Hatton," at the same time motioning to her head, to make her calling more explicit. Hatton caught the meaning of Parepa's gestures and removed

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his skull-cap with a sudden jerk, which landed his wig on the floor at the same instant. Before he could realize it, the audience was aroused to a sense of risibility, so that thereafter it became difficult to resist the temptation to laugh at the slightest provocation. The boys in the front row were tuned up to mischief and nothing short of the marshal's club could subdue them.

Later, at the entrance of Parepa, the audience arose en masse, the more demonstrative ones cheering lustily, which but half concealed the undercurrent of laughter, bubbling up from the front row. Parepa bowed and smiled graciously right and left, absolutely unconscious that her skirt, which had been rolled up to protect it from the dust while seated in her impromptu "dressing-room," had not been adjusted, and that in place of a graceful train she was displaying a short petticoat and a pair of shapely ankles. The effect of this was so droll that even the most sedate could not suppress a laugh. Hatton came to the rescue and put skirt and train in proper place. In spite of this faux pas Parepa sang so divinely, that the audience became almost frantic with applause, and demanded a half a dozen encores.

S. B. Mills played the "Summer-Nights-Dream" Fantasie by Mendelssohn-Liszt, in which he displayed an immense technic and fine conception. Such piano playing had never been heard in the West; but alas!—for some reason he met with the same ludicrous fate as his predecessors. Contrary to his custom, Mills played from notes, and in turning the leaves swiftly but gracefully, the inside sheet was cast off its anchor, and went flying down toward the boys in the front row. Every boy sprang at once to his feet and made frantic efforts to catch the strayed sheet. They wrestled with each other for the honor of restoring it to the artist. In the meantime Mills controlled his nerves wonderfully and continued to play, and finished the composition amidst a storm of applause, responding to an encore with his popular compositions "Recollections from Home."

Town papers and handbills had announced that Parepa-Rosa and Brignoli were the greatest living singers. Consequently when Signor Brignoli made his bow the audience rose to their feet and received him as heartily as they did Parepa. It was on that occasion that Brignoli, who suffered from a little cold, made the following speech:

"Laedes an' Gen'men, you must excou-se mee, I am one leetle horse and can not sing so mucha well theese ev-ning."

This speech, the language of which was unknown in that region, provoked renewed laughter. It subsided, however, as soon as the Signor began. No one in the audience could find any reason for his excuse. His voice was in splendid condition. After a long and loud applause Brignoli sang as an encore Hatton's "Good-bye, Sweetheart," which brought down the house.

Last but not least in this chapter of incidents was the impromptu accompaniment to a quartet (composed by Hatton and sung by Madame Parepa-Rosa, Brignoli, Ferranti and Susini) furnished by two feline quadrupeds (otherwise called cats), who up to this moment

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remained quiet behind the scenery, but now chased each other across the stage, tumbling, yelling, hissing and scratching, thereby spoiling a climax of the quartet, but electrifying the audience into peal after peal of laughter.

Dowling hall was pronounced that night to be a Hoodoo place, and ever afterward shunned by all concert or opera companies.

The artists returned to their hotel, vexed and disgusted with this seeming rude audience. They vowed that no money consideration could induce them to visit Terre Haute again. Even the information of the manager, that this was the best paying house the company played to since they had left the East, did not allay their ill-feeling, until a young man who stopped at the same hotel told them all the circumstances—how the audience saw and heard things, how droll and funny some situations and things looked to him. For the benefit of the company this young man mimicked the episode so vividly, that they laughed as heartily as the audience had during the concert.

WHAT THE MUSIC TEACHER OWES THE COMMUNITY.

A music teacher's career just grows. One begins teaching commonly at an early age, and the point is to get pupils and to do the best one can for them against all sorts of obstacles. The music teacher who is started in the teaching profession an entirely finished product of conservatory or seminary, is a rare object. Most of us teach as we marry, do it first, repent afterward.

The more modest and hard-working a teacher is the less he will realize that he owes the community anything. The obverse of this proposition may be true; the young teacher, especially he who returns from study under distant and celebrated teachers, imagines that the community owes him something for consenting to adorn it; but rare indeed will it occur to this one or the other that he owes anything to the community beyond common honesty.

The missionary spirit seems measurably to have died out. The young preacher is often more occupied in trying to get his rights from the church he serves than to do for his hearers anything beyond what the contract calls for. So much money, so much preach; funeral, weddings and christenings extra—cash down. This is now the rule of the trade.

There is still left in the musical profession a leaven of altruism. The most rigid sticklers for commercial reciprocity I know of, nevertheless often give lessons to more than one talented student for years. A prominent musician told me last winter that he was teaching fifteen pupils absolutely free. This was a teacher whose time is invoiced at $5 an hour, and upon his telling me the foregoing (which may have been true) I immediately told him that he was doing too much. A teacher has no call to give away fifteen hours a week, valued

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at from $45 to $80. It is more than his fair share of the burden of supporting the poor. If such a teacher gave free instruction to two pupils he would be doing all that a tax collector could lay upon him.

Nevertheless, I believe that one of the things a teacher owes the community is to make sure that no really talented young person with an apparent vocation for music should fail of development for want of money to pay tuition. This duty might easily amount to an imposition; but generally one will find that if the pupil has talent more than one teacher would be willing to contribute instruction and guidance. I know of a case where one of the most distinguished American teachers was instructing two very talented young ladies gratuitously, and when another celebrated master heard of it he said: "Tell him it is not fair for him to have it all; if the girls want harmony send them to me." And they went and had harmony for two or three years.

The young music teacher owes it to himself and to the community to make himself active as a musical missionary. One teaches first of all music; and one teaches music because one loves music and wishes to be mixed up with it. Now what the young teacher has to do is to increase the number of music lovers in the community, and thereby increase his own public. How he can do this is not always clear. In America there is often a rather wide gap between the ideas of the well-taught young musician and the general public with regard to the status of musical art on the scale of valuations.

If the young teacher starts out with the idea that the main reason that there is so little appreciation of art in the town is because music has not previously been properly played or sung there, he will be mistaken. And if he offers himself as the new interpreter, able to make all the rough places plain, he will certainly awaken opposition from all the older members of the music teaching profession in the town. E. S.

MUSIC IN BELOIT COLLEGE.

During the past year the musical director of the college, Mr. B. D. Allen, has conducted a series of lecture recitals in music which have taken a range wholly unusual. The scope and reason may be understood from an interview lately accorded the writer by Prof. Allen. He said:

"We have labored under certain disadvantages in our music course, owing to our lack of a fully organized music school. Nevertheless we have theoretical courses in music, counting toward a degree, and it is in these courses that I have made much use of the Aeolian Orchestrelle. Our college numbers between four and five hundred students, mostly coming from communities as yet destitute of instruction in music in the public schools. The first thing, naturally, is to get them to sing, commencing with the most elementary instruction, passing on to choir practice, and from that to oratorio

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practice, until they are equal to such choral work as "The Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Antigone" and "Festgesang," Pergolesi's "Stabet Mater," choruses by Beethoven, Haydn, Palestrina, and those in the Wagnerian music dramas. These performances compare well, save in the matter of numbers, with those to which I have been accustomed in the East during my nearly two score years connection with the Worcester (Mass.) festivals.

"To supplement this we have weekly concerts on the orchestrelle, open to the entire college. The character of these little concerts is shown by the programs which I here give you. As the orchestrelle stands in our chapel, I have discovered that novel and beautiful effects are possible by combining orchestrelle and pipe organ, and to a less extent, the piano . For the classes in music history and for the lectures the orchestrelle has proved invaluable. My experience with it this year corroborates all that Prof. Gow, of Vassar, said of it last year.

"It might seem over-ambitious and ill-judged to attempt so much with the Wagner music dramas, but this has been along the same lines as the annual production of a Greek drama with music, or of a Shakespeare play, which are considered proper subjects of study in many colleges. They are taken up for their educational value as studies, rather than as performances for artists."

The file of programs which I am glad to send with this, shows a list of sixteen recitals on the orchestrelle besides many others accompanying lectures, etc. The purely orchestrelle programs take such ranges as the following:

Nov. 23 they began with a miscellaneous program, in which the selections were: Schubert Quartette in D minor (Death and the Maiden, variations), Chopin Ballade in A flat, Liszt, "Dream of Love," and Berlioz' Rakoczy March. On the following day the program consisted of the "Messiah" overture, Handel's 5th organ Concerto, Haydn's overture to the "Seasons," Mozart's "Farewell," and the Theme and Variations in Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata. On Dec. 13 the selections were from the Brahms symphony in C minor (1st movement), a chorus from Wagner's "Rienzi," a quartet from Flotow's "Martha," and two pieces from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. On Thanksgiving day the program contained Mendelssohn's overture to "Melusina," the Schubert "Ave Maria," the Minuet from Mozart's 1st Symphony, an Allegro from Schumann's op. 8, and the Wagner "Kaiser March." On another occasion the entertainment was: The last two movements of the Schumann Concerto in A minor, a Chopin nocturne, and Coronation March by Svensden. Another recital was devoted to the French romantic school, the representations being: David's overture to "Lalla Rookh," Berlioz' "Valse des Sylphes," and Meyerbeer's "Danse Bohemienne."

In the history of music classes, the orchestrelle has proven invaluable. By its aid selections, wholly unattainable otherwise in such a place as this, were produced with something like their proper effect. Such pieces as Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor,"

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Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, Schubert's unfinished symphony, Brahms' septette, symphonies, and many other pieces. Schumann and Liszt symphonies and symphonic poems, overtures of all sorts, and the like.

The most remarkable part of this work consisted of five lecture recitals upon the Wagner music dramas. The programs of these were in part upon the orchestrelle, and in part sung by good singers, of whose services it was possible to avail.

"Rienzi" was given Nov. 24. The illustrations consisted of the overture, Introduction to Act II (women's voices), Hymn of War from the finale of Act III (men's voices), and the Prayer. "Flying Dutchman" Overture, Senta's Ballad, Spinning Chorus (Miss Peavy and chorus of women).

"Tannhaueser," Dec. 12. Overture, Scene III, Tannahaeuser, Young Shepherd, Pilgrims, Song of the Shepherd, Chorus of Pilgrims. Act II, Elizabeth's Greeting to the Halls of Song, Processional March, and Chorus of Knights and Ladies. Act. III, Pilgrim's Chant, Elizabeth's Prayer, and Wolfram's "Evening Star."

"Lohengrin," Act. I, Elsa's Vision, the Coming of Lohengrin, Prayer and Finale. Act II, Elsa's "Ye Wandering Breezes," Elsa, Ortrud and Frederick; Bridal March. Act III, Grand Prelude, Bridal Chorus, March, Lohengrin's Declaration.

"Tristan and Isolde." Introduction, Kurneval's Song, Isolde's Narrative to Brangane, Tristan and Isolde's Love Duet, Tristan's Question to Isolde, Isolde's Answer to Tristan, Intermezzo, Tristan's Song, Isolde's Transguration.

"The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Pogner's Address, Choral, Walter Before the Master Guild, Sach's Monologue, David's Lay on St. John's Day, Quintet, Sunrise Chorus, "Awake," Walther's Prize Song, Finale.

I will only say that these most interesting accounts of works so much talked about and so little known to students like ours, were listened to with intense interest. Of the value of this work two opinions are not possible. Respectfully, J. S. L.

A NEBRASKA MISSIONARY.

An interesting account of the work of Mr. Henry P. Eames, teacher of piano in the music school of the University of Nebraska, reached this office a few days ago. It appears that Mr. Eames during the present season has averaged seventy-two half hour lessons a week. Besides this he has given his recital-lecture on "Shakespeare in Music" eight times in different parts of the state since last October, with great success. He has played a number of recitals before Music Students' Extension Clubs in Nebraska and Iowa, also with distinguished success. At the meeting of the National Association of

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Music Teachers in Des Moines he will play the Liszt Hungarian Fantasia with orchestra.

Mr. Eames is one of the younger musicians, who brings to his work an equipment unknown a generation ago. He had a college education, studied law and was admitted to the bar, here in Chicago. But no sooner had he reached his majority than his love of music gained its way, and he resolved to give up a fine opening in the profession of law and prepare himself thoroughly for music, which had been his passion from childhood. He began his music as a choir boy and a vocal pupil of Mr. Frederick W. Root. When his voice got shaky he came to the editor of this magazine, with whom he studied several years. Later he took lessons of Mr. Sherwood, to whom he owns himself indebted for valuable points. Still later he studied in Frankfort-on-the-Maine with Kwass, under the advice of Mme. Schumann.

What is particularly nice about this case of Mr. Eames is his activity and good spirits in a small city, remote from the large one where all his previous life had been spent. His missionary labors are sure to bear fruit and have done so. In another place mention is made of some of the graduating programs of students at the Nebraska University. It is a thousand times better for a talented young man, and better for the country, to develop a field of this kind than to linger by the city fireside, regretting that those who have the inside track so persist in not dying and making room.

PIANO-PLAYING IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

Where is Lincoln, Nebraska? Is it much of a place? Who has heard of the University of Nebraska? Surely this must be one of the freshest of "fresh-water" colleges, concerning which the Autocrat once wrote in the disrespectful vein not peculiar to the shores of Charles. For all who ask this question let it be known that this university, which is part of the state school system, numbered in 1890 591 students; by 1895 the enrollment had reached an aggregate of 1,547, and in the current year the enrollment is expected to aggregate 2,250. Last year it was 1,947. In this vast school, there is a school of music, and in this fresh-water school of music, five hundred miles or more west of Chicago, the following selections have been given the present season in the graduate recitals, quoting here merely the piano pieces: Mozart, Fantasia in C minor; Chopin, Ballade in G minor; Brahms, Rhapsody in G minor; Schumann, the Papillons, entire; Haydn, Theme and Variations in F minor; Beethoven, Sonatas, op. 14, 57, op. 31, in E flat; Brahms, Rhapsody in B minor; besides a variety of pieces by Chopin, Liszt, etc.

They even do better; at a post-graduate recital the program contained the entire Schumann Faschingsschwank aus Wien, the Grieg

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Ballade, part of the Schumann Etudes Symphoniques, etc. There were five players, apparently all good.

Somewhat too opulent, perhaps, was the program of a "Concerto Evening," April 17. It contained the whole of the Mozart concerto in A major; all of the Mendelssohn in G minor; Chaminade's Concertstucke; all of the Beethoven in C minor; and all of the Lalo concerto in F minor. Of the five players the last two, Rose Olson and Philip Hudson, have large repertoires of important works, as plainly appears from their previous appearances during the season.

The vocal selections upon the same programs were generally of commendable grade.

INDIANA MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Indiana Music Teachers will take place at Columbus, Ind., June 26 to 29, inclusive. Papers will be read by Mr. Edward Nell, Indianapolis (Voice), Miss Grace Alexander, Indianapolis; Mr. A. J. Gantvoort, Cincinnati; Mr. W. S. B. Mathews ("Music Club Extension," subject by invitation); Mr. John Dennis Mehan, Supt. Horace Ellis, and others. Piano recitals will be given by a number of favorite players, culminating with Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood of Chicago. The prospect is for an interesting and instructive session. Speaking of the difficulty of distinguishing between the magnitude of the flourishing state associations, with their comparatively permanent membership, and the National Association, it is to be noticed that three of the speakers of the Columbus meeting also appear before the national meeting the previous week, at Des Moines, Iowa. Very likely the same papers will be given. There is no doubt of the value of the state associations, both from the standpoint of professional stimulation and fraternal asquaintance among musicians, and from that of giving music a "flip" in the city where the annual meeting occurs. The national meeting does precisely both these things; and the question is wherein is it able to do them upon the sufficiently larger scale appropriate to its national scope. This is the question which has to be faced and if possible solved.

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MINOR MENTION.

At his recital of April 21, Mr. Ad. Foerster in Pittsburg gave operatic selections, the dramas represented being "Freyschuetz" (3), "Don Juan," "Mignon" (2), the "Mastersingers," "Lohengrin," and "Flying Dutchman." Surely this must have been a strong evening.

* * *

Mr. John Dennis Mehan has dissolved his connection with the Pittsburg Conservatory, of which the popular head is Mr. Beveridge Webster.

* * *

The Oratorio Society of Hoopeston, Ill., under the direction of Mr. August Geiger, gave two concerts, May 17 and 18. The program was the same upon both evenings, and the chief number, "The Gypsies," a rhapsody in seven scenes, by Julius Becker. The chorus numbered about sixty voices, the sopranos being by far the most numerous and the tenors fewest.

* * *

The Cecilia Society of Detroit, under the direction of Mr. N. J. Corey, gave "Elijah" late in April, Mr. David Bispham singing the title role. The chorus acquitted itself excellently, and the other solos were satisfactory. The orchestra was local and is also well spoken of.

* * *

Mr. Emil Leibling has renewed his contracts with the college in Milwaukee, and Arkadelphia, Ark., for supervision of their music departments during the ensuing school year. These contracts involve four visits to the school, the examination of all piano pupils every term, a number of lecture-recitals, and as much good advice to the teachers and the principal as there is time remaining for. As this is the third renewal of the Milwaukee contract, it speaks well for the wearing qualities of his work. It can easily be understood that the appearance upon the scene of a wide awake musician and all around commentator upon things in general, once in a term, might make a vast difference in the intellectual stimulus of the environment.

* * *

Mr. Glenn Dillard Gunn is to play before the National Association of Music Teachers at Des Moines, also before the Southern Association at Atlanta, Ga., June 11 to 14. He will play Brahms' two rhapsodies, selections from Chopin, Liszt Ballade in B minor, a minuet by Campbell Tipton and something of Rubinstein. It is reported that Mr. Gunn will locate in Chicago the coming year.

* * *

An orchestra in Philadelphia, little known in the country at large, bears the somewhat unpromising name of the "Thunder Orchestra,"

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denoting not so much volume and intensity as the personality of its leader, the well-known musician, Mr. Henry Gordon Thunder. During the past three years, series of symphony concerts have been played in Musical Fund Hall, and the programs show that in this third year of fifteen concerts the works played number 165 by 71 different composers, from Bach down to the present. Among the ambitious selections Liszt's "Faust" symphony may be mentioned. In a note closing the program Mr. Thunder states that the support has not improved so fast as was hoped, and that every concert has represented a loss to him and a sacrifice on the part of the musicians, who have played more for the sake of the pleasure than for the money they hoped to get out of it. He states that there are about 900 resident orchestral players in Philadelphia, and he believes that a selection of from 80 to 100 players could be made capable of admirable work.

* * *

At Lincoln University, Illinois, Mr. Alex. S. Thompson has given two choral concerts: "The Holy City" by Gaul, and Stainer's "Crucifixion." Mr. Thompson states that it cost no little effort to complete so difficult a work as that of Gaul, but in the Stainer work they got along better. The concerts were well patronized and will do good.

* * *

A dormitory has been presented to the Cincinnati College of Music. There are schools that sleep well enough without especial accommodations therefor; and there are others, again, whose motto seems to be that of Mark Twain's famous detective agency: "We never sleep."

* * *

Mr. A. A. Stanley's Ann Arbor Musical Festival took place May 17 to 19, with a splendid body of solo artists and the usual large chorus. Among the solo artists were Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mrs. Emma Juch-Wellman, David Bispham, Gwilym Miles, and Evan Williams. The principal works were Chadwick's "Lily Nymph" (the only choral work of the festival), and some symphonies played by the Boston Festival Orchestra, under Emil Mollenhauer.

* * *

Mr. W. M. Crosse of Minneapolis lately gave two Chopin recitals, of which the first was devoted to Chopin's influence on the distribution of force and freedom in technique, the illustrations consisting of some of the studies. The second program illustrated other phases of the master, the selections being more varied.

* * *

A very good standard of music seems to be kept up at the Missouri Valley College (Where is the Missouri Valley?), where lately Miss Siler played a varied program containing such Chopin pieces as

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the Scherzo in B minor, and some studies, Liszt "Rigoletto" and the Weber Concertstuecke.

* * *

The suaviter in modo was not always regarded between editors in the older days, either in America or in Europe. Heine, the delightful lyric poet, once had a quarrel with a strong-minded literary lady, and among the graceful persiflage which he flung at her, he congratulated her upon her advantage over men in having to shave (she had more hair upon her lip than usual) only once a week, whereas men had to shave every day.

Prentice of the Louisville Journal was a bold sinner in his flings with other editors. This brought reprisals. The editor of the Alabama Flag asked why the Louisville Journal's career was like a celebrated tune? Answer: Because it is the Rogues' March.

Whereupon Prentice: "Why will the last end of the editor of the Flag be like a celebrated tune of Paganini?" Answer: Because it will be executed upon a single string.

* * *

Some notable programs of chamber music have been heard at Evanston this year in connection with the Northwestern University School of Music under Prof. Lutkin, who despite his break for the clavier has not entirely done away with audible music. On May 1 there was a faculty recital by the university string quartet (Mr. Harold E. Knapp, leader) and Mr. Arne Oldberg, pianist. The program contained a quartet for strings in C minor, by Mr. Oldberg, and the Schumann Quintet.

* * *

The Vilim trio lately gave a program in which Beethoven's celebrated and masterly trio, op. 97 was played, a violin and piano piece by Smetana, a Grieg sonata for cello, and the Dvorak trio "Dumky," op. 90. The players were Mr. Vilim, Mrs. Gertrude Murdough and Mr. John Kalas.

* * *

At a faculty concert of the Northwestern university, May 11, Mrs. George A. Coe played MacDowell's Sea Pieces and Mr. Arthur Foote's Tone Poems after Omar Kayyam, op. 41. A variety of pleasant American songs were sung by Mr. Hypes. Mrs. Coe cheered up the occasion by playing (upon "request" of some wise foreseer) the Liszt-Wagner Spinnerlied and the Liszt Hungarian Fantasie. All of which completed, the combination of Kayyam, "the jug of wine and thou" were in order. The "Thou" is highly esteemed in Evanston, but the jug is cultivated only in esoteric seclusion.

* * *

Mr. Walter Spry has decided to leave his present work at Quincy, Ill., and return to his native city—Chicago. The graduate programs of the conservatory show a high standard. For instance, Miss Dana plays such things as the Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Chopin Nocturne in G, Schumann Novellette in D major,

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Liszt Hungarian Fantasia, Beethoven Concerto in C minor. Miss Christ: Beethoven "moonlight" sonata, selections from Chopin and Schumann and the Hummel Concerto. (They say a cat has nine lives —how many has this concerto?) Mrs. Albright: Good selections, much like the preceding.

* * *

At the Cleveland school of music Professor Johannes Wolfram has been lecturing upon the Troubadours, Minniesingers and Meistersinger and their relation to the Crusades. This is a new point, but the classes named may have been descendants of the crusades. The lecture had imposing musical illustrations and the bill of the evening contained interesting summaries of dates, musical material, etc. The occasion should have been interesting.

* * *

The Royal Academy of Music, London, has consolidated two scholarships into one called a "Liszt Scholarship." It entitles the winner to three years' free instruction in the academy and after that to a stipend (at present about $600) for two years' study upon the continent of Europe. It is open to persons of either sex and of any nationality (whether at the time students at the royal academy or not) between the ages of fourteen and twenty. The next competition will take place on Friday, Sept. 21, 1900. Particulars will be forwarded upon application to the secretary of the academy, Tenterdeen street, Hanover Square, London. In the circular sent this office the value of the scholarship was noted in pencil upon the margin as about 350 pounds sterling. Whether for a year or three years is not stated.

* * *

The Paris International Assembly is an organization apparently analogous to the American clubs abroad, affording members admission to lectures, excursions, etc., and promoting the comfort of foreigners at the exposition. The membership fee is $5 per week or $20 for five weeks, in advance. The plans seem to have been formed in the interests of the visitors.

* * *

Dr. Philip Woolf, in the Saturday Evening Gazette of Boston, credits Mr. Carl Faelten with having made most important innovations in the traditions of conservatory teaching, whereby results are attained which under the old system were impossible. The general principles underlying Mr. Faelten's work appear to be, first of all, to sharpen the student's powers of observation, with the eye for notation and with the ear and mind for a true perception and conception of music. Then to give him experience in all the fundamental harmonic and rhythmic problems of the pianist, and throughout the course to carefully distinguish between such things as can best be studied in classes, at a moderate expense, and those elements of fine playing which have to be acquired from an artist, and therefore are expensive. This skillful co-ordination of all the elements of a

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musical education seems to be the point where Mr. Faelten has marked so distinct an advance. Mr. Faelten's system of fundamental training, designed to occupy the first three years of the young student, is open to teachers everywhere, since the books are published, and his school is open for observation, in case any one likes to take up the work.

* * *

Several well-made programs of student recitals in the music department of the university of Idaho have reached this office, given under the direction of Mr. I. J. Cogswell. One of the features is what is called a "Study Program," composed, apparently, of such pieces as are often given as lessons, with explanations and analyses by the teacher, in this case Mr. Cogswell. Mr. A. F. Vanino, author of a very good little manual of the pianoforte pedals, gave a piano recital with a program embracing the following, with others: Mozart Fantasia in C minor, Beethoven, "moonlight" sonata, two little pieces by MacDowell, Chopin Scherzo, op. 39, Etude, op. 25, No. 7, and Ballade. Brahms Intermezzo, op. 119, and Liszt 12th Rhapsody.

* * *

At a Beethoven lecture-recital before the Woman's Club of Lincoln Neb., Mr. H. P. Eames played the following sonatas: E flat, op. 7, C minor (pathetique) op. 13, and D minor, op. 31, No. 3. There were four songs: "The Minstrel's Ghost," "The Minstrel Boy," "Adelaide," and "Nature's Adoration"—all by Beethoven.

* * *

Between his duties in Chicago and Milwaukee, a great deal of music passes under the notice of Mr. Emil Liebling. For instance, on May 12, he played in Milwaukee in a concert, the Moszkowski concerto, and in company with his pupils, Messrs. Heilbronner and Grunn, the Bach triple concerto in D minor, and the young men played for two pianos the Liszt "Midsummernight's Dream" music and the version of Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre." In this concert he was assisted by the charming baritone, Mr. Frank B. Webster, who sang Schubert's "Faith in Spring," "The Stormy Morning," Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," and several smaller songs. Then a few days later (May 16) in Chicago the Liebling Amateurs had their turn with a number of important solos and concerted pieces, and two days later (May 19) Mr. J. Homer Grunn gave a concert in Kimball hall at which he played with Mr. Diestel, the 'cellist, the Beethoven sonata, op. 24, a variety of small pieces, and the Chopin Andante Spianato and Polonaise, op. 22.

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Music Students' Club Extension

THE COURSE OF STUDY.

The experience of the academic year just completed has shown so unmistakably the demand for such a work as this of the Music Students' Club Extension, that the plans for the ensuing year are considerably enlarged and important modifications will be made in the study-material. These are now being formulated in the prospectus, which will be ready for distribution about the time these lines are read. Copies will be sent upon application. The following is the new course:

First Year.

1. Bach. Grieg.
2. Haydn. Jensen.
3. American. William Mason, Mrs. Beach, Wollenhaupt, Eleanor Smith, L. M. Gottschalk.
4. Mozart. Sinding. Spohr.
5. Beethoven. Raff.
6. Weber. Henselt.
7. American. Dudley Buck, Paine, Foote, Mrs. Gaynor, Liebling, Gleason.
8. Schubert. Rubinstein. Vieuxtemps.
9. Mendelssohn. Tschaikowsky.
10. American. Damrosch, MacDowell, Margaret Lang, Bartlett, Kroeger, Nevin.
10. (Optional.) Review.

Second Year.

1. Chopin. Saint-Saens.
2. Schumann. Heller.
3. American. W. G. Smith, Foerster, DeKoven, Chadwick, Seeboeck.
4. Liszt. Moszkowski.
5. Brahms. Schytte.
6. Dussek. Godard. Wieniawski.
7. American. Parker, Neidlinger, Sherwood, Kelley.
8. J. Strauss. Godowsky. Bruch.
9. Sgambati. Franz. Chaminade.

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10. American Folk Song. Foster, Root, Bradbury, Sousa, Herbert, Nevin, etc.

Third Year.—The Larger Musical Forms.

1. The Oratorio. The "Messiah" and "The Creation."
2. "Elijah" "St. Paul," Mendelssohn Psalms.
3. Opera. Its Ideal. Gluck and Mozart.
4. German School. Meyerbeer. Weber. Italian School. Donizetti. Verdi.
5. Richard Wagner.
6. French School. Gounod "Faust," Auber "Massaniello," Bizet "Carmen."
7. Symphony. Haydn. Mozart.
8. Schubert. Tschaikowsky.
9. Beethoven. Schumann.
10. Larger Works of the American School.

The modifications in the foregoing course have been made almost entirely from the very practical standpoint of providing more interesting programs, and at the same time of enlarging the ideas of the clubs. The classical composers are carried along as before, but with each one is associated a modern writer whose compositions will serve for adding spice to the musical evening.

Then the sequence of composers is further interrupted in order to put some very much needed evenings with American composers, whose work and ideals we must not pass by unheard. While these do not carry forward the underlying historical sequence of the programs, but on the contrary interrupt it, they so modify the work and diversify the study that this feature will certainly be hailed by the clubs as a distinct advance.

The third year is devoted to the larger forms, and while it will be impossible with subjects so large to get complete ideas concerning them, at least some very interesting and instructive evenings can be had and all the time the ideas of the club members being continually enlarging. There can be no doubt but the improvements here made over the plan of last year will make the work more interesting as well as comprehensive. Some good teachers will regret the absence of the review lessons, devoted to a further acquaintance with composers already once studied. But the loss is more than compensated by the additional matter of interest.

It will be seen, also, that the lists are so managed as to permit more numerous additions of music for the violin, and several writers for this instrument, generally unknown to the younger piano students, are included.

Another innovation is the introduction of so many composers of American birth. It cannot be claimed that some of the writers are entitled to the same consideration as the great masters, of whom the former programs were composed. But they are our own folks and living and working; and we owe it to our nationality to make ac-

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quaintance with their work. And some of them are most excellent writers; nor is there so much as one who has not something interesting to offer.

Moreover, in these American programs we have brought in a novel idea. Each composer will state his own standpoint and will refer us to the compositions which he thinks best represent him. This will be a great deal better than to compile programs with the superficial acquaintance possible for any one editor—for to cover the ground here outlined would demand an exhaustive knowledge of American musical literature. The original suggestions and confidences of the composers themselves will be supplemented by the usual critical appreciations on the part of the editor and various contributors to the program books.

Another very important modification of the original plan will be made. In place of confining our program books to sixteen pages each and furnishing them to the members monthly, we shall make each year's work into a volume and deliver it at the beginning of each year. The extension edition of Mathews' Popular History and the three volumes of program books will be published in uniform style and when completed will make a fine little library—a working library of musical information which cannot otherwise be duplicated.

Each book of programs will contain portraits of all the composers, biographical particulars of those not in the history, or ordinary dictionaries, complete discussions of the composer's place in art and the characteristic qualities of his genius, and analyses of all the pieces. Moreover, there will be a surplus of this material, so that the director of the club will be able to modify the programs to some extent in order to bring in greater resources of illustration, when the club happens to have violin and 'cello players. In short it is intended to make this work as interesting and indispensable to singers and players as to pianists.

The modifications of the program books already delivered, made necessary in the new grouping, will make it advisable for the members to take the first year's work again, and it is believed that most of them will be glad to do this. In fact we have received notice from several clubs that they were intending to do this in any case, feeling that they had not gotten out of the study all that the study might well have given them.

We have been much gratified at the interest which the best music schools are taking in our work. Vigorous clubs are working in many conservatories where it has been recognized that an apparatus of this kind affords a much needed stimulation to the interest of the pupils.

In the new edition of the program books already issued the additions of more complete analysis of the individual pieces will be incorporated, experience having shown them desirable.

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A MUSIC SECTION.

The Music Section of the Northern Illinois Teachers' Association met in the Park Place Baptist Church, Aurora, April 27. Miss Rose E. Judson of Elgin, chairman of the section, presided. The program was opened by a chorus of seventh grade children led by Mrs. Mary P. Gale, supervisor of music in the Aurora public schools. The chorus sang a Marching Song by Abt in a most acceptable manner.

The chairman in her opening remarks urged all to take part in the discussion, saying that she hoped the meeting would be entirely informal and all would feel free to speak.

Mr. T. P. Giddings of Oak Park then read a paper on the subject of Individual Work. Mr. Giddings is a firm believer in individual music work on the part of the pupils, and, as he has carried out the work quite fully in his own schools, is able to speak with authority. He called attention to the fact that years ago it was common to have concert recitation in reading, that this had been given up almost entirely, and that it should not be adhered to exclusively in music. The tendency in all such concert recitation in either reading or music is that a few pupils who are quicker than the others will always lead and the slower ones simply follow, doing no independent thinking. There is always more or less difficulty in beginning this individual work, the opposition being, according to Mr. Giddings' idea, first, on the part of the pupils, second the parents, and third, the teachers. It is well not to expect perfect work from the individual. If a pupil does the best he can he should be credited with the effort put forth and encouraged to do better the next time.

To have each pupil do his own thinking it is not always necessary that each one should sing alone. There are a number of ways in which this independence can be secured. One is to require pupils to hold the books and point to the notes so that the teacher, in walking up and down the aisles, can see that each one is keeping the place and giving his attention entirely to his own work. The aim in all this is given in the somewhat paradoxical expression to secure "individual work in concert." By this is meant, that when the schools sing as a whole it is not to be the work of two or three leaders, the others following, but that each shall be working for himself, and the

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chorus shall show the combined effort of many pupils. Each must feel that he has something to do.

Another way to secure individual effort is by means of written work, and Mr. Giddings' plan in this is to have one child sing as he dictates, allowing all of the other pupils to write what is sung. To meet the objection that all of this requires a great deal of time and that while one pupil is reciting the others are having nothing to do, it is claimed that all learn a great deal by listening. In the lower grades the greater part of the time is given to individual work. There the pupils are unconscious and willing to sing alone while the others are listening and judging of the correctness of the work and are practically gaining a great deal by drill.

In the upper grades, especially in the eighth where they are using four-part music, it is Mr. Giddings' plan to divide this school into quartets, numbering each group. When quartet No. 1 is called upon they are given the chord, but the other groups are expected to keep the key in mind so it will not be necessary to give it to each one. They are then marked by groups. Besides the facility gained in reading music by this plan there is a certain moral effect which is worth working for. Each pupil learns that he must do his own work and also learns that failure to do his best affects not only himself but the group in which he sings.

In the high school the individual work is not carried to quite such an extent. Mr. Giddings has found that it is very profitable and enjoyable to work with comic operas. There the leading singers can take the solo parts and the others the chorus. The ideas set forth were very valuable and led to some interesting discussion in which Miss Judson of Elgin, Mr. Krinbill of Rochelle and Mr. Frost of Hinsdale took part. It was the concensus of opinion that the more individual work that could be secured the better would be the effect in the schools.

This paper was followed by an exercise in sight reading by eighth grade pupils conducted by Mrs. Gale. The music was in three parts and the copies used by the pupils were mimeographed. Those who have had experience in this kind of work know that it is much more difficult to read music from a mimeograph copy than from a printed page. The work of the school was very good.

Some years ago it was common in all meetings of this kind to discuss the value of rote singing. There were many teachers in those days who argued that children should not learn songs by rote. It has been noticeable in the last few years that this discussion has ceased entirely. All teachers agree that the rote song has a recognized place in school music work.

One of the teachers who is most successful in securing artistic song singing from pupils of all grades is Miss Elizabeth Nash, supervisor of music at Evanston, Illinois. As the fourth number on the program Miss Nash took a class of about fifty Aurora school children, whom she had never seen before, and presented to them three rote

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songs. Miss Nash has a most happy manner with the children, and the exercise was a model in every way. The songs presented were appropriate to the season. The first, entitled "What Robin Told," described the building of the bird's nest. The second, entitled "Bird's Thought," described the thought of the young bird in regard to the world which surrounds him. The third song, entitled "Spring Song," was the welcome of the children to the birds and flowers of spring.

The fifth number on the program was High School Music. Shall it be compulsory or elective? How much musical history shall we teach? By C. W. Weeks of Ottawa. In answer to the question "Shall it be compulsory or elective?" Mr. Weeks said decidedly that it should be compulsory. High school pupils do not know what is best for them, and in many cases, if they are left to choose, they regret in later years the choice they have made. In case of pupils who are taking private voice lessons and whose teachers object to their singing in chorus excuses may be granted. In regard to the question "How much musical history shall we teach?" Mr. Weeks said "very little." The discussion brought out some interesting facts. Mr. McCullough thought that music should be elective and that it should be put on the same basis as the other studies and credit given for it. Mr. Hatch of Oak Park stated that there was a tendency in all high school work to make the course elective and that it had never been found that pupils elected a "soft snap." In other words, the majority of the pupils elect to take more than is absolutely required of them. Mr. Hatch believes that the music teacher should recognize that music is not the same as other studies. He believes that it depends more upon natural gifts and that artistic temperament cannot be developed. We should work more to secure artistic rendering of the songs, to make the song predominant and to dwell more upon melody.

The next topic was "Some of the true pedagogical principles of our work." Mr. Geo. N. Krinbill, who was to speak on this subject, begged to be excused, as it was time for him to take a train for home.

Following this there was a general discussion upon other topics. First on ear training. In reply to the questions Miss Nash of Evanston stated that she believed that ear training is of great importance. In the matter of tone production and breathing all seem to agree that the more the teacher knows of voice culture the better, but that in dealing with pupils the results should be obtained indirectly; that talking about how tone is produced and how to breathe makes pupils self-conscious and defeats the purpose of the teacher.

The last topic for discussion was "The Boys." The boys have been discussed so much and efforts to make them sing have been put forth with so much effect that the necessity for this discussion and this effort is rapidly passing.

After electing Mr. E. L. Philbrook of Rock Island for chairman of the next meeting the section adjourned.

MARY R. PIERCE, Secretary.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LISZT TECHNICS.

"Are the exercises by Liszt universally considered the best for securing complete individuality of the fingers? Liszt possessed wonderful power of co-ordination. Did he partly owe this to the training the nerves of the hand received from such exercises? It seems to me that where the muscular and nervous systems are not well balanced such technical work is not adaptable. Indeed I must confess that all those exercises which contract the muscles in such a manner seem to me as much out of place now in piano pedagogics as the straight jacket and manacles are in modern psychological medicine. But perhaps they have some good use that entitles them to a place in piano therapeutics; if so, please point it out, and also their modus operandi."—J. W. B.

I have never seen any exercises by Liszt and did not know that there were any. If there are some, they were probably compiled by some adventurous pupil of his in the old age of the master, and he put his name to them to please the child. Liszt himself did not practice exercises. Mason says that the only exercises he ever knew Liszt to practice was one like the fast form of the two-finger exercise—and this but a very few times. It is a curious circumstance that all the good players before the public, even the very greatest and those most distinguished for technique, have become so through the practice of pieces. Every difficult piece contains passages which are trying to the hand. You simply work them out until they go according to the idea of the composer. When you read everything with avidity and work up a repertory, you make out to hit all the elements of technique, and do so in a form that exercises never do, namely in pursuit of a musical idea. And while there might be something in Mr. Virgil's contention that each of these difficulties might better be acquired independent of tone considerations, experience shows that tone-consideration is one of the most potent influences upon the hands. Moreover, when a form is used musically, it is not overdone, and the hand has a moment to rest and to do something else.

The idea of completely training the hand to everything that piano playing requires before you ask it to do things from an art standpoint, is a very taking and plausible one; but up to this time there is

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no case of its being completely worked out. Those who have learned how to do all sorts of exercises perfectly, somehow manage to come out with an insensibility to everything but exercise, and totally fail in all the demands of tone-color and expression—even in the fundamental one of tone-quality. It is not alone the makers of the practice-clavier and the technicon that have worked this vein; whole music schools in Germany have tried it these many years, only to fail totally of turning out players.

The Mason system has three peculiar advantages and of all helps to technique that I have seen is by far the best. Why? Because first of all it teaches all the fundamental tone-productions; this goes through the first and fourth volumes. Then in the passage work a great deal of finger training and fluency are acquired; and along with them certain mental habits which are even more indispensable to the higher art of playing—namely, meter, rhythm, accent, and sustained movement. Also sustained movement under conditions of difficult rhythms and constantly changing harmonic bases. These are the central points in the difficulty of pieces. Moreover they conduce to keyboard facility in astonishing degree and if well practiced keep the hands in condition to play pieces. I think they are practically worked out at about the fifth grade. That is, I think they ought to be mastered completely before that time.

NEVIN—FOOTE.

I have a sketch of Nevin and Foote to write for our musical club. I find a scarcity of material because both of them are living composers. One of our music teachers, Miss Alden, to whom I applied, gave me your address saying that perhaps you could either send me something or could possibly direct me as to where I could find material for a sketch."—W. R. M.

You will find the main facts of these composers in the new dictionary of musicians published by Schirmer (Dr. Th. Baker, editor). Also a sketch of Mr. Foote appeared in "One Hundred Years of Music in America." Mr. Foote lives in Boston, where he is a very distinguished piano teacher and a very highly esteemed man. He has composed in almost every form except for the stage. Mr. Nevin is a young composer with a leaning toward popularity. It is too soon to say where he will come out. Meanwhile you will have to manage with the sketches in the dictionary, which are very short. I think Mr. Rupert Hughes has written about Mr. Nevin somewhere but I do not know where. Consult the late numbers of Poole's Index.

MUSICAL LIBRARY FOR CLUBS.

"The musical department of the Progress Club of the city asked me to write to you in regard to a musical library we wish to acquire.

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We do not wish to get books we will not need but just those we will find most practical. We are in need this winter especially of books in the German school of music, as that is what we are to study. We have asked the public library also to get us a number of reference books, among them your History of Music. I hope we do not impose upon your well-known kindness in such matters if we ask you to send us just a short bibliography of a few of the best works of reference on the history and biography of music and musicians."—S. L. K.

No matter what collection of books you may get, the chances are that the very next month some subject will come up which the books fail to meet. You ought to have as foundation (in the club) Grove's Dictionary (for general information and for very complete information upon Beethoven and all the great masters, the sketch of Schubert being especially strong), also Riemann's Dictionary, Baker's Dictionary of Musicians, and particularly "Great Composers and Their Works," published by a Boston company. This work is incomplete, consisting of short sketches, but it has a great deal in it and splendid illustrations. It is worth what it costs.

In the line of essays, the list is endless, and many of the books are already obsolete. There are many things which it will pay the members to read, which are valueless for working up "papers." But such books as those of Saint-Saens, Huncker's Mezzo Tints of Music, Huneker's Chopin, Spitta's Bach, Jahn's Mozart, Thayer's Beethoven, Reimann's Brahms (in German only), Hadow's Studies in Modern Music. Hadow is about the best of English writers on music. Any book of essays probably will break down the first time you consult it; an essay aims at expressing a few ideas of its writer. When you take your own standpoint, there is no sure way of working it out but to stock up with all the information and then do your own digesting.

There are a great many books which are valuable to read once for the sake of the sidelights they throw upon the personal relations of composers and their attitudes toward the world they lived in. Among the best of these are all the letters of all the composers, and the best of late works of this class are the Letters of Liszt and Wagner; also the Buelow letters, and so on.

The logic of the progress through which the older musical clubs are now passing is to bring together for the club use complete sets of the works (compositions) of all the great composers. You often would like to examine a work which you do not happen to possess; here is where the club library comes in with its co-operative assistance. While the expense of a complete collection will be considerable, if the club devotes a hundred or two of dollars a year to the purpose, it will very soon have a collection of musical material which will be of great interest.

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PITCH—PERCEPTION.

"Will you kindly tell me as far as you can judge from personal experience to what extent is 'positive pitch' possessed by players and singers? I mean by 'positive pitch' the ability to name instantly any one note or group of notes when struck on the piano—the listener to stand back to and away from the keyboard. And is this ability to so 'place' a tone instantly of any value to its possessor?

"Have you ever considered this subject in MUSIC, and if so, will you kindly mail me that issue? This is a matter in which I am greatly interested, hence my intrusion on your valuable time.

Can you furnish me any or all of the back numbers of MUSIC should I wish them?"—W. H. A.

Ability to distinguish absolute pitch is possessed by many, and if begun early could be cultivated in many others. It is of no particular advantage in music, except as evidence of acute hearing powers. Music depends upon its relation to the key-tone and is everywhere a question of relative pitch and never of absolute. The same note has a different expression in every key in which it occurs, and nowadays any note is liable to occur in any possible key.

Hence, while the exercise in naming accidental sounds by their pitch is useful as a form of ear-training, it is not necessarily a musical training. On the contrary, what the child ought to learn as young as possible is to hear sounds with reference to the key-note, and hence in reference to the connection in which they occur. The key training of the tonic sol-fa is what is needed as a foundation for that kind of musical hearing upon which all the higher forms of musical expression turn. We have nothing in staff notation quite equal to this of the sol-fa. Next to it, the habit of hearing intervals is a useful one. But the fundamental thing is to remember the key-note, for this is the center of gravity for the phrase, and unless one remembers it one is at sea as to the meaning of the music.

We still have one or two complete sets of bound volumes of MUSIC from the beginning. We cannot furnish sets of unbound copies, our supply of certain numbers being exhausted.

RHYTHM OF PLAIN SONG.

"In this small mining town the priest in charge of the Catholic chapel has asked me to play and sing at the weekly choir practices so as to give his very amateur choir members some idea of time and tune, of which their knowledge is exceedingly slight. I find that in most of their music I can be a decided help to them but the priest wishes them to learn a Mass written in the Gregorian style, modern noted, of course, but the old style time. I enclose a copy of the first four notes. I do not know how to manage the time, especially the three-quarter notes in the third section, nor do I know how slow music of

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that sort should be played. There is no one here who has attained to even my own very cloudy state of enlightenment."—L. L.

The question you ask about the Gregorian notation has been answered by the organist, Mr. William Middleschulte, and his notation sent you by private letter. In general the Gregorian notation is taken very freely as to movement, but you have to steer between two opposing demands: First, to deliver the text in something approaching its proper quantity, according to Latin prosody; second, to sing upon the prolonged syllables and to give the melody a certain musical swing. The notation sent (here omitted for want of type) was in half notes, whole notes, occasionally a quarter. Mr. Middleschulte gives the half notes about the value of eighths in a movement of quarters at 80; the whole note followed by a quarter is treated like a dotted eighth and a sixteenth; the three quarters in the last syllable are practically eighths. This is probably about the traditional speed. Gregorian notation is inexact in relative values and oblivious of measure. You steer by the words and only approximately by the note-values.

I do not know whether the Roman service has been translated into modern notation, but if there is such a book, you will do well to get it. The English choral service (which is practically the Gregorian melody) has been notated in modern forms. I think there is a book by Helmore treating of this.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES

CHOPIN: THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 415. Cloth, $1.50.

If all the musical books of the Scribner house were as good and as attractive as this new one of Mr. Huneker the house would have a most distinguished pre-eminence of musical literary books. Mr. Huneker, as everybody knows, is one of those richly gifted natures which have juice in them when ripened. He reminds me of those old hard-hating, hot-loving, pig-headed Scotchmen, of the days of the Noctes Ambrosianae, when De Quincy, Christopher North and the Great Unknown foregathered upon literary topics. Like all liberally loaded pieces of ordnance, Huneker is liable to scatter; sometimes he shoots outside the domain of music and lands in all sorts of questionable whithers. But unlike the majority of musical writers who have been furnishing "copy" for many years, he still retains the capacity of admiration, affection, love. To declare that he still "believes" in anything might be a trifle strong, but at least he has the appearance of believing; and in the matter of Chopin it is altogether likely that here, despite overmuch hearing, he still retains his first love.

Accordingly, in the effort, no doubt, to produce a utility volume upon Chopin likely to be an indispensable to every student, he has honestly set himself to fulfil the mission. And having very much of his own to put with and illuminate the side lights of all the authorized commentators upon this pianoforte master, he has made a book which gives the cream of all the good ideas about Chopin, blows off the froth and drivel of the hysterical, and gives a very fair idea of the man Chopin, the musician, the pianist and of all his works. To give an idea of the extent to which other writers and players are cited, half of the index, extending to sixteen pages, is entirely devoted to references to persons one line to each, saving where a multiplicity of page numbers require several lines for containing them. The only other topics in the index are the works themselves, in particular, and the peculiarities of Chopin, the man, extending to eight pages.

* * *

THIRD SONATA FOR ORGAN. By Carl C. Mueller. Op. 57. Breitkopf and Haertel. Leipsic.

A well-made musical piece for organ in three movements. The

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first movement, "Moderato e Marcato," is in 3-4 measure, key of D minor, fugato, well made for three voices and not long spun out.

The second movement, "Andantino Grazioso," in 6-8 measure, key of A major, is mainly for soft stops, a sweet flowing movement, available for many occasions. Finale, "Risoluto e Marcato," fugue in D minor, leading with pedal, three voices, treated freely, i. e., at times the voices give place to full chord successions. This movement is throughout for loud organ. It is not long. The sonata is dedicated to Mr. Wm. G. Carl and, being of moderate proportions and difficulty and musical in nature, the work deserves to become well known.

* * *

IMPROVISATION. By William Mason. Op. 51. (Schirmer.)

This brilliant concert study for pianoforte is the newest composition of the most distinguished and the oldest of our living American composers. It is a brilliant affair, in the key of F sharp major, in style not unlike various studies of Liszt, well conceived for piano and musical. Like everything of Mason it is written with far more elegance than most living writers show. As a rule Mason ties up the ends of his counterpoint, so that everything is finished and satisfactory, and one can enjoy the work for the finish of its style, no less than for his undoubted cleverness upon the harmonic side. Occasionally he seems to omit something which would have made his idea more clear. In the present work there is one place of this sort; for instance, eighth measure, in a cadence upon the dominant, the chord of C sharp major with seventh, he trills forcibly in the right hand upon the minor ninth (the trill being D natural and C natural). This arrest of movement presently resolves into a trill upon C sharp, the real note. The thread lacking may have been a bass imitation of the leading idea, calculated to preserve the movement while still retaining the existing arrest of the idea upon this dissonant ninth. Doubtless much depends, however, upon the way in which the thought is treated by the player.

As said at the beginning, this is a very brilliant and attractive concert number, of about the eighth grade of difficulty, or even higher, but practicable to all who have well trained fingers, a little fervor and some nerve. As an evidence of virility in a composer past seventy it places Mason among the most remarkable pianists of the world.

The fifty opus numbers preceding this one are all of salon character, and almost everyone is well written and has sound musical qualities to recommend it. It is curious how completely they are neglected by American teachers, the present writer being a great sinner in the same respect, for he knows by experience how useful many of them are as material for practice. The fifty opus numbers fill three volumes of moderate size. Among them are several of distinguished charm. Those who remember Dr. Mason's playing of his "Reverie Poetique" thirty years ago, will recall a tone not unlike that of

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Henselt. His Ballades and many others of his pieces are richly worthy of study.

Mason was the first American composer who attained a clear and well-finished style. He and Gottschalk were contemporary; Gottschalk excelled in melody and in light conceptions. Mason had a harmonic gift while his melody was never so spontaneous or so natural as that of Gottschalk. Yet his works are far more valuable for study, and also, like those of Bach, far more modern; for after all it is harmony which lives and which dignifies musical creation. Besides being an unusually fine harmonist Mason always writes in a manner suitable for the piano. A collection of twenty pieces or forty could be made from Mason's works which when brought together into a set of "studies" would form one of the most valuable additions to teaching material and study possible—almost as valuable as the celebrated "Gradus" of Clementi.

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MUSIC.

JULY, 1900.

THE PASSION PLAY OF 1900.

BY ANNA LADD DINGLEY.

We have just come home from witnessing the Passion Play. The music of the chorus still rings in our ears, and one picture—that of the crucifixion—for the moment blots out all others. I have gone away by myself, as the noise of passing carriages, the hum of the tourists' voices, and the clatter of every-day life seem to jar and distort the picture which is painted so vividly on my mind.

It is a wondrous play, in which the actors seem inspired. To describe one's impressions is almost impossible, they are so complex.

At 6 a. m. the bells of the village church rang out the hour of morning devotion. Many of the tourists hastened to the little church to join the mass which in a certain sense specially consecrated the peasants who were to take part in the Passion Play, they all being present and receiving the communion. After the solemn service the people separated, to be called together again by the booming of cannon, at which call all went to the fine auditorium where the play was to be given. There, baring an hour and a half for luncheon, the rest of the day was spent.

At Oberammergau, everything conspires to deepen one's impression of the Passion Play. Nature and art were never more divinely blended. The stage itself is most beautiful. Behind and towering above it are the glorious mountains of the Tyrol. The song of the birds harmonizes with that of the orchestra and chorus; butterflies flit across the stage; the sweet perfume of spring blossoms pervades the air like incense; the sound of the river mingles with the sweet notes

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of the tenor; the doves perch high above us in the rafters of the theatre; the soft greens of the hills meet the deep blue of the sky, high, high above us. God never seemed revealed in greater glory than right here in Oberammergau, among the Bavarian hills. And here it is that He finds a people whose simple, earnest lives make them seem worthy to represent in all its vividness the life of His only begotten Son.

The story of the play and its origin are too well known to need repeating, and so I shall only attempt to record a few impressions.

We scarcely had taken our seats when the orchestra began the introduction to the first chorus, and from either wing of the vast stage a stately procession of men and women advanced to the center of the scene. Nearly every one's eyes were drawn to the leader of one division, a noble, gray-haired man, Joseph Mayer, in former years the "Christus" of the play. Such majesty of bearing, such dignity and such strength are rarely seen. He walks like an emperor, and yet is only a humble peasant. In the play this year he gives the prologues to each act. His voice is beautiful; his gestures are strong and noble; there is the peace of God in his countenance. His face is that of a Moses—indeed, he might have been the model of Michael Angelo's masterpiece at Rome. His flowing robes of gold and white, the crown upon his head and the staff within his hand are more fitting signs of his majesty than is the sceptre to a king.

There are thirty-three persons in the chorus. Each one wears a crown, and rare artistic skill has been manifested in the robes, which are richly colored, and the whole so grouped as to form a marvelous effect. Each robe is worn over a simple tunic of white. In the chorus one imagines strange resemblances. On the left seems to stand Raphael's St. Cecelia, and hers is by no means the only saintly face among the women of the choragus. Among the men are found prophets, but greater and more beautiful than any other is Joseph Mayer, who seems the incarnation of the Old Testament.

After the prologue and the opening chorus, the line parts and falls back a little, while in a central part curtained off, is shown an Old Testament tableau which foreshadows some

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event in the New Testament. It is useless to go through the long list of these pictures, which are more beautiful than ever

a Raphael or a Michael Angelo or a Titian could paint. Such perfect grouping and marvelous color effects defy the brush,

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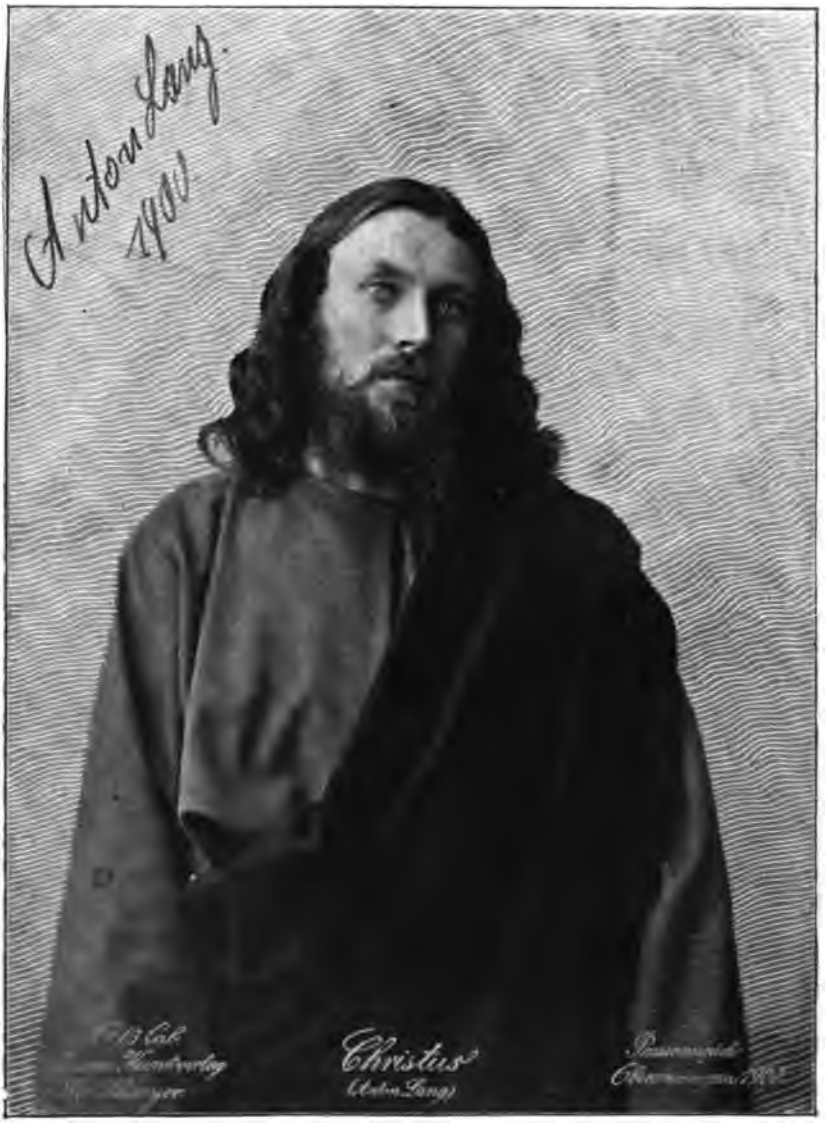
and of what use, then, the pen? No artist ever painted the falling of the manna, as do the Oberammergau peasants.



Hundreds of men, women, and children, with uplifted arms and expressions of rejoicing and thanksgiving, kneel before

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us in the wilderness—a magnificent group. No muscle seems to move; no sign of breathing is manifest; no picture was

ever so perfect as this in which even the merest babe played his part as motionlessly as do the men and women of three score years and ten.

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This year the part of Christ is taken by Anton Lang, and many believe that this young man will be a worthy successor to Mayer and Flunger. Surely to those who never have seen the play before, Lang seems to answer all the requirements. In face and figure he could scarcely be more ideal, and in his acting he makes one forget, at times, that he is not the Christ.

I am not one of those who felt the play most deeply. There were moments when the tragedy which was being enacted seemed real, but these moments were rare. One reason is, I think, that Mary, the mother of Christ, seems greatly lacking. She was acting, not living, her part. Sweetly beautiful, she is still the Oberammergau peasant girl, and never once does she embody the love and sorrow of which the Bible tells us. Perhaps she will grow into her part; as yet, though, she lacks in everything but beauty of what we expect in Mary.

One of the actors most loudly praised by the German press this year is Caiaphas, the High Priest, given by Sebastian Lang. It is a difficult part to act, and Lang puts his every energy in it, making it great indeed.

The "Last Supper" perhaps is as striking an act as any in the play—barring the crucifixion. Leonardo da Vinci's picture inspired the grouping, which is most beautiful. Judas, after Christ, is the important figure of the scene. His part was magnificently played throughout, and in this difficult scene, better, perhaps than any other. Look at Da Vinci's picture, imagine it imbued with life, and this is Judas as he appeared to us at Oberammergau. His robes were strikingly beautiful. His tunic was a rich yellow and over it fell draperies of a deeper hue. His long, shaggy hair, his rough beard, the nervous eyes, the hands clutching the money bag, all combine to make him one of the most striking figures of the play.

At the last supper, the washing of the disciples' feet was a moment which overcame nearly everybody in the vast audience. Simple as it was, it went to the heart of every one present. There was scarcely an eye which was not dimmed, and no sound except the sobs of those who looked at the holy scene broke the stillness.

The parting of Mary and Jesus was another moment of great import, but was made less impressive than it ought to be, by the rather inferior acting of Mary.

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"The Bearing of the Cross" was an act of great power and strength. Involuntarily, as Christ appeared bearing on his breaking shoulders the instrument of his torture, a shudder passed through every beholder, and I felt that I must shut my eyes and flee from the scene that was to come. Lang here rose to majesty in his acting of the part of Christ. The New Testament story lived before you. The crown of thorns was piercing his brow. He was reviled and persecuted, spat upon, jeered at! His strength was failing him. In one's heart one almost prayed to God to rescue him from his agony and from

his crucifixion. But if the scene was heart-breaking, how much more so was the crucifixion! In this scene one ceased to realize anything but the suffering of Christ. He was nailed to the cross and was hanging there before us all in the agony of death, his mother and friends witnessing his torture, while the populace gloated over it—and lots were cast for his garments! On either side hung the thieves, but one scarcely saw them. It is the Christ upon whom one's eyes were steadfastly fixed. Every quiver of his body sent a parting pain through your heart. His head was raised for an instant. His eyes were full of sorrow and suffering. Read the story of

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his death in the gospels and know that each word there recorded as spoken on Mount Calvary was repeated by the

peasant Christus, and was heard distinctly by every one in the vast audience room. There was an intense strain on every

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one, both actors and listeners. We sat with bated breath, many being overwhelmed by the picture before us.

"It is finished!" The words at last were spoken, the head

dropped, the muscles relaxed. Christ was dead on the cross. The heavens thundered, and darkness seemed to envelop the world.

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Nothing contained in the biblical account was omitted from the play. Christ's side was pierced and blood gushed from

the wound. I believe this was the only point in th
which caused any one to say that such a repres

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should not be allowed. It seemed to turn one faint and sick. Be that as it may, even this detail has been faithfully carried out by the Oberammergau peasants.

The entombment was another of the great moments of the play. Gently were the nails taken from the feet and hands, and the body borne to the ground, where the weeping Mary received it into her arms. A few moments of lamentation and the body was again lifted and taken tenderly to the grave. The resurrection and ascension followed, the latter being very beautiful.

The curtain falls with a sense of relief, bringing us back from the past to the present, but we leave the theatre with a deeper meaning of the New Testament.

Out into the sunshine we go and turn toward the Kofel, that grand cross-crowned mountain, standing so nobly there guarding the little town. Under its brow is our hotel and this is the spot I have sought to record my impressions of the great Passion Play.

May 25.—And what of the actors? They go back to their wood-carving, or to their homes, and two hours after the play Anton Lang is helping serve dinner to the tourists gathered at his home, and there is no sign of conceit in his manner or speech. So simply and sweetly and unostentatiously does he move from one little home duty to another that were it not for his flowing hair and his striking beard, a stranger might hardly notice him.

We sought the home of Joseph Mayer, the evening after the performance, and found him with his little grandchild on his shoulders, and with a welcome ready for his guests. Both he and Anton Lang gladly added their signatures to their photographs which we had bought. Mayer is an expert wood-carver, as indeed are all the best actors in the play. His crucifixes and other religious carvings are scattered all over Europe and America, and are works of great merit aside from the sentiment connected with the workman.

From Mayer's house we made a round among the cottages of the other players, and everywhere were met with kind words of greeting. No better lesson in humility and right-living could be learned than in the little village of Oberam-

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mergau, where some of the world's most famous actors live such humble lives.

Oberammergau, May 24, 1900.

(By permission, from the Lewiston Journal.)

NIGHT.

Night slowly shuts her somber curtain down
And tucks without the carking cares of day,
While nature in her own resplendent way
Lights up the stars and hangs the crescent moon.
Now hoots the owl from ev'ry ivied tower,
Now flies the bat in dusky solitude,
While wriggling forth a countless multitude
Of creeping things come, waiting for this hour.

When later shines the full and placid moon,
Forth happy lovers walk to breathe their tender sighs
And tell the sweet old tale which never cloys;
Or love-sick swains their tearful ditties croon.
And this is Life! 'Tis but a single Night!
Yet God's own time shall bring th' effulgent Light.

—Martha A. Pray.

CHOPIN.

Alone, alone—none greater and none less,
No measure for thyself except thyself;
The only sun in thy supernal day,
The only star in thy celestial night.
Alone, alone—the music of thy sphere
Blends with all sweetness, and is yet apart:
A flute-note, faint, etherially clear,
Floating from out the symphony of heaven.

—Walter Francis Kenrick.

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AS A BOY.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

One of the most successful of composers and fortunate of men, Sir Arthur Sullivan stands to-day at the head of the remarkably strong phalanx of English composers. His serious works have been received with appreciation in all English-speaking countries, and his light operas have had marvelous runs, and some of them are as popular in foreign languages as in the English itself. Sullivan was born May 13, 1842, in London, the son of Thomas Sullivan, an Irish bandmaster at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst. He grew up in music. His earliest ambition was to become a choir boy either in Westminster Abbey or else in the Chapel Royal, where at that time the music was in charge of Rev. Thomas Helmore. The boy duly trained himself in such arias as he was in the habit of hearing, and for his trial presented himself with the famous song from Haydn's "Creation," "With Verdure Clad," which he accompanied himself. As he had a pure and sweet voice and showed talent he was accepted and at the age of twelve was ordered to take up his work. This was no sinecure into which young Sullivan found himself inducted. Hard work was the rule, and the discipline may be inferred from a note in one of the boy's letters in which he informs his mother that "M. was caned because he did not know the meaning of fortissimo." At this time the boy was small, dark, curly-haired, and of most engaging countenance. His singing was quite different from that of choir boys in general, being noted for its sweetness and for the musical and mature expression, which seemed natural to the young chorister. Hard work was not without mitigations. Sullivan writes: "We went to the Bishop's party (at Fulham Palace) on Thursday and had such a jolly time. I sang 'With Verdure Clad,' with which the Bishop was very much pleased and patted me on the head; he then gave us half a crown each. So I bought 'Samson' when I went to Novello's.

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN (Aged 12).

as one of the boys owed me sixpence. Shall I not be well stocked with oratorios?"

Everything in the chapel boy's life turned upon music. The

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book (Sir Arthur Sullivan's Life Story and Reminiscences by Arthur Lawrence) is full of amusing side lights upon this

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN (Aged 18).

part of his life. For instance, note the following (May 29, 1857) fairly decided statement of opinion for a boy of fifteen:

"I enjoyed the Philharmonic very much last Monday, all

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except Rubinstein. He has wonderful strength in the wrists, and particularly so in octave passages, but there is a good deal of clap trap about him. As for his composition, it was a disgrace to the Philharmonic. I never heard such wretched, nonsensical rubbish; not two bars of melody or harmony

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

together throughout, and yet Mr. E. thinks him wonderful."

The following extracts will give a glimpse of the more serious and the lighter side of affairs with him at the Chapel Royal:

"When I had composed my anthem I showed it to Sir George Smart, who told me it did me great credit, and also

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told me to get the parts copied out and he would see what he could do with it. So I copied them out and he desired the sub-dean to have it sung, and it was sung. The dean was there in the evening and he called me up to him in the vestry and said it was very clever and that perhaps I should be writing an oratorio some day. But he said there was something higher to attend to, and then Mr. Helmore said that I was a very good boy indeed. Whereupon he shook hands with me, with half a sovereign"—which was very satisfactory and the first money he earned by composition.

In another letter comes a reference to a special form of recreation: "Every time I have made up my mind to sit down and write to you, some fellow or other is sure to turn me away from it by asking me to come and lead our 'band,' which, by the by, consists of two French speakers, which by singing through them produce a twangy sound like the oboe; two combs and the cover of a book for a drum—I am organist; or else they ask me to go on composing something for the band."

And again, the author tells us: When he was thirteen he came home from the Chapel Royal for his holidays much exercised in mind concerning a work by Sir Frederick Ouseley, entitled "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp." Sir Frederick had written it as an exercise for his degree of doctor of music at Oxford. Arthur Sullivan sang the solo soprano part in the performance at Oxford, and "thought there never was such music." As soon as he reached home he said to his father, "There is a splendid march in 'The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp.' You really ought to get it for the band." Mr. Sullivan replied that he could do nothing, as the music had not been published. However, the boy was not to be overcome by a difficulty of that sort, and, beginning work early one morning, by night-time he had written out the march from memory in full military band score, and it was played with great success by the band at Sandhurst.

When the Mendelssohn scholarship was at last opened, in 1856, the boy's parents suggested his competing for the honor, an honor with solid advantages, since it carried with it a course of study in Leipsic Conservatory, at that time the most highly esteemed music school anywhere, particularly in Eng-

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land, where Mendelssohn was worshiped. Mr. Lawrence goes on: In one of his letters home, dated from Cheyne Walk, in the early part of '56, he writes: "I would like to try above all things for the Mendelssohn scholarship, but you had better speak to Mr. Helmore first about it"; while in another, dated June 24, he states that "Saturday is the examination day for the Mendelssohn scholarship. There are seventeen candidates for it, all clever fellows, so Mr. Porter says, so that I stand a poor chance. I wish you would come up that day. Besides, it is the grand rehearsal of Jenny Lind's last concert, and you would have a chance of hearing her."

It was one of the conditions that no pupil under fourteen years of age could compete, but, luckily for him, his birthday falling on May 31, he just escaped disqualification on account of his extreme youth by five or six weeks. When it came to the last day of the examination it was announced that the scholarship lay between the eldest and the youngest of the competitors. The youngest was Arthur Sullivan. The eldest of the competitors was Joseph Barnby. The result being a tie between them, it was decided to put them both through a severe final examination. At the close of that long summer's day, which must have been a trying ordeal for both of them, the judges reserved their decision. The result, they were told, would be communicated by letter to the successful competitor.

The next day was one of feverish excitement for at least one of the "children of the Chapel Royal" living at No. 6 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. It was not a prize that could be reckoned out and assessed at any definite monetary value. To young Master Sullivan it meant a continuance of his musical education under the most favorable circumstances. It meant also that the winner of the first Mendelssohn scholarship in this country would receive just that amount of publicity that would prove of almost immediate advantage. It would mean the friendly attention of those best able to help him, and, not least, infinite pleasure to his best of good friends, his own parents. The letter which he received announcing the result, and the first paragraph intimating that result to the public in the Illustrated London News, were promptly framed, and are at the present moment among his

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most cherished possessions. Young as he was, he must have been conscious that no subsequent success would ever afford him such a keen sense of pleasure. It was his real start in life, and it would be his own fault if he did not make the best of it.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's first experience in hearing a really great singer was at this concert of Mme. Jenny Lind-Goldsmith, who was then only five years back from her astonishing tour in America—a singer standing at the head of concert singers everywhere and an artist of such powers that her memory still survives fresh and living after nearly two generations since her voice past its prime. He still thinks her the greatest singer he ever heard.

"Her voice," he says, "which, as an organ, has been equaled and surpassed, had an individual quality about it totally unlike anything else I have ever heard. She sang with a spirituality and intensity which moved one strangely. Her vocalization, phrasing and interpretation were absolutely perfect, but her power over one was due to something more than these qualities. There was an indefinable something in her beautiful voice which called forth the high tribute of deep emotion and real tears of sympathy. She was a rare woman and a great artist. I remember one occasion, when she was quite an old woman, she came to visit me. It chanced that in the course of conversation I ran my fingers over the keyboard, playing a little song of Mendelssohn, and I assure you that the sound of her voice had the same magical effect upon me—the tears came to one's eyes—so deep and true was the rare spirituality of her temperament."

It was in the autumn of 1858 that Sullivan arrived in Leipsic. Mendelssohn had been dead ten years and there was already a disposition to undervalue him in Leipsic, where the Schumann vogue was just then in full fervor, Schumann having died about two years before. Schubert also was beginning to be appreciated, and the admirers of Wagner were full of fighting spirit, claiming that this master had indeed opened the magical doors into the music of the future.

Sullivan's teachers were Moscheles and Plaidy for pianoforte, Hauptmann for counterpoint and fugue, Julius Rietz for composition and Ferdinand David for orchestral

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playing and conducting. Among his fellow-students were J. F. Barnett, Franklin Taylor, Grieg, Carl Rosa, Dannreuther, the late Walter Bache, and others. The boy started in with his English prejudices against the continental Sunday. He writes home that he will not attend the first two Gewandhaus concerts as they occur on Sunday. He found it a busy world. And, he says, he no sooner got through with one master than he had to rush off to another. Yet there were ameliorations.

"We had what they call a Landpartie the other day," he writes. "That is, all the students of the Conservatorium, accompanied by the directors, masters and various visitors, walk out to a little village, eat and drink in the Gashoff, or an inn, and then amuse themselves in a free and easy manner. I, with my usual luck, happened to be elected on the Committee of Arrangements, thereby losing three days' work, and finding myself minus two and a half thalers at the end. How we four wretched creatures worked and slaved those three days! First day concocting and writing notices to be hung up in the hall, running about the town buying ingredients for 'punch,' flowers for the ladies, decorations for the salon, etc. Another committee meeting at eight next morning. Rode over to Wahren to tell 'mine host' that eighty people were coming to dine with him the next day, and that he must be provided. Then we decorated the room in the most brilliant manner, each in his shirt sleeves, and a pot of 'Baieresches Beer' before him—Germans can do nothing without beer. That done, back again to Leipzig, went around to invite the masters, directors, etc., according to etiquette. Next day committee meeting at eight, rushed two miles out of town to buy the fireworks and illuminated lanterns. Brought them home in triumph, went home, dressed and ate, and went back to the Conservatorium before two, in time to receive the people. At Wahren they drank coffee and played games in the meadow, danced, ate supper, saw the fireworks and finally drank an immense quantity of punch. Had you come in at about a quarter past ten you would have seen Albrecht and me with two gigantic bowls ladling it out to the company."

June 4, 1859, he writes to his father: "I have been here

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eight months, an immense advantage to me, although it is only now that the improvement is manifesting itself, for of course I had to work back again to this system, besides having to struggle against the difficulties of the language, for I lost half the benefit of my former lessons through not understanding what was said. You will be pleased to hear that I have made my first public appearance as a player, as the enclosed program will show you, though I certainly had not much cause to be nervous, there being four of us playing together. I do not much mind playing in public now, as I have got over my nervousness, and for which I may thank our constant practice. My quartette was played in the Abend Unterhaltung a fortnight or so ago, and went capitally. I mean it played well. I was congratulated by the director and the professors afterwards. They wanted it performed in the Prufung (public examination), but Mr. Rietz would not have it for reasons which were quite proper; besides, I have no doubt he thought I should become idle after it, as is very often the case with them here."

"This has been a very gay week for Leipzig in consequence of the great 'Tonkustler-Versammlung,' or meeting of musical artists, got up principally by the 'Future Music' people. Through it I have formed the acquaintance of Liszt, who has been the 'lion.' My first introduction to him was last Tuesday, when Mr. David gave a grand musical matinee to which he invited me. Liszt, Von Buelow (Prussian court pianist) and many other German celebrities, musical and non-musical, were there. In the evening when nearly every one was gone, Liszt, David, Bronsart and I had a quiet game of whist together, and I walked home with Liszt in the evening. The next evening a grand concert in the theater, Liszt conducting. Liszt is a very able man, despite his eccentricities, which are many. What a wonderful player he is. Such power and at the same time such delicacy and lightness."

June 5, 1860: "I enclose you a programme of our last Pruefung. You will doubtless on looking over it recognize one of the names. Translated the thing stands as follows: Overture to Tom Moore's poem, 'The Feast of Roses from Lalla Rookh' (E major), composed by A. S. (from London), conducted by the composer. 'The Feast of Roses' is the

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German name for 'The Light of the Harem.' It was such fun standing up there and conducting that large orchestra. I can fancy mother saying, 'Bless his little heart! how it must have beaten!' But his little heart did not beat at all. I wasn't in the least nervous, only in one part where the drum would come in wrong at the rehearsal, but he did it all right in the evening. I was called forward three times at the end and most enthusiastically cheered. I 'shot the bird,' as Mr. Schleinitz said, i. e., had the greatest success in the whole Pruefung. The newspapers have also treated me very favorably, much better than I expected, for the overture being written in Mendelssohn style, and there being such a clique against Mendelssohn, I thought they would have treated me roughly. The Leipzig Journal says: 'With respect to the compositions we were gratified at finding in the youthful Sullivan a talent which we may venture to say, by the aid of active and continued perseverance, gives promise of a favorable future. His overture was certainly a little spun out, but nevertheless successful by the aid of well-selected materials, in mastering the expression of the one definite aim held in view.' The General Anzeiger says, speaking of the applause which followed Fisher's 'Quartette': 'Still more was obtained by Herr Sullivan in the second part of his Overture, which was conducted by himself, and which, striving towards a new direction, transports us into the Persian plains of Moore's lovely poem and gives great hopes for the young composer.'"

February 10, 1861: "Very much occupied with my 'Tempest,' which does not proceed as quickly as I could wish. I have already completed two entr'actes, two dances, and a song, besides parts of the melodrama, but it is in the overture I have come to grief, for I cannot get it into form to please me. I am very anxious to know if you will like my music. It is very different to any you have heard. For instance (bar quoted). But of course it is not often that I go into such extremes as that. At first it may sound rather harsh, but you will soon grow accustomed to it, and most probably like it very much."

Later he writes (April 11, 1861) that his "Tempest" had been performed with great success in Leipzig the previous

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Saturday, and that he will be in London on the following Monday or Tuesday.

On his return to England in 1862 Sir Arthur Sullivan began his career as composer. He says: "I was ready to undertake everything that came in my way. Symphonies, ballets, overtures, anthems, hymn tunes, ballads, part songs, a concerto for 'cello, nothing came amiss to me so long as I could get the things published. I composed six Shakespearean songs for Messrs. Metzler and Company, and got five guineas apiece for them. 'Orpheus with His Lute,' the 'Willow Song' and 'O Mistress Mine' were among them. Later I did others for Messrs. Chappell, for which I got ten guineas each. With 'Will He Come,' published by Messrs. Boosey, a regular royalty system was inaugurated."

Towards the close of this year he made his first visit to Paris, accompanied by Chorley, the critic of the Athenaeum, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Lehmann. (Were not these the parents of Liza Lehmann of "In a Persian Garden"?)

"The particular purpose of our visit," Sir Arthur says, "was to hear Mme. Viardot in Gluck's 'Orfeo.' She was intensely emotional and her performance was certainly one of the greatest things I have seen on the stage. Chorley, Dickens and I went together, and I remember we were so much moved by the performance and it was of so affecting a character, that the tears streamed down our faces. We vainly tried to restrain ourselves."

Rossini was still living and as usual his house was the resort of all the most distinguished wits, musicians and artists of every kind, and it was Sullivan's ambition to visit the great master, which later on he was able to do. Meanwhile he went about a great deal with Dickens, who happened to be in Paris at the time. With the novelist he got on famously and says that the thing he liked best about him was his absolute freedom of anything like posing, or self-consciousness.

Of the visit to Rossini he says: "It was in December that I called on Rossini. Mme. Viardot introduced me. Rossini received me with the greatest kindness and took great interest in my compositions. I had with me my music to the 'Tempest,' arranged as a pianoforte duet, and this we—Rossini and I—used to play, or a part of it, every morning. This

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was because he had taken such a fancy to the music in question, and I must say that I felt greatly pleased, as one could never accuse Rossini of insincerity, nor did he ever fear to say what he thought, however unacceptable his verdict might be. When I left him he begged me to send him a copy of everything I wrote and to keep him au courant with all that I did."

"One morning when I called in to see him he was trying over a small piece of music as I entered. 'Why, what is that?' I exclaimed. He answered me very seriously, 'It's my dog's birthday, and I write a little piece for him every year.' "

"I induced Chorley to let me take him to meet Rossini. Chorley hesitated a good deal because he had sometimes expressed his opinions very freely in the Athenaeum, and not always favorably, about Rossini's music. I suppose that he thought that Rossini had read every word that he, Chorley, had written. However, I overcame his scruples with regard to that, and took him with me one morning to meet the composer Rossini, who, as you will see in the miniature which he gave me, was a stout man, with a prominent stomach. Chorley was as thin as a lath, and looked as if he had no internal organs worth mentioning. As soon as I came into the room, I said, 'Voila, Maitre, je vous present M. Chorley.' To which Rossini replied with a courtly bow: 'Je vois, avec plaisir, que monsieur n'a pas de ventre.' Chorley was completely taken back.

"Up to the time of his death I continued to visit Rossini every time I went over to Paris, and nothing occurred to interfere with the cordiality of our friendship."

Influenced perhaps by Rossini and the success of Mme. Viardot, he now turned more and more to opera, but first he needed familiarity with orchestra. Accordingly he tried to get admitted to the rehearsals of the opera at Covent Garden, where Sir Michael Costa was conductor. Costa declined to break his inflexible rule of complete privacy for rehearsals, but finally offered Sullivan the position of organist in the opera, which came very near being a sinecure, the instrument being used but rarely. He had been there but a short while, when, at the conductor's request, he composed a ballet for

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the opera; it was entitled "L'Ile Enchantee." This led to many other things.

"On one occasion," says Sir Arthur, "I was admiring the 'borders' Beverly had painted for a woodland scene. 'Yes,' he replied, 'they are very delicate and if you could support them with something suggestive in the orchestra, we could get a very pretty effect.' I at once put into the score some delicate arpeggio work for the flutes and clariones, and Beverly was quite happy."

At another time Sloman, stage machinist, remarks "That iron doesn't run so easily in the slot as I would like; we must have a little more music to carry her (Salvioni) across. Give us something for the 'cellos if you can." "Certainly, Mr. Sloman," I answered, "you have opened a new path in orchestration.' No sooner was this done than a variation was wanted for the new dancer who had just arrived. "What on earth am I to do?" I asked the stage manager. "I haven't seen her dance yet and know nothing of her style." "I'll see," he answered, and took the young lady aside. In five minutes he was back. "I've arranged it all (giving it to me rhythmically): "Tiddle-iddle-um, tiddle-iddle-um, rum-tirum-tirum, sixteen bars of that; then rum-tum, rum-tum, heavy you know, sixteen bars of that; and then finish up with sixteen bars and coda from the last movement of the overture to 'William Tell.'" In ten minutes I had composed it and written out the repetiteur's part for rehearsal.

Later on he acted as organist in St. Michael's Church, and of this he tells the following incident:

"When I was organist of St. Michael's, my friend, Cranmer Byng, was appointed vicar of a new church, and I designed the new organ for him and undertook to find an organist. When the day arrived for the consecration I hadn't obtained the organist for him, so I volunteered to play for two or three Sundays until I could find some one else, with the result, however, that I played there for two or three years. I remember that at the consecration of the church by the then Bishop of London the hour fixed was twelve o'clock, and by some misunderstanding the Bishop didn't arrive until one. Consequently I had to play the organ the whole time in order to occupy the attention of the congregation. As the min-

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utes went by and the bishop didn't arrive I began to play appropriate music. First I played 'I Waited for the Lord,' and then went on with a song of mine which is entitled 'Will He Come?' The appropriateness of the pieces was perfectly apprehended by the congregation."

The foregoing outline brings the career of this English master down to his actual maturity, and show the wide experience of men and things which combined to prepare him for his broader life-work. But enough for now. As for the book from which these extracts are taken, it is published by Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago and New York, and is beautifully printed with wide margins, deckled edges, etc. Also illustrated with portraits from which the accompanying illustrations were taken.

There are several misprints of names of persons, which look like stenographer's mistakes in hearing. One of the most absurd is Dan Reuter for Dannreuther—the distinguished London advocate of the music of the future.

SONNET.

When through my window streams the morning sun,
Transfigured lieth all my lone retreat,
With joy my heart leaps forth to kiss the feet
Whose steps make golden pictures as they run
The wide world round. When morning draweth nigh
With glad, shrill cry a thousand throats repeat
Their matin song, the welcome light to greet,
While lustily doth tardy chanticleer
His bugle sound—behold, the day is here!
She cometh now, her banner flaunting high,
With happy stride adown the crimson sky;
From ev'ry leaf and flow'ret drinking dew;
Low whisp'ring to the roses, "I love you"—
With all her shining train she flitteth by.

—Martha A. Pray.

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SIR A. C. MACKENZIE ON ENGLISH MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

To a certain extent we are familiar with Sir Alexander Mackenzie's orchestral work in this country, although Chicago has by far had fuller opportunity than any American city of hearing the compositions of British composers, due to Mr. Thomas on the orchestral and Mr. Tomlins on the choral side.

It was in Chicago that Mackenzie's "Britannia" overture was given a first American performance, and its reception was a stirring one. The work is one of those happy musical expressions in which patriotism and national melody combined constitute the enduring. Even with us the effect that it arouses is of strong enthusiasm. As far as its reception and appreciation in England go, I will say that immediately after the German Emperor's anti-English message to President Kruger, some years back, the "Britannia" overture happened to find a place in an orchestral programme at Liverpool. In that programme it was demanded by the audience, wild with enthusiasm, three times in repetition. It was also announced for performance that very week in a symphony concert in a German city and withdrawn through fear of an anti-English demonstration.

A man who has written a work like this, so true and sure in its appeal along national lines, needs to have written nothing else to deserve his people's memory. And it is because of these very traits, traits which assure to it futurity of the kind which grows to be a part of the patriotism it inspires, that I say that Mackenzie's overture will last as long as the English nation lasts. We shall see it flourishing in British programmes when South African troops come marching home, and others will hear it in years to come, when succeeding generations shall celebrate a like return.

In his songs—and decidedly we need to know many of these songs better in America—Mackenzie displays first of all true literary discrimination. The words he selects are

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never tawdry, never trashy. Having found words that mean something, he proceeds to illuminate that meaning. In the best of his songs he shows a subtle sense of values in harmonic and melodic coloring. Take, for instance, the brief phrase in his setting of "The First Rose," that blossoms in the North only to meet death. At the words:

"For every kiss of his cold lips
With poisonous breath her beauty nips"

the oriental color of the phrase hints the warm beauty of the rose and summer climes than the chances of the cruel North in which she chose to bloom.

Often in the preludes of a few bars before the entrance of the voice he illustrates as skillfully the context of the song. In the employment of quasi-recitatives he is equally happy.

Mackenzie is at his best in the songs of nature. There he catches the reflection in the sylvan and pastoral sense as Chaucer caught it. His music is purely lyric, and his best songs are those of nature; but in the deeper and human aspect of Charles Brant's words—"Lift my spirit up to Thee"—he has touched a broader note with equal sincerity.

To me the quality of his melody is especially appealing. It is flowing and graceful always, and with a Scotch spontaneity that is invariably sympathetic.

Of the national British music Sir Alexander Mackenzie said to me one afternoon: "As to the trend of the national with us, there is no purely English composer in this class. My opinion is that Irish, Scotch, and Welsh are the elements that will and have furnished the basis of our music on these lines.

"Stanford stands for the Irish. He has written a first-class Irish symphony. His bent—and he has written much beside—is in the Celtic strain. Parry is five parts Welsh and a mixture of Purcell and Brahms. But both Stanford and Parry have a leaning toward the national, healthy and sturdy.

"Cowen's 'Scandinavian' symphony and 'Sleeping Beauty' are not distinctive. Sullivan, of Irish extraction, and whose mother was an Italian Jewess, stands alone. German, whose name is Jones, is a Welshman. His music to 'Henry VIII.' has made him known; he is a man of mark. MacCunn, a Scotchman, has devoted himself to Scotch music.

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"In my Scotch rhapsody and other things I have done what I could for Scotch music, but I do not believe in pounding the national element to a powder. A man can sink into mannerisms of the worst kind by such a course. So much the better for us if there is that thread there unconsciously. But I am sorry to see a man restricting himself to a certain vein. A good sign with us is that we are not too pronounced. In an Irish symphony you do not find Stanford harping on this strain.

"Another hopeful point is that we are all different. If you take the contemporary Frenchmen they are all alike, they do not differentiate. Again, the lesser Germans are all alike."

Alexander Campbell Mackenzie's life has been a busy one almost from the date of its beginning—August 22, 1847—in the old town of Edinburgh. There he studied under his father, Alexander Mackenzie, until at the age of ten he was sent to Germany to study with the city musician, Bartel, at Sonderhausen. After three years he was admitted as second violinist in the Ducal Orchestra. There it was that he laid the early foundation of a musical versatility that stood him later in good stead, playing in opera, concert, and general theatre work.

In 1862 he went to London to study violin under Sainton at the Royal Academy, the institution of which, twenty-six years later, he was to be elected principal. At the end of his first year's study he won the King's scholarship. When he completed his course at the academy he returned after many years of absence to Edinburgh. It was his purpose to follow the footsteps of his father. His reputation as soloist grew, and he traveled in this capacity extensively, and as leader of an orchestra, but dissatisfied with narrow opportunities he abandoned this and gave himself up to teaching and conducting choral societies. Occasionally, aside from a series of regular concerts, he made public appearances in quartette work with such players as Joachim, Wilhelmj, Lady Halle, and Strauss.

Then came a new period in his career. Upon the advice of von Bulow, and Manns of the Crystal Palace Orchestra, he devoted himself to composition. Giving up the very lucrative position he had created, he went to Florence and abandoned

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himself to writing. Those days he mentioned as the happiest in his life, free from care and responsibility, and devoted only to his art.

During this period in Florence he composed a number of works, among them "The Bride" for the Worcester Festival; "Jason," for the Bristol Festival; the opera of "Columbo" for the Drury Lane Theatre, and "The Rose of Sharon," the last named familiar to us in America. After conducting a series of concerts in London he returned to Florence in 1887 and settled down to composing.

The death of Sir George Macfarren brought him forward as candidate for the post of principal at the academy, a position contested for by the musicians of the kingdom. He was elected February 28, 1888. During the period of his direction of the Novello concerts he had conferred upon him the title of musical doctor by St. Andrew's, the oldest university in Scotland, the first, it appears, upon whom the university exercised this right. He has also had conferred upon him the same title by the universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh. In 1892 he was appointed conductor of the London Philharmonic and in 1895 he was knighted.

He remains the simplest mannered of men, sturdy, grim of determination, yet sunny and companionable of temperament and with a great capacity for work quietly accomplished. The early morning hours are spent by him at his desk. The afternoons are spent at the academy, where he works until six o'clock or later. When he conducted the Philharmonic, a post he has now given up, there were the additional demands upon his time during the season for forenoon rehearsals and evening concerts.

In his own home he is simple and genial. His study is a large room overlooking the garden at the rear of his house in Albert road, not far from Regent's Park. It is hung with the portraits of musicians, among them early ones of Liszt, Richter, Sarasate, and Joachim, and in one corner is a pipe of Gounod's.

Mackenzie is devoted to Italy, which holds a warm place in his memory, and his tribute to Verdi in the two lectures on his "Fallstaff," which he delivered at the academy, were translated into Italian. An oratorio is among his unfinished

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work, but he says it may never be completed. Music has been to him a serious thing for years enough. As he expresses it, "I am going in for light opera and to satisfy my own desires. I prefer light or comic opera to get away from the stress that I have undergone for years." The British composer and his musical festival works are not as clearly comprehended as to conditions as they might be. The distant view sometimes gets mixed up in the focus.

Sir Alexander said frankly on the subject: "There is not a penny paid for these festival works. Sometimes, and that not infrequently, they have to pay their own fares to the place where they conduct them. Besides this, there can be only one success at a festival. The other works are generally thrown into the background. The younger ones dispute the fact that it is not advantageous to write festival works under such conditions. Perhaps they are right. It may help them. But the older ones are of my opinion, although they only say so, while I have written against it and gotten all the blame. But I would rather write a fantasia for Paderewski"—he referred to the Scotch fantasia which he wrote for that pianist—"than a work for which I get nothing, and in a work for a man like Paderewski there is always the advantage of artistic satisfaction in performance of which one is not assured elsewhere."

Among Mackenzie's many compositions are "The Story of Sayid," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," "Rhapsodie Ecossaise," and "Burns' Rhapsody," the three last named for orchestra; "Pibroch," played in this country by Sauret, and a concerto for the violin, the Scottish fantasia named and the oratorio "Bethlehem" to have been given its first performance at the Chicago Exposition, but which was abandoned owing to the collapse of the music.

Of his songs it is well to mention the fact that he has set a great many poems by American writers to music.

Especially noteworthy among his songs are those entitled "Spring Songs," which Mr. Max Heinrich has made known in America. The songs of "Love and Death" and "When I am Dead" are considered by Mackenzie to be among his best examples in this form of writing.

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HOW THE NIGHTINGALE SANG OUT OF TUNE.

From the German.

BY MARI RUEF HOFER.

Since primitive times the eagle has been king over all the feathered world, and for this reason at the annual festival of the birds he was to be honored with special attention. Thus it was agreed upon among the birds that they would serenade him. For this purpose all gathered upon the green meadow and choose the cuckoo for their director. The cuckoo, who is very musical, had already composed a beautiful song for the occasion, which the raven had written in notes upon the music sheet. As there were not enough of these to go around, the magpie had to sing from the same sheet with the nightingale.

When all was ready the cuckoo spoke to the singers: "Now take care that no one begins too soon. When I call out 'Cuckoo' for the first time take up your notes; the second time all look right up here to me, and the third time everybody begin to sing. Do you understand me?" "Yes, Mr. Conductor," answered all the birds in concert.

The cuckoo now seated himself upon a high branch of a tree, so that all the birds could see him, took the baton in his bill, and called "Cuckoo" three times. Then the birds all began to sing out as loudly as ever they could, but without time or tune. The cuckoo grew very angry over this, and rapping excitedly with his baton he called out again: "Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuck—" And in his anger the last half of the word cuckoo remained sticking in his throat. At this the birds were very much frightened and all became silent. At last the magpie, who could contain herself no longer, said to her neighbor, the nightingale: "It is your fault that it does not go better; you sang out of tune and put me and the rest of the birds out." "But, dear magpie," answered the nightingale timidly, "you must be mistaken, for I did not sing at all." But the magpie grew more angry and cried: "Then you are all the more to blame, for if you had sung along de-

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cently it would have gone better. Why do you not sing?" "I have not learned to sing by note," said the nightingale. "I sing only as my mother taught me and as I heard her sing, and as I feel it in my heart." Then you are certainly very uncultivated, for that is not at all proper in good society. I have studied thorough bass with the cuckoo for three years, and the cuckoo is a great master and knows what is fashionable in the world. He never lets us sing from the heart, but only by note, answered the magpie.

The birds now tried the song for the second and the third time, but it did not seem to improve any. Then the cuckoo cried out: "You can not sing my song, you do not understand me; I will go to the frogs and practice the quartette with them." A number of the birds had heard what the magpie had said to the nightingale and now related it to the others. At once they cried out from all sides: "The nightingale is to blame, the nightingale sang out of tune." The poor nightingale, hearing the accusation from all sides, finally believed it herself, and said mournfully: "It may be true; I will never sing again where anybody can hear me, only when it is dark and I am quite alone." Thereupon she flew away and hid herself in the thick bushes.

The cuckoo, however, went to the frogs and practiced with them all day, until they were really quite hoarse. As evening approached the singers hopped out of the pond. Each frog had on a fine green suit and carried his notes under his arm. Some even carried them in their mouths so that they would get the right one quicker. A few will-of-the-wisps danced before them and lighted the way. When they arrived at the eagle's house they began their concert. The eagle hearing the noise started up very much frightened, and as he caught sight of the musicians he cried: "Quickly call my prime minister, the stork." The stork was brought, but the frogs had hardly caught sight of him when they dropped their music and hopped away as fast as they could. For politeness' sake the cuckoo was called to the king and received a decoration for his song and his labor.

When it was quite still again it had grown dark, the nightingale thinking all were asleep began to sing. At first it sounded softly complaining, like the tones of a flute; but very

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soon she forgot all about herself, and trilled forth her song joyfully out into the night. An owl flying over shook her head and said: "Oo-hoo, oo-hoo, who makes such a to do?" The cuckoo, who slept in the vicinity, also heard it and said: "Such miserable music. Three hundred years ago the birds sang as well as that. We have made great progress in the arts since then. I cannot understand one word and cannot comprehend why the creature should attempt to sing at all." Then she fell asleep again. Also one of the oldest of the frogs awoke, and angry over her disturbed night's rest she croaked: "If only the king would send his minister stork now, that he might silence this brawler." The eagle also awoke and listened to the beautiful song and rejoiced in it. The next day he sent for the nightingale and at once desired to make her court singer. But the little bird modestly said "No, worthy king, this cannot be, as I cannot sing by note at all, and can only sing as my mother taught me and as I feel it in my heart. This is not at all suitable for good society, Dame Magpie says, therefore let me remain in my quiet hedge. But if you are ever right joyful at heart or have deep sorrow, come to me and I will comfort and refresh you."

Thereupon the nightingale flew away and even to the present time has not become court singer. The cuckoo, on the contrary, stands in high honor. He composes a great deal and wears his decoration every day, and who knows perhaps by this time he has received another. The other birds all insisted that they were innocent in the matter of the serenade. They had done their work well, but that the nightingale had sung out of tune and had thrown them all out, because she is, and always will, remain an uncultivated bird, who has never even studied thorough bass with the cuckoo.

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THE VOCAL TREMOMO, AGAIN.

Although scarcely seeing the reason for answering, some one who has written a letter so laughable a question as "Is a tremolo something to be admired?" I nevertheless will say that of all the objectionable and pernicious habits in singing one only can surpass the tremolo, and that is "singing out of time." It is true that some American students, especially women, go so far as to intentionally acquire the tremolo, going all the way to Europe to do so, imagining it to be beautiful, soulful.

However this may be, I am inclined to doubt your correspondent's statement that in many New York churches the singers one and all sang or sing with a tremolo.

I have had considerable experience with New York churches, and I recall two or three cases only, and to my mind their "wobble" of the voice was begotten by their "wobble" of the mind and imagination, the result of a cheap, sentimental ecstasy, presumed by the perpetrators of the nuisance and their foolsome friends to be an expression of genuine and healthy sentiment, when in fact such "tremulous singers" are nothing but sentimental vocal degenerates.

But why argue further in favor or against a habit which I am happy to say has been denounced by the good and healthy taste of our music lovers throughout the length and breadth of the land; let the tremolo and its owner hie themselves to certain "salons" where I know them to be admired, and gather the enconiums such as: Ach Gott! Wie himmilisch! Ah! Mon Dieu, ces ravissante! and Ah! isn't he a dear! from the "Listener Degenerate."

I remain yours very truly,

MAX HEINRICH.

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GOOD THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN ON MUSIC.

BY HELENA M. MAGUIRE.

Through all literature has music run, even as a slender thread, vibrating readily at the touch of musical perception within the reader. Sometimes the author sounds a chord, the overtones of which he himself is not cognizant, the swinging resonance of which, however, waken into life within the musical reader strange new vibrations, and thus it is, as Emerson said, we often read better things out of a book than the author wrote. We read in the words a deeper sense than the author put into them and can put what he has said to finer purpose than he could know.

Much, to be sure, that is written of music is merely superficial. Many writers think of it as "property" merely, classing it with the inevitable whist or chess, sunsets and dinners. In the domestic novel it covers conversation, is excuse for grandiloquent soliloquies, and almost invariably plays a strong part at "the proposal"—is, in fact, used as an accompaniment to the story, much as at the theatre it accompanies the drama.

What wonder, then, that so many men using music thus carelessly slip up and make themselves ridiculous to those who know; even so great a one as Emile Zola, who once made a heroine go mad at the passionate singing of a nightingale one evening in late autumn! On its being pointed out to him that the nightingale never sang in the fall, he substituted the robin. Now, not even the wildest imagination could fancy one's going mad over the "chuck-chuck" of a sleepy robin, but to change the season Zola would probably have been obliged to change the whole plan of his story, so there was no help for it, the heroine was simply obliged to go mad over the mild little robin's night-cry.

On the other hand, many, many writers have followed Bacon's rule—"I take all knowledge to be my province"—and though the staff of music may never have blossomed for

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them indeed, are thoroughly acquainted with the process of the blossoming, and, being without the magic circle and the toil and struggle of it all, give us in their marvelously clear language fine, even though mayhap idealized, results of their friendly observation of our art.

One moan of the musician is, "Music and all it is and means to us is not appreciated by the great outer world," and yet this tribute has Cardinal Newman, one of the greatest and busiest men of the century, paid to music:

"Music is an outward and earthly economy, under which great wonders unknown are typified. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the speaking.wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling; to speak of the views it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet it is possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes. Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of the heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is substantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpouring of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are the echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine government, or the divine attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we

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cannot compass, which we cannot utter—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

Will not everyone who has felt all this with a tantalizing indistinctness be grateful to Newman for having put it into such virile, telling English?

One of the quaintest conceptions of music, bearing also a pretty dignity, James Lane Allen puts into the mouth of one of his characters:

"I have one thing against Aristotle: he said the effect of the flute was bad and exciting. He was no true Greek. Have you ever thought how much of life can be expressed in terms of music? To me every civilization has given out its distinct musical quality; the ages have their peculiar tones; each century its key, its scale. For generations in Greece you can hear nothing but the pipes; during other generations nothing but the lyre. Think of the long, long time among the Romans when your ear is reached by the trumpet alone!

"Then again, whole events in history come down to me with the effect of an orchestra, playing in the distance; single lives sometimes like a great solo. As for the people I know or have known, some have to me the sound of brass, some the sound of wood, some the sound of strings. Only—so few, so very few, yield the perfect music of their kind. The brass is a little too loud; the wood a little too muffled; the strings—some of the strings are invariably broken. I know a big man who is nothing but a big drum; and I know another whose whole existence has been a jig on a fiddle; and I know a shrill little fellow who is a fife; and I know a brassy girl who is a pair of symbals; and once—once," repeated the parson, whimsically, "I knew an old maid who was a real living spinet. I even know another old maid now who is nothing but an old music book—long ago sung through, learned by heart, and laid aside: in a faded, wrinkled binding—yellow paper stained by tears—and haunted by an odor of rose-petals, crushed between the leaves of memory: a genuine very thin and stiff collection of the rarest original songs—not songs without words, but songs without sounds—the ballads of an undiscovered heart, the hymns of an unanswered spirit."

Thomas De Quincy, in his "Confessions of an Opium

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Eater," written in 1820, declares that with the exception of the excellent extravaganza on that subject in "Twelfth Night," he could recollect but one thing said adequately upon the subject of music, and that one thing was said by the excellent Sir Thomas Browne!

Adequately—in proportion to, on a level with? Well, perhaps not; but things of worth were written in the eighteenth century, as we all know who have read old Scotch James Beattie's Essays, and pruned from them his keenly clever opinions on the "phenomena of a national ear," and on "musical sounds not being the signs of ideas," or who have read rare Ben Johnson.

An excerpt from Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is amusing, if not adequate. It is a conversation between Goldsmith and Johnson:

Goldsmith—The greatest musical performers have but small emoluments. Giardini, I am told, does not get above seven hundred a year.

Johnson—That is indeed but little for a man to get who does best that which so many endeavor to do. There is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things we can do something at first. A man will forge a bar of iron if you give him a hammer; not so well as a smith, but tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddlestick and he can do nothing.

Crude enough comparisons, to be sure, but to the point. But it is presumptuous to take exceptions to De Quincy's statement which, in truth, was but a sort of preface to some very scholarly thoughts of his own on music.

First, as to listening to music, he tells us that "music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure according to the temperament of him who hears it. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear that they communicate with music and therefore that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so: it is by the reaction of the mind on the notices of the ear (the matter coming by the senses, the form from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed, and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much from one another. * * *

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"'But,' says a friend, 'a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters—I can attach no ideas to them.' Ideas, my good sir! There is no occasion for them; all that class of ideas which can be available in such a case has a language of representative feeling. * * *

"A chorus of elaborate harmony displayed before me as in a piece of arras-work the whole of my past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music; no longer painful to dwell upon, but the detail of its incidents removed or blended into some hazy abstraction, and its passions exalted, spiritualized and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings."

It would be interesting to dwell on this great man's account of the opera of his day as he listened to it, and his account of the English orchestras, did space permit, but we will now pass on to some bits descriptive of musical performance.

It is using a mere truism to say that a musician can enjoy a fine "rendering" as can no one else, but when it comes to describing this rendering the description consists chiefly of ejaculations and adjectives, with exclamation points copiously interspersed. This is where the writer steps in and, though he may not have heard any better than his fellows, has the power of giving us the results of his listening in delicate, tangible form, thus through his word painting extending to many the pleasure he himself has felt.

Again, the great man almost invariably is possessed of a keen sense of the ridiculous, very often lacking among musicians, and though, or rather, because nothing hurts as does ridicule, it has often proved fatal to that which was unworthy our art.

In "Aurora Leigh," Elizabeth Barrett Browning set forth, in five lines, a cleverly complete satire on music as generally taught fifty years ago:

"I learnt much music—such as would have been
As quite impossible in Johnson's day
As still it might be wished—fine sleights of hand
And unimagined fingering, shuffling off the hearer's
Soul through hurricanes of notes
To a noisy Tophet."

Is not that good?

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Twenty years later George Eliot, in "Middlemarch," describes a young English lady's playing in quite another vein, bringing the same insight to bear upon music as upon everything else of which she wrote:

"Rosamond played admirably. Her master was one of those excellent musicians here and there to be found in our provinces worthy to compare with many a noted Kapelmeister in a country which offers more plentiful conditions of musical celebrity.

"Rosamond, with the executant's instinct, had seized his manner of playing, and gave forth his large rendering of noble music with the precision of an echo. It was almost startling, heard for the first time. A hidden soul seemed to be floating through Rosamond's fingers, and indeed so it was, since souls live on in echoes, and to all fine expression there goes somewhere an originating activity, if it be only that of an interpreter."

To fin de seicle literature we owe two dainty bits of rhetoric. First, from "The Choir Invisible" we glean this rare description of flute music heard at night:

"It was as though the very beams of the far off, serenest moon, falling upon his flute and dropping down into its interior through its little round openings, were by his touch shorn of all their luster, their softness, their celestial energy, and made to reissue as music. It was as though his flute had been stuffed with frozen Alpine blossoms and these had been melted away by the passionate breath of his soul into the coldest invisible flowers of sound."

The second, rather more rhapsodic, is found in F. Marion Crawford's "The Ralstons," and tells how a singer sang:

"Then a soft vibration as of a soul far off murmuring to itself, just trembled and felt its way amongst them, like the promise of a caress. And again it came, more strongly, more clear, floating in the soft air and taking life in it, and stealing to the heart with a tender, backward-reaching regret, with a low, passionate looking forward to things of love yet to come. Crowdie was singing. He had not changed his position as he sat in his chair, and he had scarcely raised his face. There was no effort, no outward striving for effect. The notes floated from his lips as though they were not produced by

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any human means, rising, sinking, with ever-varying color, tone, meaning, ringing as he sang like an angel's clarion tone, sighing as he breathed them like the whole world's love dream.

"Then time, too, sank away into oblivion. None of them could have told how long he sang, for time was away in dreamland, and passion's weary eyes drooped and saw not the pain."

So might we run the whole gamut of literature, and from the ancients or the moderns, the biblical, the classic, the romantic or the realistic, gather at will a rich and varied string of gems with which to decorate our at once most intimate and most conservative of muses, about whose thrilling throat men have wreathed their sweetest thoughts, their tenderest homage, whose garlands are never permitted to dim, but ever are renewed by willing devotees.

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Just at present there seems to be a sort of craze to find out a more perfect way of teaching music to children, particularly instrumental music. Some months ago, in answer to a subscriber regarding a method for children, I said that in so far as I understood it (for it is not published to the world, but only to those who pay a certain liberal fee to be instructed how to use it, and even they are not allowed to teach it in turn to others), this method consists of certain apparatus of lines, notes, etc., derived from the notation of music. With these the children are taught various games and exercises, with the object of making them more exact in the names of the various signs and their relation to each other. In short, I said that, so far as I could learn, the system deals with the signs of music rather than with music itself. As the method mentioned is a patented system, having commercial potency (if not artistic), it was astonishing how many letters I got, all having substantially the same content—namely, a general denial of the truth of what I said and a general revilement of my ignorance, I being, in the unanimous opinion of these writers, "old enough to know better." No one of the letters, not even that from its inventor, gave the slightest idea of what the system did consist of; all they said was practically that I knew nothing about it. After wading through their letters to the number of a score or more, I had to confess that I was still in the same category.

Besides these letters, which turned out later on to have been authorized and inspected by the inventor of the system, if not directly instigated by her, I had several of different tenor. These testified that what I had said was precisely true, and that the system really does deal with the materials of musical notation and not with music as such. One correspondent mentioned another system which she said was free

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from the objections I had so truthfully alleged against the one first mentioned. But this writer also stopped short when it came to telling anything definite.

It is evident from the success of these inventors that there is a widespread appetite for some kind of system for beginning children in music in a really solid and at the same time interesting way. It is for those who have this appetite that I am about to write. But before doing so I will lay down a few postulates or principles which underlie musical training at every point:

1. Music is a matter of the ear and of feeling. The ear is therefore the first organ to address and the first to train.

2. The voice is the immediate and natural medium of expressing feeling; the voice is therefore the first part of the child to learn music practically.

3. The fingers were not primarily intended for playing the piano; playing is artificial to them. The first point therefore is to awaken the ear, as above, and then the voice, because the voice comes naturally; and third, to start the fingers to playing as if singing by means of them. Good playing, whether advanced or elementary, is nothing else in the world than singing with the fingers, the instrument furnishing the tone. Hence, as soon as a melody is recognized (by melody I mean a very short melody, a phrase) it is to be sung and then played. First the hearing and the "feeling" (or inner hearing) of the sound, second the singing, third the playing—immediately, one after the other.

4. All parts of music are matters of ear and feeling; and no matter how extensively music is analyzed, each distinct element has to be heard and felt in terms of sound, and then reproduced by voice and finger. This holds of scales, chords, rhythms, relative note values, and all the rest.

5. Notation is not one of the difficulties of music. Nevertheless the staff notation is too complete for the first steps; it is better to work with a more general notation like the tonic sol fa, or the Paris-Cheve system. In both these systems, the methods of which have been published to the world over and over again, the beginnings of music have received great attention. Both notations are so simple that they can be taught and written understandingly by the child as soon as

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able to form letters or figures. Also the order of introducing the elements is there carefully worked out.

The ultimate intention of all this teaching is to bring the pupil to a practical acquaintance with music and its complete representation on the staff; but it can be done with perfect ease just as soon as the child has built up, one by one, a conception of the tonal elements which staff notation is intended to represent. For instance, the lines and spaces as signs of relative pitch, the clefs for locating the staff and making it precise, the notes as signs of musical utterance, the note values for relative duration, the signatures for denoting key and mode. The appearances of the ordinary scale intervals upon the staff are taught in a very short time, provided the person taught knows keys and intervals.

All so-called easy systems, which do business with materials which can be handled instead of with tone itself and tone-relations, have the disadvantage of distracting the mind from music and go far to confirm the most dangerous musical heresy of all—namely, that one can be a musician in theory and mentally without being expert in hearing tone itself. Everything in the mind comes to awakening through sense perception; what the elementary teacher has to do, therefore, is first of all to awaken perceptions of tone and tone-discourse —i. e., of tone in order and combinations arranged for the purpose of saying something.

* * *

Several times already, mention has been made in these columns of the children's work of Miss Julia Lois Caruthers, who is now with the Sherwood School, and that of Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, the well-known and gifted composer. Miss Caruthers, a pupil of Mr. C. B. Cady and representing his system as a foundation of her work, places the emphasis upon the ability to conceive music, meaning by this the ability to reproduce mentally a phrase or melody previously heard; later on such a conception comes to expression through the fingers. But Mr. Cady holds that nothing is fit to be expressed which is not first of all conceived in clear and distinct mental image, by the child.

If I am correctly informed, Miss Caruthers has never made very much point of her children actually composing little

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pieces of their own. Mrs. Gaynor, however, has also a quick way of awakening the musical ear and forming in the child the fundamental perceptions and conceptions out of which music is made, such as the scale intervals, the chords, and above all, tonality, and with it the understanding of the effect of going out of the tonality, modulating. She also cultivates the art of melodic invention, taking as foundation first of all some simple poems or stanzas, such as those of "Mother Goose." The pupils try first to get a suitable rhythm and a proper melody; then this melody they explain and intensify by means of harmony. The results attained are sometimes very striking, the children displaying no small capacity for coloring their melodies by unexpected harmonies at critical points. In this way a child grows up musical, for some of the most striking results are obtained before the child has reached the age of ten. And when they take up a master work to play, all its incidents are already familiar to them and they come at once to the main thing, the musical feeling, the mood, the conception which the piece was intended to convey.

Of course, it is open to the scoffer to inquire what sort of a time the advanced piano teacher of the future will have when his young lady pupils, who have already written all sorts of things on their own account, bring him sonatas of Haydn and object that they do not seem to mean much; the sonatas of Beethoven, lacking in originality; the pieces of Schuman, for not being elegantly and fluently put together but obviously made up of fragments—forcible indeed, but not having the continuity which pure musical imagination ought to have. Liszt when weighed in this sort of critical balance will very soon kick the beam, by reason of his unfinished cadenzas and his not uncommon harmonic carelessness. Moreover, will it not be that these youngsters will still retain the ear-mark of the goody-goody young man, and be more taken up with their own good qualities than with any of those of the half-understood masters who are now safe within the pantheon? These, however, are problems which may be left to the future, which is destined to be born into a great heredity of uncracked nuts, and surely will not mind to have this one more among them.

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It is quite sure that if methods of this sort prevail in elementary teaching, our advanced pupils of the next century will not be, as many of the present are unable to distinguish between the tonic and the dominant, unable to write down the simplest musical idea from hearing, and unable to call up a concept of a musical idea read in notes, until they have followed it through with their fingers upon the keyboard and listened to the results thereby obtained.

* * *

There is another question in education which remains to be settled in music no less than in other branches. It is whether early teaching ought to be entirely sugar-coated or only half sugarcoated; and, if so, which half? That is, are we to give up expecting any kind of serious study and rely upon the unconscious training of play to form for us complete education in all the branches? The great danger of all this kindergarten work is that the pupils will stop their education at the point where work as such begins. Whatever can be acquired without concentration and work, so much they will learn; whatever can not be got in this way they are content to do without. The favorite song of the Mason Song Garden, "Work, for the night is coming," is here transformed into "Play, for the night is coming."

* * *

In so often citing the tonic sol-fa, I do not mean to imply that they have said it all. I doubt if they have. But certainly the elementary steps of observing music and learning to conceive it they have worked out beautifully, and always from the standpoint of the ear, which the staff teachers are very prone to set one side in favor of the eye and the memory. The ear is the organ which takes in music, and the mind is the province in which music is "experienced," made conscious, becomes part of the mind's contents. Music is not music to the individual until the mind feels it, understands it, hears in it not only what it actually consists of in the way of tones and rhythms, but hears all these in their connection—i. e., with whatever other tones belong to them in key. Hence, music is first of all a matter of the ear, then of mental image awakening (by which I mean tone-images and not pictures

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suggested by the tones), and later the force, the meaning of the tonal forms.

In one of the books of the Professor at the breakfast table he gives a running account of what he calls a three part mental counterpoint. Uppermost is the talk of the boarder next him, talk for which he cares nothing at all, but which he must hear in order not to seem rude; next to this in importance, more important, is what the lady on the other side is saying to the handsome young man across the table, and deep down below both of these is the cantus fermus, which goes on over and over like what is called a baso ostinato, "Late for lecture, late for lecture, late for lecture."

Something of this kind there is in all our music hearing First of all the perception, the ear-perception, of melody, harmony and rhythm—in short, of a pleasing or unpleasing musical idea; then the external enjoyment of this in mere hearing; below that is the inner realization of what these tones are in their relations, the key and the form, the rhythm, and all that; and below that again, the knowledge that the song is a song of pain or of pleasure, and we begin sympathizing with the pain or pleasure therein celebrated.

In case the player derives his music from printed pages, there are eye perceptions antedating those of the ear—the sharp on the fifth line, flat on first line, or whatever it may be —all the signs of the notation. But these have nothing really to do with the music; they are the arbitrary or conventional symbols by means of which such and such tonal forms are represented. The tonal forms are for the ear and for the mind through the ear; and the tonal forms contain a something which the mind has to find out after it has taken in the sounds and their relations. This is the way it comes about from beginning to end; and it is the same with the smallest child as with the master. First hearing, then conceiving, then understanding; later, if at all, playing. Whatever is clearly conceived will be clearly played, accidents of finger insufficiency excepted.

* * *

In a paper read before the National Association of Music Teachers at Des Moines, I had the honor to suggest some

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much-needed reforms in our elementary education in music Those reforms were the following:

1. Ear training to be taken up sooner and carried farther.

2. Easy piano music to be better artistically, and the old time restrictions of quiet hand positions to be done away with in favor of a free movement of hands, regardless of so-called "correct position of hands."

3. More rapid progress through the first three grades of piano work. Perhaps if the mind work here described is properly done it will consume so much time that the progress will be no faster through the grades than now; but it will bring far more valuable results.

4. The art of musical study and of mental conceiving music ought to be taught much earlier than now. Such teachers as Miss Caruthers and Mrs. Gaynor do this, but what we want is method of study for those who find themselves confronting tone-poems existing in notes alone, from which they have to find out all the particulars which would enter into an artist's interpretation of the work. What are these elements, and how do we come at them? This is the question. Observe the playing of any good artist and compare it with the playing of the amateur. Note how many little details the artist brings out which the amateur overlooks. What are these particulars? Moreover, note also that the artist plays as if the music meant something very real and life-like to him. He wishes it to mean the same to us. Why does not the pupil play in this manner? What are the links which our elementary study omits? And how are we to come at them. These are questions which mere pedagogues cannot solve. They can only be solved by the artistic sense, and the teacher who finally formulates this part of education will have to do so in the light of artistic conception and educational psychology combined. This is a place where most of the work with children fails.

* * *

The passing of the Chicago Conservatory of Music is anticipated at the close of the present scholastic year. This institution was established by Mr. Samuel Kayzer for dramatic purposes in 1884; later he brought in Messrs. C. B.

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Cady and W. L. Tomlins as heads of the music department. Tomlins went out after one year. Mr. Sherwood came here soon after. In 1895 Mr. Godowsky was engaged for two years to fill the time while Mr. Sherwood was abroad. Later Sherwood went out with his clientele as Mr. Cady had already done, and Mr. Kelso, who had formerly been an assistant of Mr. Sherwood.

The failure of the school is due to bad management from the start. When the Chicago Auditorium was erected Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck was very glad to take the institution under his wing and prepare for it commodious and elegant quarters in the new building, where ever since the conservatory has been established. Mr. Peck gave financial assistance and at one time for two years or so entirely financed the affair. Mr. Kayzer retired from the management two years ago, and Mr. Bernhard Ulrich, a former bookkeeper for Mr. Kayzer, took his place. Under his management everything went more successfully for a time. But in March, this year, after having, as it is stated, largely overdrawn the bank account and used up the proceeds of a loan, Mr. Ulrich went out and Mr. Frederick Grant Gleason was made temporary director. At the present writing it looks as if the teachers will get part of their money. The Auditorium Association will lose large sums in rent.

If the question be asked why an institution which had upon its list the names of so many prominent musicians, some of them, like Messrs. Godowsky, Sherwood, Clarence Eddy, and Heinrich, have an international reputation, and which had also a large and influential clientele, should give up after ten years' trial, the answers would not be far to seek. The Chicago Conservatory has never been a school, in the proper acceptance of the term, but only a suite of offices where private lessons in music have been given. There has never been a course of study, never any class system of general exercises in music, lectures and the like, and there has been no provision for generating an esprit de corps among the students. It never had any graduation or commencement exercises, never granted any diplomas, and consequently had no standing with its clientele as a school. The students were pupils of this, that, or the other private teacher. When Mr.

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Kelso left he took his pupils with him and the future good will of those pupils. When Mr. Sherwood left the same thing happened in his case, as is shown by his success with his own school. If Mr. Godowsky chooses to open a studio, he will gather around him his own clientele. In the vocal department they had for some time Mr. Marischalchi, who took his clientele with him when he left. So also Mr. Jacobsohn the violin pupils, and Mr. Spiering his.

In contra-distinction to this system of go as you please, note the progress which the opposite system has witnessed in the Chicago Musical College and the American Conservatory, both of which are very flourishing schools, despite the well-known artistic prestige of the leading teachers at the Chicago Conservatory. The American Conservatory stands for Mr. Haettstaedt's ideas of musical education, as the college does for those of Dr. Ziegfeld. Who ever may be teachers in either place, the school as such is the power to be reckoned with. It is the school which takes the money, hires the teacher, prescribes the course, administers the examinations and grants the diplomas. Teachers come and go but the school remains. Here is the first place where the Chicago Conservatory missed its chance. Moreover it is plain that no music school administered by a mere elocutionist ignorant of music can expect to acquire standing of a musical kind Great teachers may be in the school; their work is their own The school is represented by Mr. Samuel Kayzer (who at least is a capable diplomat) or by Mr. Bernhard Ulrich (who had been bookkeeper), and, as neither of these estimable gentlemen had the slightest prestige as educators, or even a standing as such, the school succeeded to their assets in this line—an asset represented by nothing at all.

It is very difficult to form a real department of piano, voice or violin with a prominent artist at the head and still retain the standing of the school as such independent of the artist This is what the college habitually does; the American Conservatory has avoided the difficulty by not having star teachers.

The Chicago Conservatory fell a victim to its lack of endowment. When the most of the working teachers receive only half of the tuition which the pupils pay in, it is evident

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that they will secede at the first moment when they are strong enough to stand alone. This is the place where all our schools are weak. It is only by most excellent management that any of them overcome the friction at this point. If the manager grants the teacher an individuality of his own he uses it immediately to build up himself. So it was at the Musical College with the clever Italian, Maestro Buzzi-Pecci, who came with such glowing testimonials from half the musicians in Italy. He had a liberal salary, but just as soon as he discovered that the college also made money he began to arrange for establishing himself outside.

* * *

"The good die young," it is said. I do not regard the Chicago Conservatory as having been particularly "good," but only good in spots; yet it is no more than fair to state unequivocally that the school has been a very powerful influence in this community ever since it was established. By having artist teachers it has set a pace, and has made it necessary to bring other artist teachers for the sake of their prestige. It was glory to bring Mr. Sherwood here, one of the greatest of American pianists. It was perhaps quite as much good luck as intelligence which enabled them to bring Mr. Godowsky, at the particular moment when his reputation was ready to blossom out as it has done these last two years. Meanwhile, as Mr. Liebling pointed out a couple of months ago, his residence here has put the piano-playing art upon a new plane and has given a distinct prestige and stimulation to the city. The association of Mr. Clarence Eddy with the conservatory has been different. Mr. Eddy's name looks extremely well upon a list; but, if I am correctly informed, he has never given a lesson in the institution or for the institution during the ten years his name has figured upon the lists of teachers.

* * *

In this connection it is proper to say that the intimations of a new music school in Chicago, given two months ago in these columns, were probably ill-founded and due to the dreaming of the individual who expected to become manager of the new school. So far as appears there will be no new school; no capitalist; no free building; no free scholarships

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by the bushel. And the city will last just as long and be just as successful; for these new advantages were promised to be administered by Mr. Ulrich, who has displayed his genius in managing (for a time) artists, orchestras, and the Chicago Conservatory. The conservatory has one advantage over the artists: the conservatory, being already at home, does not have to walk home, but simply sits down and dies. May it rest in peace.

* * *

I notice quite a pleasant newspaper anticipation of the English opera promised next year under the management of Messrs. Savage and Grau. I do not share these pleasant expectations. Mr. Savage, whom personally I have never met, seems suffering from too kind treatment by the press of Boston. When the Castle Square experiment was started, the newspapers were very kind and took it as it was intended. When something was particularly bad the good-natured writers shrugged their shoulders and said, "What can you expect for seventy-five cents?" Even the confirmed badness of the orchestra was not commented upon severely. The consequence was that Mr. Savage got to thinking that anything would go. Amateurs appeared in leading heavy roles with short study and not half enough rehearsals, and the entire performances were very rough. Even the English was so imperfect that as a rule few words could be made out.

The light opera sections of his troups, having less serious tasks in hand, succeeded better. Now, however, the spreading out of his companies leaves them all rather weak. And while it is pleasant to hear such agreeable and amusing performances as those of Mr. Frank Moulin in the Gilbert and Sullivan roles, and the sweet voice of Miss De Treville in almost anything, these two swallows are not enough to make a summer.

Mr. Grau has always shown himself a speculator and plunger. He has not developed any wonderful conscience in grand opera, where he had the European traditions to guide him; why should he be expected to do so now when he has the Savage successes to prove that anything whatever will go?

The lack will be in a conductor. This has been the real difficulty with all the Savage companies. If the new company

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proposing to do grand opera in English were to have a real master at its head, such as Mr. Emil Paur, for instance (and he is the best one I can think of just now), and this conductor could have the Italian conductor's power of veto or protest, and so be able to hold the work up to some kind of artistic standard, then something might be expected. The Italian conductor has the right to "protest" the singer at the last rehearsal, if his or her work is hopelessly below the standard, and the manager has no recourse but to put up a better singer. This right is used even to the injustice of American girls who have been given "engagements" at fabulous cost in some provincial theatre, the speculator knowing that the conductor might exercise his prerogative—which he often does. The conductor and speculator even go shares and divide the fee paid by the confiding infant for her privilege of appearing. When she gets back to the speculator he shrugs his shoulders and says: "I got you the chance, but you were too bad. Was it my fault?"

If now, our American conductor had this kind of right, a standard might be kept. But even Mr. Paur has had to "bow the knee to Baal" more than once. In Chicago, for instance, he had to give the "Valkyrie" with a Wotan who had never sung the role previously nor had a full rehearsal or any rehearsal with orchestra. Suppose this singer had been one of our half-taught American amateurs? Where would have been this glorious ensemble?

No! Mr. Savage has yet to show that he understands the difference between a good ensemble with artistic quality and a rough and ready performance by amateurs without either ensemble or artistic authority anywhere in the entire cast. And it is a mistaken kindness for critics to hold back these facts in the hope that reform will come later. It is like giving an ambitious student of burglary immunity for his first few house-breaking pieces of work, because he is so new to the business. As a money-maker Mr. Savage seems to be a distinct success; as an impressario he is an equally distinct failure. Possibly at the end of the new venture the old story may be repeated and Mr. Savage be the richer by some of Mr. Grau's experience, while the latter may get the benefit of some of Mr. Savage's money.

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The Cincinnati May festival under the direction of Theodore Thomas had this year an interesting program as usual, the main works being the Brahms German Requiem and the Bach B minor Mass. This affair, which takes place once in two years, is really a series of Thomas concerts, Mr. Thomas being not only the head center but also a good part of the circumference. This year there was a deficit of about seven thousand dollars, it is said, which arose in part from an experiment they have been trying with the chorus. The great difficulty in preparing these large choral works has been to get a chorus sufficiently large and competent, and then to keep it together until it is properly trained. Quality, persistence, and willingness not to mind work are the elements required. The festival association very naturally finds it extremely difficult to accomplish these ends, which in the case of Cincinnati are more difficult than usual. The festival takes place only once in two years. In one fatal four days on the second year the choral work has to be poured out all at once; all the remainder of two long seasons until late in the spring the chorus is expected to work preparing the numbers; and it has to do this under the direction of subordinate conductors, who, as usual in affairs of which Mr. Thomas is head, have no voice whatever in the result, nor are they even permitted to conduct so much as one work in the festival proper.

They have tried the experiment this time of paying certain leading voices to attend regularly at rehearsals, and the cost has been very nearly the amount of the deficit. To mingle amateurs and professionals (for this is what paid singers amount to) has not been found to work well in other games, and I am confident that the same result will be experienced here. It is not possible to have at the same time a very large chorus and a very good chorus. You can have size if you like, or quality; but size and quality do not go together.

There is also another serious difficulty in the Cincinnati situation—namely, the fact that the city is working against itself as between the symphony concerts and the May festivals. The enthusiastic musical amateurs are trying hard to maintain a Cincinnati symphony orchestra, under the direction of that very strong man, Mr. Frank Van Der Stucken, a Belgian born in Texas. I am told that this orchesrta is

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drilled down into a very good state of discipline, and, while in certain instruments the men are not so good as those in Boston, for instance, the general attainments of the orchestra are of a high order. The repertory is strong and many-sided. Now the May festival brings into the small city of Cincinnati the highly advertised personality of Mr. Theodore Thomas, whose reputation is an excellent illustration of what can be done by powers of no very great originality, backed by plenty of time and persistence. Thomas brings his Chicago orchestra (at a good rate per man) and employs a few of the best Cincinnati men to fill up.

It is easy to see that this going wild once in two years over a conductor from another city, and running with fires "banked," as firemen call it, for the intervening year, is highly detrimental to the local conductor. The obvious way would be to place the May festival under Mr. Van Der Stucken's management and directorship, or at least to associate him with Mr. Thomas in the directorship. It will be objected that Mr. Thomas would not accept an associate unless such an associate would promise to be fully subject to him. But this is not a question. The interests of the musical situation in Cincinnati are of more consequence than Mr. Thomas' uncontested supremacy. All that would be necessary would be to make contracts calling Mr. Thomas the chief conductor, and giving him entire charge of half the concerts of the festivals—choice of works, programmes, and all. The other half to be placed equally under the absolute control of Mr. Van Der Stucken. The concerts would be no more hampered by change of conductors than is the case in opera, where the same conductor never conducts every night in succession. In case Mr. Thomas would refuse a perfectly reasonable proposition of this kind, it would merely show that to him the supremacy of Theodore Thomas is of more consequence than Cincinnati art. Like the little pig that jumped out through the seven-by-nine glass, he would have defined his size.

With a really good chorus of carefully selected singers, led by a thorough musician of strong personality, all the choral works of the festival could be prepared in half the time now devoted to them. And if the whole were under the leading Cincinnati conductor, the singers could be kept

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together much more easily and given something to do now and then during the intervening time.

In short, the plain common sense of the Cincinnati situation is to give the May festival to Mr. Van Der Stucken, or to him in conjunction with Mr. Thomas, and to cut down the chorus to the actual fighting size, as represented by the singers who have telling voices and can read music. Mr. Thomas has no force or value in connection with choral singing; he is not even a good choral conductor. He is liable to assign one tempo for study under an assistant and at performance take a tempo twice as fast. I remember a case in the World's Fair time when he had given the metronome marking for a Bach cantata, and at performance took the movement marked about 114 for quarters at about 120 for dotted halves (the measure being 3-4). Of course, the chorus was snaked through by main force, and I think a few of them really saw some of the notes upon the pages they turned over; but I doubt whether they would have dared to swear that they had. Mr. Thomas' value is that of a long-used trade mark. He stands for serious intentions and wide knowledge of musical compositions. Beyond this he is a very masterly orchestral drill master; but it is folly to suppose that he cannot work in connection with some other conductor. His pretentions in this line are absurd. He is made of clay, like other conductors. W. S. B. M.

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Things Here And There

THE NATIONAL MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of the National Music Teachers' Association, at Des Moines, July 19 to 22, was an interesting event. It began with a meeting of the inner brotherhood (the exact meaning of which I have not as yet mastered, but it consists of all those who, in the opinion of the then president, are eligible, such as committeemen, officers, vice-presidents and delegates), the subject for study being a report from the educational committee concerning plans for home study by correspondence. This report had been prepared by Messrs. Arthur L. Manchester, of Camden, N. J.; Prof. Waldo Pratt, of Hartford Theological Seminary; Prof. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin, and Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis. The report was well drawn and advocated the provision of courses of study in Musical History, Terminology, History of Instruments, and such other subjects as would prove practicable, to be pursued by students, members of the M. T. N. A. at completion and approved by suitable examination papers, the students to receive certificates of the fact. The presentation of the plan was followed by a long discussion, during the course of which Mr. Manchester appeared to excellent advantage, meeting the objections and solving difficulties proposed in a cool and capable manner. The report was one of the best-made documents I have ever heard in one of these meetings. It was open to the criticism that all this study still failed to reach the root of the matter, namely, familiarity with music actually—the sum of all these educations being, after all, only a knowledge about music. It is evident that a student taking these courses at home will advance in intelligence about music, and if he cares to take up the study of music itself, in its masterworks (as is offered in the Music Students' Extension Clubs) he will gain in real power as a musician. But without this actual study of music itself, and the constant increase of his own powers of conceiving and performing, he will remain in a true sense no nearer being an artist than at the beginning of the chapter.

No doubt this phase of the matter was somewhat undervalued by the committee, all of whom are theoretical musicians rather than artists; and, moreover, they felt a certain delicacy in pretending to "give music lessons by mail," which, of course, cannot be done. The report was adopted and a new committee appointed to take charge of the

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work, consisting of Messrs. W. S. B. Mathews, Waldo S. Pratt, A. J. Gantvort, Rossiter G. Cole and Edward Dickinson.

Very vague ideas were expressed concerning the probable cost of this work to the student. The plan contemplates making fifteen lessons in any subject a unit, at the end of which an examination is held. It was proposed to provide syllabi of the courses and text-books and books of reference from which the knowledge can be obtained. These syllabi will probably take the form of the elaborate pamphlets of Prof. Dickinson of Oberlin, in which he refers the student to all the books one would need if he were to undertake to prepare a musical history of his own. For a certain class of students, living within reach of libraries, or having at least three languages and able to buy what books they need, this will work admirably; but for average students wishing to know the true story of the development of music, its various standpoints of art in the different periods, the nature of the master works created and the composers creating them, I think any one of several existing hand-books will be more serviceable and give a much more manageable and pratical net result. This, however, is merely the opinion of a student who knows from practical experience how difficult it is to arrive at this information at first hand, and has felt and endeavored to remedy the defects of such elaborate-seeming but superficial and misleading works as the history of Naumann, for instance.

Similar objections underlie many of the other topics, such as the history of instruments, musical forms, the development of harmony, and the like. For my own part, I believe that the study of the various branches of actual musical theory might also be carried on to good advantage in this way: harmony, counterpoint, fugue, form, and practical composition, but only at the expense of actual reports of every lesson in detail, with corrections of the same; such correspondence lessons are now offered by various teachers at a cost of about a dollar and a half each, which is very low. At all events the new committee is in position to go ahead and mature plans for the work in any phases thought advisable and practicable.

Among the queer ideas advocated were the preparation of these syllabi and their sale by the owners at from fifty cents each upwards. This was opposed by one at least, thinking that since the dissemination of intelligence is the main point in view, these pamphlets, costing no more than a cent each to print, ought to be furnished without charge to those members of the M. T. N. A. desiring to canvass the possibility of taking up the work. The subject of prices to be charged and the compensation of officers for professional time expended are trying ones, and unless the ideas are cleared up far beyond the point shown at Des Moines this work will be found to cost the students very much more than similar work along other lines in the Chautauqua movement.

The convention proper opened the second day with the usual ad-

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dresses of welcome and at length a paper on "Church Music," by Prof. P. C. Lutkin, in place of some one from New York. This was followed later by a paper on "Musical Criticism from the Standpoint of the Newspaper and the Public," by Mr. Samuel Strauss, of the Des Moines Leader. Through some neglect I failed to secure a copy of this paper, which was very interesting and well delivered. The standpoint was that the critic should be merciful and not indulge in over many technicalities. Mr. Strauss, besides performing the critical duties of the Leader, is also, I believe, one of the proprietors of the paper and an editor. He is therefore in position to understand the subject from an all-around journalistic standpoint. The remainder of Wednesday was devoted to concerts, of which there were no less than three. The first was an organ recital by Mr. Albert A. Butler, of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Butler played a very good program, the most difficult numbers being a Bach fugue in G major (which I hear was not altogether successful), the Buck sonata in E flat, beautifully played, and the charming Andante Cantabile, from Widor's fourth organ symphony. Mr. Butler played without notes and appeared to excellent advantage.

The next concert was a long miscellaneous program, consisting of three piano groups, by Mrs. Hardy of Des Moines, Miss Frances Wyman of Burlington and Mr. E. R. Kroeger of St. Louis. As the various performers are in a sense representative of that which the M. T. N. A. stands for, I take the liberty of reproducing my comments, written at the time for the Des Moines Evening News, a very enterprising and prosperous one-cent daily:

(From the Des Moines News.)

The concert Wednesday afternoon failed of leaving the best possible effect through the lack of any principle of unity, even if nothing more than the participation of a single commanding personality. The nearest approach to this element, indeed, while not quite reaching such station, was found in the piano playing of Miss Frances Wyman of Burlington. She played four pieces: The beautiful Etude in E major, No. 3 in Chopin's opus 10; the finale to the great sonata in B minor, also by Chopin; a trifle called "The Butterfly," by the late Mr. Lavallee, formerly president of the M. T. N. A.; and a waltz in E major by Moszkowsky. The most difficult of these is the finale to the sonata, a most impassioned movement, which runs at a headlong speed, yet varies its mood now and then and is full of trying work for the pianist. It takes technic, musical feeling and nerve—all of which came to the interpretation yesterday. This was a very strong piece of work, work which can never be done by practice alone, no matter who the teacher, but must have something from the inner life of the player. Rarely indeed is this piece played better. The lovely cantabile etude in E major, which came before it, was played in some respects well; in others very badly indeed. Here the mannerism of the player, the oscillation of arms, the participation of the

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body in the rhythm and expression, were excessive. These might perhaps be attributed in part to nervousness, but they detracted very much from the effect upon the eye of the listener. Moreover, the rubatos were something startling, and the repose of the piece was entirely lost. In this respect the playing was feminine in the most pronounced sense. One who thus conceives this study ought always to insist that pianist be spelled with a final "e." The same restrictions in part might be made upon the waltz, where also the bodily participation was excessive. But on the whole this was playing showing a nature capable of rich development, far more musical in tone and feeling than we usually hear. I understand that Miss Wyman was a pupil of Moszkowsky for several years, but I am quite sure that these arm motions did not come from him.

The playing of Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, which closed the program, did not in all respects meet expectations from one so well and favorably known as a pianist. He began with a Mozart rondo in A minor, followed by two little waltzes by Brahms, a Chopin Nocturne, Leschetitzky's pleasing study, "The Fountain," and a Romance and Storm of his own, from his piano studies. The Mozart playing was uncommonly good, although good as it was it did not satisfactorily answer the question why it should have been played at all. Surely if it were desirable to introduce something by Mozart there are many, very many, compositions more modern than this. The same might be said of the walzes by Brahms—they amount to very little, nor do they illustrate a pianist. As a whole Mr. Kroeger's playing yesterday was too reserved, and he belongs to what is generally known as "scholarly" playing, than which many things might be worse. I am informed that he had never played upon the piano before the recital, nor was it the make to which he is accustomed. This undoubtedly hampered him.

The other piano element in the program was the opening appearance of Mrs. M. Hardy, of Des Moines, which seemed to me uncommonly good for an appearance arranged hastily in place of Mr. Preyer. Owing to the uncertainty about seats I did not hear this playing so carefully as I would have liked, but it struck me as capable and deserving.

The singing can be disposed of easily. Miss Zoa Pearle Parke of Nebraska showed a rather superior voice, the lower notes not quite so mellow as might be, but the upper uncommonly good for a voice addicted to habitual living in the lower registers. The other voice, that of Mr. Grant Hadley of Des Moines, is an excellent organ and I should say capable of much more development. He sang four songs such as I do not particularly care for, but the voice, aside from beginning too far back, is an organ capable of first-class work.

The concert in the evening was even more miscellaneous than that of the afternoon. The most prominent feature was the chorus from this city under the direction of Dr. M. L. Bartlett. It is a very good

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chorus indeed, and its work is well spoken of all along the line by the visiting delegates. The phenomenally close and high temperature inside the house were no doubt responsible for the slight falling from the pitch in the very difficult and risky modulations and minor chords of the Nanini Stabat Mater. In the Palestrina Miserere there was better success. It should be set down to Dr. Bartlett's credit that these pieces are so far one side of the modern singer's experience that very few are able to do them with certainty. There has been a movement in the Roman Catholic church of late years to restore the purity of the church music, upon the basis of the Palestrina work, and to give an idea of the difficulty involved I may mention that some years ago while in Venice I made the acquaintance of the assistant musical director at the venerable basilica of St. Mark, who was training a choir to do this sort of thing. He took me to a rehearsal, in the old church of San Giacomo by the Rialto, the oldest church in Venice (belonging to the parish of St. Mark), and he told me that he expected to be able to sing a service of good music in about six months more, but that it would be two years before they could sing Palestrina. They afterwards accomplished their task, but Mr. Tebaldini is now at the head of the conservatory in Parma.

The chorus by Dudley Buck, which opened the program, was very nice indeed.

Next after the chorus in importance I would place the singing of Mrs. W. J. Whiteman of Denver. Mrs. Whiteman, who is an experienced singer, is a large woman (if I may be pardoned statistics) and has the extreme rare quality of being able to sustain a tone. She sang a serenata by Tosti (in Italian, which I hope she at least understood—for like St. Paul I am "down" upon prophecying in unknown tongues unless they also interpret) and an old Welch melody. It was very enjoyable and admirable ballad singing. Mrs. Whiteman has one fault, from which most European singers are comparatively exempt; she takes all the time she happens to fancy, and the slow song was wholly without rhythmic definition. It consisted of voice, words, melody and nothing else. In a very old melody this may be forgiven, and it is a great pleasure to hear so good a singer.

And speaking of singing, why did Mr. Horace P. Dibble of St. Louis sing five Schubert songs at a sitting—for he did sit? And why did he try to sing and play at the same time, when evidently his voice was of itself none too loud when it had the full advantage of the entire motive power? His voice is agreeable in quality, but not strong; his accompaniments were very well done. I like him best in "Her Portrait"—was this because it was the first? Nobody plays and sings well at the same time. Neither Henschell, Heinrich, nor even Mr. Dibble. It is the affectation of singers who play better than they sing and are afraid the accompanist will cover their voices. Good singers are glad to be accompanied.

Intermingled with the elements already mentioned were troubles

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of a different kind—in which the piano-forte became the active agent. The first of the piano pieces was a duet arrangement of a Toccata by Bach, just made for two pianos by Mr. Albino Gorno of Cincinnati. It is a splendid piece, which sits down in perfect cadances rather more often than Bach usually does, but is full of exquisite counterpoint and a bright and most pleasing rhythm. It was played by two young men, artist pupils of Mr. Gorno, Mr. Ernest W. Hale and Fred J. Hoffman. They played it to perfection, although from notes. Later they gave a duet from Grieg, which I did not hear, but which is spoken of as being far more cruel to the audience than the Bach number. Then each of them played solos, showing well-trained advance, but as yet not altogether convincing. There was altogether too much of this. The Bach number alone would have left a fine impression. But the second duet and four solos—this was too much. Commendable, well-trained, but indiscreet.

The concert as a whole lacked purpose, or rather lacked unity of purpose, and it also lacked strong elements.

Thursday morning began with no less than four "round tables" devoted to voice, piano, public school music and theory. The rooms provided for these discussions were altogether too small and I was unable to get into either the voice discussion under Mr. Frederick W. Root or the piano, under the direction of Mr. Calvin B. Cady. The principal subject of the voice table was a paper by Mr. Karleton Hackett, which will later on be reproduced in this magazine, as it is of interest. The voice round table was summarized by the News as follows:

TEACHING OF VOICE.

The round table discussion for teachers of voice in the Y. M. C. A. parlor was the most successful of all the eight thus far held, from the point of attendance and interest manifested. Karlton Hackett of Chicago presided and introduced Mr. Hall of Cedar Rapids, who spoke on "Enunciation of Vowels in Song."

Following Mr. Hall, Mr. Frederick W. Root of Chicago addressed the assembly.

Mr. Root spoke extemporaneously, treating of several important voice teachers with whom he had come in contact as pupil or otherwise, and who represented the various currents of musical thought and the different influences which are brought to bear on students of singing in all countries where a serious study of singing is made.

These names include teachers in America. England, Germany, France and Italy. The first one referred to was his honored father, George F. Root, who gave his son his first instructions in matters pertaining to voice. Dr. Root in his youth had nearly ruined his voice by misuse in the direction of forcing and using too somber a quality of tone. He recovered the use of his voice and placed it upon so solid

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a foundation that it retained its power and fine quality up to the day of his death by changing his method entirely to the thinner sounds of the clear timber, and was very radical in his teaching upon this point. The teacher who made this change for Dr. Root was Bassini, who fifty years ago was perhaps the most widely known teacher of singing in this country. To Bassini young Root was sent for instruction when his father had finished with him. Bassini paid special and almost exclusive attention to the registers of the voice, to an extent indeed which made his pupils, who in turn became teachers, feel that the correct way to treat voices was to break them into diverse registers, and then trust to time to heal the breaks. Bassini also had some peculiar notions regarding breathing, which Mr. Root described somewhat at length. Some years later he was sent to Italy to receive instructions and there was under the charge of Luigi Vannuccini, who was recommended to him by Mr. Myron W. Whitney, another of his pupils. Vannuccini's method was very simple and consisted mainly in keeping the pupil's attention directed to the region of the eyes and nose in forming tones.

Two teachers of whom he saw a little and who exerted some influence on his mind at that epoch were respectively a member of the Pope's choir in Rome and a teacher in the Leipsic conservatory, the latter of whom gave his opinion that a voice made resonant upon the lower notes should be forced upward in that same condition. Advice fraught with direful consequences if one should follow it, although Mr. Root mentioned a case where this had been done to conspicuous advantage.

Next upon his list was Mr. John Howard, widely known in this country as a teacher of singing by mail. Howard was eccentric and peculiar in every way, but he was a very intellectual man and tireless investigator of the facts of vocalization. His defect as a teacher seemed to be that he could not put these facts together acceptably.

Following them Mr. Root mentioned a lady teacher of great eminence with whom he had associated in work connected with the M. T. N. A.

Five years ago Mr. Root spent a year in Europe investigating voice culture in the conservatories and studios of the four principal countries there.

He referred with much commendation to the work of a German teacher who was a specialist in tone placing, conducting the work upon lines entirely different from those usually followed. His pupils never became very good musicians under his training, but they could always make very clear tones and could reach their high notes effectively.

He had an excellent opportunity to observe the voice work in the Milan conservatory where the professors pride themselves on keeping unbroken the traditions of the art for more than one hundred years past. He did not, however, find their work specially scientific. In matters of style and repertoire these instructors were excellent, but some of them forced voices unmercifully.

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One of the private teachers in Milan, whose work he had good opportunity to observe, made a specialty of developing high notes, and one of the pupils was made to sing repeated notes on high F (fourth space above the staff.)

He was also admitted as a visitor to all of the classes of the Paris conservatory, and spoke at some length of the methods in use there; especially was he interested in the work of Mons. Giraudet, who is the only pupil of Del Sarte who was finished by that master as a singer and is now before the public. While with Del Sarte, Mons. Giraudet took copious note of the Del Sarte theory of vocalization, which notes Mr. Root had the privilege of reading. Del Sarte founded his philosophy of expression and tone production, and, indeed, everything he taught upon the Trinity, and his treatment of the subject of registers is entirely different from anything which has ever been taught in the musical world and points the way to advance in voice placing which is likely to be made in the course of time.

Among the private teachers of Paris that interested Mr. Root was the famous Delle Sedie, whose theory of the vocal scale is peculiar and original.

In London Mr. Root saw much of the work of several of the prominent voice teachers. The teachings of Mr. Shakespeare are familiar in this country through his recently published book and his lecture tour just finished. The nestor of music teachers, the greatest of them all, is Manuel Garcia, now living in London and having reached his ninety-fifth birthday. Garcia lives in a quiet home in the suburbs of London, a home which he calls Mon Abri or my retreat, and here he has in late years quietly dispensed the concentrated wisdom of his long career to many an investigator who has sought him.

Mr. Root closed by calling attention to the fact that the teachers ranged themselves under three headings and are either specialists, who depend on some one formula for the advancement of thir pupils, or individualists, who hav no method, but depend on their own personal magnetism and example to secure progress from the pupil, or educators who take into account all the various needs of the pupils and try to educate them symetrically by a definite system.

The papers before the full meetings on Thursday morning consisted of two: one by the editor of this magazine, on "Some Prominent Defects in Current Musical Education," and one by Mr. J. S. Van Cleve, on "The Collateral Education Necessary to Modern Musicianship." Mr. Van Cleve spoke in a most interesting manner and his address awakened probably more enthusiasm than any other during the meeting. He advocated a man learning all about his own profession, and then going out from that by slight degrees adding to his knowledge much about collateral matters until in the end one knows something about everything and as he expressed it "everything about something," the latter being, of course, his own profession.

The afternoon opened with an organ recital by Mr. Thomas J.

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Kelley, of Omaha,—which I missed through forgetting the hour. The public largely shared my forgetfulness, I hear, and the papers likewise—which was a pity, since it deprived me of the pleasure of copying a favorable notice. Possibly the Musical Courier will have one.

The second concert was a miscellaneous one. (Des Moines News:)

A highly deliquescent audience crowded the Foster Opera house yesterday afternoon and heard a program which had several interesting features. It opened with the Gade sonata in E minor, played by Mr. Ruifrok of Des Moines. The work is a little past its prime, the star of Gade having set upon the world at large quite a many years ago; but in Copenhagen, where the personal qualities of the man are known and his sincerity is understood, his music remains favorite—a temperate sort of music, never leading to excesses or detrimental emotional disturbances. In this mood of quiet and sincere piety it was played by Mr. Ruifrok, who is a very capable pianist, and a musical player.

The sensation of the afternoon was the Suite by Ries, played by Mr. Hugh McGibeny, the concert-master of the Indianapolis orchestra and Mr. Willard O. Pierce of Indianapolis. Mr. McGibeny comes, I understand, of a large musical family. He is a fine violinist and yesterday had a remarkably fine instrument. In the whole of the suite the playing of both instruments was delightfully sympathetic and spirited, so that this performance was not only interesting as illustrating a superior violinist but also as illustrating how charming a set of pieces for piano and violin can be when the artists are willing to prepare themselves thoroughly. The slow movement of the suite was like a dream, but the sensation was in the finale, a perpetual motion for the violin, the piano having mainly some chords for supporting the harmony. Practically it was a violin solo and it made such a furore that it had to be repeated.

After this Mr. Pierce played a solo number consisting of the Isolde's "Love-death," the finale of the opera, arranged by Liszt, the same author's "Bells of Geneva," and the Polonaise in E major. Mr. Pierce is a fine all-around pianist, and in the first piece he displayed admirable qualities, his shading and general management of orchestral expression being of a high order. "The Bells of Geneva" is not much of a piece, it consists mainly of some sentimental "sozzling around" with a few bell motives, as usual with Liszt a sentimental cantilena (the everlastingly womanly) appearing now and then from the background.

The playing of the polonaise was not so good. First of all it was too fast, then the stately movement of the polonaise is lost and the movement was so quick that the player himself could not always arrive at his desired haven of Liszt's effects. The cadenza, particularly, was far from having the soft and distant effect which best suits it. This was a pity, for at a slighter lower tempo Mr. Pierce is handsomely capable of having played this piece to something very like perfection.

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The program closed with the work of another pianist, Mr. Glenn Dillard Gunn, now of Chicago. I do not think Mr. Gunn was very fortunate in his selections. He started out with Liszt's Ballade in B minor, one of the most serious piano pieces of that master, but also a piece full of rhapsody and ill-connected passages, whereby the player is very likely to leave the impression of having been in search of a tune which somehow he does not happen to find.

His second piece was a Minuet by Mr. Campbell-Tipton of Chicago, a fellow student with Mr. Gunn at Leipsic, and he closed with Siloti's transcription of a melody by Rubinstein—the name of this piece for the moment escapes me, the title on the program having been wide of the mark. Under the stress of these unfortunate selections, and the further handicap of coming at the end of a long program on a very hot day, with the momentary departure of hearers fearing to risk further deliquescence of their substance, Mr. Gunn did not do himself justice. He is a very fine pianist, and above all musical. I heard him play a year ago, when he had just come back from Leipsic, and since then he has improved in tone-production and quiet of manner, but he appears better in more serious selections, such as some of Brahms, which he plays unusually well.

The singer of the afternoon failed to appear and Mr. E. A. Emery of Grinnell sang in her place. He showed a good baritone voice and some French which was of the "as she is sung" variety. I did not care for his songs, nor do I see the objection to singing something of more general appeal. Have we no heart in our singing any longer? The concert as a whole was tiresome and wanting in climax.

A truly remarkable program and a still more remarkable performance was that of the evening concert. The orchestra had three pieces: The Beethoven "heroic" symphony; Liszt's "Preludes," and the Introduction to Wagner's "Mastersingers." These are three great pieces, and strongly contrasted in style and qualities. The orchestra was small for works of this richness (the first violins numbering but eight, as against the sixteen or twenty of Chicago or Boston) but the playing was great. The better the musician the better he must have liked this performance. Mr. Van Der Stucken is a modern conductor who brings out a multitude of the lesser beauties of his scores without in this losing the dominant moods of the whole. This is opposed to the clergyman-like repose of Theodore Thomas, or the still more reposeful toleration of one of the old-time German leaders. The modern man enters into the work, feels the music, appreciates every little point in it, brings forward now this instrument and now another, according to the composer's intention, in short plays the work upon the orchestra. It is a favorite idea with orchestral players that the motions of the conductor make no difference to them and that they would play just the same if he merely beat the time without all this extra Del Sartean gesturing, conjuring and commanding. But after upwards of forty years' hearing of orchestras in many cities and countries I have to say that I have never met with that orchestra. A body of

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players sometimes gets waked up itself and every man is upon his alert to do his best. The Boston orchestra is capable of this, and the Cincinnati players were in this mood last night. But after all, where would have been the waking up without the inspiring presence of Van Der Stucken at the baton?

It is not possible to obtain the best orchestral blending of tone in the Beethoven heroic symphony with so few players. Beethoven himself wanted sixty, and Thomas ignores this work unless he can have at least seventy. But the blending last night was good, and the playing splendid and full of life and meaning. The funeral march, I think, Mr. Van Der Stucken plays faster than Thomas, and I was sorry not to have the score to follow him with, because I would like to see upon certain points, how much was already indicated in the notes and how much was Van Der Stucken. The Scherzo, also, I think he did not play so fast as Thomas, and here again I would have liked to look at the notes. The finale went magnificently and the closing passage was done to perfection.

The reading of the Liszt "Preludes" was something gorgeous. I have never heard this work so magnificently interpreted. If only one could have had about ten more players, or twenty. But ten or twenty, or a hundred, it was the conductor who brought out all this ringing pomp of gorgeous sound, relieved by so much of grace and beauty.

The Wagner music was played as well as the rest. The violins were not perfect, in the chromatic connecting links when the prize song motives are working, they were not quite together; but little roughnesses like this often occur, even in the best of families, and the general effect was masterly in the extreme. On the whole I have not been so stirred by orchestral music within a year—yea, within two. It was a great evening.

The singing last night was by Miss Marshall of Cincinnati, a young artist with a fine voice quite well trained and considerable temperament. She made a great success.

On Friday morning the round tables were continued, with good results, and later on there was an election of officers and no little acrimonius discussion concerning some forgotten bills of former years, Mr. H. S. Perkins being the innocent cause of the stir. The new president was appointed by the out-going officer, President Gantvort taking the nomination out of the hands of the nominating committee and requesting the members as a personal favor to him to vote for Mr. A. L. Manchester, of Camden, New Jersey—who was accordingly elected. Otherwise the honor would have gone to Dr. M. L. Bartlett, of Des Moines, who had worked so faithfully and so well for the success of the present meeting. I suppose President Gantvort's idea was that the east having ignored this meeting completely must be propitiated by having the offices for the ensuing year, as it is contemplated holding the meeting there if a good town can be found which will have it—at the price.

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The new secretary is Mr. Thomas A. Becket, and the vice-president, Dr. Bartlett, of Des Moines.

THE ORGAN RECITAL.

The musical pleasures of Friday began with an organ recital by Mr. Hamlin H. Hunt, of Minneapolis. Mr. Hunt played from notes, the Suite Gothique by Boelmann, the Toccata and Fugue by Bach, and the Guilmant fifth sonata in C minor. He showed admirable qualities and I liked him best in the Bach number. If only he had known his music well enough to dispense with the notes I would have admired him still more and the music would have sounded better. He has an excellent technique. I do not think I am with him in his echo effects in the Bach piece, or at least his contrasts were too strong. But he is an excellent organist.

THE AFTERNOON CONCERT.

The second of the orchestral concerts took place Friday afternoon at the Chautauqua grounds, and brought a number of interesting features. First of all the playing of the Haydn symphony in C major, No. 7. This work proved very musical and spontaneous, but still somewhat antique in flavor—Thomas says he always hears the "peruke" in the Haydn music—the nice old gentleman air of it, sweet, but old. Mr. Van Der Stucken played it beautifully and infused into it all the flavor of modern life which the case permitted. It is no means easy to do this well; but after all, the modern ear hears in music, as Wagner said, a cry of the soul, and as there is little cry in Haydn and no soul to speak of, there we are, and we pass to the next.

Another feature of this concert was Mr. Carl Busch's conducting of his own "Passing of Arthur." It is one of those fantastical modern tone poems, in which the writer scorns to do so commonplace a thing as to "treat" an idea. So he improvises, and comes from one thing to another without really getting anywhere. The piece contains many pleasing moments. It was well played and the author is evidently a fine conductor as well as composer. Then Mr. Van Der Stucken himself appeared as composer. His "Caliban's Pursuit" proved to be strong and well made grotesque in orchestration. It was a joke in music, and the better the hearer knew music, the finer he found the joke.

There was also a song from Handel by Mr. Joseph Farrel, a baritone of fine quality, who sang an aria from Handel's "Scipio," a dignified piece with good chances for the singer, but comparatively few for the listener. "Thy Beaming Eyes" by MacDowell—one good thing of this writer.

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There was also a piano performance by Mr. Henry Purmont Eames of Lincoln, Nebraska—an old pupil of mine, a pupil also of Sherwood and Kwasse of Frankfort on the Maine, and of Mme. Schumann. Eames is a very musical player, with fine tone and a good deal of technique. On this occasion I thought him rather nervous and not doing himself justice. But for a most emphatic recall he played a Brahms Ballade, and in this he showed his splendid tone and musical feeling. Mr. Eames' drawback as a player with orchestra is his lack of rhythmic sense. He likes to improvise and take liberties and all keep together. It is a pity, but it is true. He is one of the most talented of our young pianists.

THE EVENING CONCERT.

The evening brought the meeting of the M. T. N. A. to a distinguished close. It furnished two very strong features—features which would be considered strong anywhere in the world; the two which were not so certain. The great feature of the eyening was the fifth symphony of the great Russian composer, Peter Illytisch Tschaikowsky, who died of cholera in 1893. It was a very strong work and peculiarly Russian. Tschaikowsky was a very peculiar combination. Somebody said that when a Russian is scratched one finds a Tartar. And something of this barbaric pomp and splendor is in this symphony. But Tschaikowsky in his early life loved above everything else Italian music; and a curious travesty of Italian cantilena we find in his works. Why travesty, am I asked? Because in Italian cantilena melody is the main thing and expression next; but in Tschaikowsky there is always a melody which means something in particular, a melody which sounds like the cry of a spirit in excitement—it may be in pain, it may be in jubilation, but always a living and a very suffering spirit. Then Tschaikowsky was also a agreat master of musical construction. You felt that last night when the stupendous climaxes came one after another, each in turn giving away for something which was not so intense, only to work up to cuimax again. Moreover Sschaikowsky was one of the greatest of masters of instrumentation, and a writer who knew how to develop an idea. And under it all there is the Russian pessimism—the belief that any world of average qualities would most likely be better than this.

It is the fifth symphony of Tschaikowsky, which Theodore Thomas once maintained to me was no symphony at all. "Emotional music, great music," he said, "if you like; but it is not symphony. In symphony we want nothing but the highest ideals; and this is too excited. It is opera, it is not symphony." But Tschaikowsky, who surely should know better than Thomas, called it a symphony, so let that pass. It is wonderful music. Especially the romantic second movement with that delicious horn melody which the violins aftterwards take up with such beautiful effect.

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I do not believe that this work was ever played by so few men so well as Friday night. It was a wonderful reading, in which the conductor entered into every phase of the work and brought out every side of this most complicated of scores. Climax after climax was reached, and in some way the conductor entered into the idea of the composer and that missing element of greater intensity seemed somehow forthcoming. Moreover, I have never heard so good blending of instruments in so small an orchestra—and everybody says that Thomas is the man who blends the orchestral tone into a rich and combined unity—like a well made mayonnaise—if so ignoble yet so dignified a symbol may be permitted.

The other element of strength was a great performance of the Wagner Tannhauser overture. This classic, which some critic said in Wagner's day ought to have been burned by the teacher, on account of its rotten bad harmony, was given in a most dignified and admirable manner. Mr. Van Der Stucken steered clear of the two great dangers of the conductor. He neither dragged the slow parts nor ran away with the fast ones. The overture is much better so.

The two elements of the question in this program were the two solos. First, that of Miss Jessica De Wolf, of Minneapolis. This lady appeared in the once famous aria of Weber in the opera of "Oberon," "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster"—a sort of pons asinorum of dramatic prima donnas, this three-quarters of a century. More. It acquires a tremolo, that bete noir of the lover of bel canto.

I do not believe she will last very long at the rate she sung Friday night. She has been invaded by the fatal bacillus which ruins the German prima donna. She will be forceful at every cost. Then this great dramatic aria, in which the close connection of the words and the music is so important, she sang in German, thus losing the main effect of the dramatic nuances of the aria. We must fall back on St. Paul. They ought not, really, to prophecy in unknown tongues unless they interpret. It is plain reason. She was recalled again and again, but did not sing. She ought to have sung just one little American song to show what she could have done with words to it.

The second element of uncertainty was the Burmeister concerto for piano and orchestra. I had heard of this artist but never before heard him. The concerto, I regret to say, seemed to me rather unworthy of attention. The good ideas in it have been heard before—or something quite like them—for insstance, the horn business in the third act. Also many other parts. Then, as a virtuoso Mr. Burmeister showed himself a clean and refined player, rather than a great master of music. What I complain of was that nothing stirred the blood. It was on the surface—interesting, perhaps, but it had no blood in it. It was remarkably well conducted by Mr. Van Der Stucken.

Of this conductor, after hearing him in three programs, I have to say that he seems to me the greatest conductor we have in America today. A conductor must have authority and routine, or he falls

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flat, no matter what else he may have. But he ought also to have artistic imagination, and musical feeling. All these Van Der Stucken has better than any one I have heard in a long time. Especially it pleases me that he conceives music in a strong and heartfelt way. He enters into it, interprets it, feels all its elements, but above all enters into the mood it was meant to create. Many other men do not do this. His authority extends to the players, and there is a precision and a wide awake attention to the business in hand, which only a few of the greatest conductors are able to secure.

In closing these notices I would say that one of the most desirable things in music is to have the feeling of being stirred up, excited, carried out of one's self. And this experience these concerts must have given almost every hearer. They have been well varied, and the later ones very strong indeed—so strong that any community anywhere might be proud to have heard them. All glory to the Cincinnati orchestra, to the conductor, Mr. Van Der Stucken, and to the public of Des Moines. Not forgetting the hard work of President Gantvoort. He has set a line which it will be very difficult for later comers to hew to.

MME. MELBA.

"You know we lived in Melbourne only a part of each year, and when we were in the wilderness it was not easy to get servants, so it became my duty to help with the housework. Before I was seven years old I could wash dishes and dry them as well as any one, and I really enjoyed it. It was better than having nothing at all to do, which was usually our condition on the ranch. It was not easy for me to gratify my desire for music. I taught myself a great deal, and with the help of my Aunt Lizzie I was finally able to play very well. Then I took up the study of music in Melbourne, though I never thought seriously of making it my profession. It was a great delight to me, however, and I remember my great disappointment when the family once moved to a house where there was no piano. Of course, none was to be had in those backwoods; but my father pacified me by procuring a concertina. I played on that for months. On Sundays, when the traveling minister came along, I played at the services which he held in our parlor. I never thought much of singing, though at this time I was anxious to become a great pianist. I went along day by day studying as much as I could, and almost my only happiness was found in playing and singing. I mastered the pipe organ and several other instruments, and in Melbourne I used to practice in one of the churches every afternoon. Then I suddenly arrived at a determination to do something with my voice. It seemed a shame to let it lie quiet, and I decided to make some use of it. So I studied harder than ever, and, after appearing occasionally for two years in Australia, my friends urged me to go to

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Europe for study, and I followed their advice. I went at once to Paris, and placed myself under Mme. Marchesi.

"I will never forget the day I presented myself at her door. I was rather awkward then, and decidedly shy, and since I was by no means rich I feared that she would refuse me as a pupil. I was almost fainting when she entered the room, but I gradually recovered my self-possession, and when she asked me to sing for her I was feeling as well as ever. It seemed to me that my voice was in poor condition, and I almost dreaded her verdict. My apprehensions were without reason, however, for the dear woman took both my hands in hers and told me that some day I would be her greatest pupil, if I would work and persevere. . . . Two years passed away—two years of such work as few women pass through when studying music. I was anxious to make my debut as soon as possible, for my funds were by no means large, and I needed the money which would come when once I had appeared in public. So I worked both night and day. Sometimes the madame said that I tried to do too much, but I told her that every hour was precious to me. . . . I have worked almost as hard since my debut as before.

"A prima donna's working days are never over so long as she is before the public. I am constantly studying some new role, whether I expect to sing it or not. If one does not learn new parts her art is sure to stagnate, and progress is the surest way to success in music I think I would rather not sing at all than always sing the same. Each time I try to do better than before, and in this way my work is made interesting. I shall always keep on working just as hard as ever, for I find that the only happy way of living."

THE MAN WHO PLAYED THE CYMBALS.

Among all the seventy black heads in the orchestra a single yellow one shone like a lamp amid surrounding darkness. This head had no business to be so conspicuous; the sight of it was an unwarranted impertinence. For it merely directed the playing of the cymbals.

As his name and his melancholy black eyes betrayed, despite his yellow hair, Antonio Straboni was thoroughly Italian as the best of them. He detested the cymbals. He played them only because even a musician must earn bread to keep body and soul together, and this was the only instrument left him to play. He had not always hung on the outskirts of the orchestra a pariah, removed as far from the sensitive audience as the depth of the stage would allow. Once they had desired him as near as possible. Once he had sat close under the conductor's stand, and Herr Ritter had depended on him as a captain depends upon his lieutenant. For the

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music had received its soul from his hands. He had played first violin.

Yet everyone said how fortunate he had been to escape with his life in that fearful railroad accident, when so many around him were killed outright; he had suffered only a maimed hand, its nimbleness lost. Fortunate indeed! Antonio envied those others, who would never know what it was to live on and on and become as sounding brass in the world's symphony. A first violin doomed thenceforth to play the cymbals!

Yet not even his daily crashing of these brass abominations could dull Antonio's ear or drown the music which, like a spring unquenchable, welled up within his soul. Every morning after rehearsal till it was time for dinner—which he did not always get; every night after the performance till it was time for sleep, which he did not often seek—for dreams are sad things, sad as reality when life is unhappy—he would take down his violin and play clumsily, as his poor fingers would permit, the songs which had come to him since the day before; wondering the while that they should find source in his starved soul.

Kinless, friendless and alone—for his sensitiveness pride shunned the advances which he believed due to pity for his misfortune—he had become the saddest among them all who was never the gayest. He had only his violin, which he could hardly play, and his ideal, which no one shared to make life at all worth living. And often he believed neither worth the struggle and the suffering and was tempted to end it all. This was the spirit which spoke through his violin. Antonio's songs were heart-breaking even in their beauty.

Lately, however, a new note had come into the melodies as they welled up faster than ever with a force and fire hitherto a stranger to them, so that his clumsy fingers could hardly follow on the trembling strings. His music had gained the masculine quality which it had hitherto lacked to make it truly great.

It was now three weeks since a little German girl had joined the company, Herr Ritter's niece, the wonderful violinist whose name was emblazoned on the bill-posters in colors bright as her own golden hair. Antonio had lived thirty long years. But from the day of their first full rehearsal it seemed to him that time had just begun, a time whose seasons depended on the light reflected from that second golden head, the only one like his in that great barren hall. Straightway the music began to ripple and eddy tumultuously through the channels of his being like a brook that rises higher and higher every day with hope and longing and reckless abandon, till it seems near to overflow and sweep all before it. And in the little hotel-room next to his Gretchen would sit and listen with hand on heart, eyes shining with delight; would remember and record.

Gretchen was proud, although she chose to room in this garret—like him, of course, to save money for fresh concert frocks and rib-

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bons, and toys for the little cousins; and naturally she had never spoken to the humblest player of the orchestra, every member of which was prone at her feet. Yet sometimes when the orchestra was rehearsing and she was supposed to be practising the difficult music of her evening's solo—first looking to be sure that she was quite unheard, Gretchen would mute her violin and softly play some quaint exquisite air, surely never included in the complete works of Brahms or Raff, or of any of the great composers whom alone her famous teacher allowed.

One morning she met him at the head of the stairs, pale and worn, just returning from rehearsal. He stopped, turning even whiter at sight of her, and half opened his lips as if to speak words which were already burning in his eyes too plainly to need utterance. She was full of the music which she had been playing all the morning—his music. She also stopped and hesitated as if with a half inclination to speak and question him. But in a moment the spell was broken. Her pride flushed at the very thought of her indiscretion; and noting the toss of her head he, too, flushed, and with a quick sigh of self-restraint passed on into his room. Half-way down the stairs she lingered a moment listening for the sound of his violin. But it did not come, and with an impatient gesture she ran out into the sunshine and fresh air and forgot all about it.

He, however, did not forget. Late that night, after a grand performance, Gretchen was awakened suddenly by the tones of a violin which thrilled her through and through; tones bearing a new power and passion. At last the little brook in Antonio's heart had risen so high that another drop would mean overflow. It poured out in a flood of melody so divine in theme, though limping, alas! in the execution, that the girl on the other side of the thin partition was almost overcome by its beauty; trembling and sobbing with emotion she sprang for her own violin to repeat the measures and respond, when the music ceased suddenly, and for a few minutes there was a tense silence, when Gretchen fell back quivering and nerveless with the beautiful melody still throbbing through her veins.

Then the door of the room next hers creaked softly and a stealthy footstep crossed the hall. A moment later she recognized the rustle of paper under her door. She kept quite still till she heard the step descend the stairs. He was evidently gone on one of his nocturnal rambles which she knew he was wont to take as a tonic after unusual musical emotion. She waited till she heard the outer door bang, then with a light she went quickly for the paper, and drawing it within, scanned it eagerly. It was a letter. The brook had overflowed at last.

"Dearest Signora: I can no longer master the emotion of my soul. I must speak. I, the poor cymbal-player in your uncle's orchestra. Never to speak to you or touch your hand or hope for more—I cannot live like this from day to day. I would rather die. I met

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you on the stairs this morning; our eyes met again tonight. Was I dreaming then also? I thought their look was kind. I dare not speak to you myself. I will not ask you to write me a reply. There is a sweeter way than that to hope or to despair. Let me hear it through your divine violin, Signora. Let me know my doom tomorrow. The choice of your solo is your own—let it voice your message to my heart. I shall understand. Without love the brook of my heart will dry. With too much love it is overflowing now; let its streams unite with yours—or let mine cease forever. I kiss your little feet,

"ANTONIO STRABONI."

The girl sat paling and flushing by turns as she read the words painfully scrawled. Suddenly she bent and kissed the crabbed writing. Then with a quick revulsion, remembering the pride of her position, her recent triumph and brilliant future, she flung it on the floor, and seizing her violin, dashed into a gay Hungarian dance, which she had chosen for the morrow's solo. What had she to do with this cymbal player, the mere artisan of the orchestra, though he might write beautiful songs which no one heard.

* * * * * * * *

The applause following the first ensemble of the orchestra had died away, and every one was eagerly awaiting the entrance of the young violin prodigy. The cymbals were laid weakly from one pair of trembling hands, and among all the black close-cropped heads in the orchestra the curly yellow one alone was drooping and turned away from the right stage entrance. It was raised, however, showing a face white to the lips, as a childish figure emerged and tripped across the stage, bowing saucily in response to the storm of applause which greeted her. But she did not turn toward the orchestra while tuning her violin, as was her wont. She kept her head away, and Antonio's heart sank low within him.

Then with a toss of the golden mane over her shoulders, the strong young arm, too well rounded for a child's, swept the bow lightly, and the first heartless, gay notes of the "Czardas" thrilled forth like mocking laughter. The air was finished, and with another toss of the head, but without a glance toward the center where the cymbals ought to be, the girl tripped off the stage, followed by a wild burst of applause. They insisted upon an encore. They whistled, cheered and shouted "Bravo!" and would take no denial. In all this tumult she declared she would not play again. Herr Ritter begged, insisted. At last, after much coaxing and many threats, she came trembling forth again. She also was a true musician. In the little time that had elapsed her mood had changed. She was no longer the proud, coquettish child, ready to wound, eager to show her self-importance and heart freedom.

The bow trembled irresolutely in her hand. She hesitated as if undecided what to play, while the audience applauded still louder this

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new evidence of childish bashfulness. Suddenly she raised her eyes bravely, her cheeks flushed, and she began a strain never heard before by any one in that vast hall, audience or orchestra; a strain so sweet, so tender, so full of pathos and pleading that it hushed the people into absolute silence, then rising to a height of passion that concluded with a sob and brought the great audience to its feet with a fury of enthusiasm. Herr Ritter beneath the stage and his orchestra upon it sat petrified with awe and amazement. The song of Antonio's overflowing heart-brook was indeed carrying all before it, even the world which knew him not.

But the girl looked neither at the great audience before her nor the flowers flung all about at her feet. For turning abruptly away from all this, with a little smile and blush of self-confession, she sought instead the yellow head usually so easy to find among the black ones. But her smile faded and her eyes grew wider and wider with foreboding as they peered in vain. The place of the cymbal player was vacant. What did it mean? Had Antonio received her first cruel message, but never the second kinder one? He would never know—never understand! With a terrible fear in her heart, remembering the hint in his letter, Gretchen stood staring helplessly at the vacant seat and the cymbals abandoned beside it. For she felt that he had meant what he said—he would rather die; he would die. And the audience continued to roar its empty applause for his music—but where was he?

With a sudden wild sob Gretchen ran across the stage and down the stairs past Herr Ritter, who stared speechlessly at her as she fled she hardly knew whither. In her thin dress, without cloak or hood, she was hurrying out into the darkness to find him before it was too late—to tell him all and beg him to return for the world's sake, which needed his music, and for her sake, who needed him most of all.

She had flung open the heavy outer door when a hand from behind grasped her arm. A trembling voice whispered in her ear—"Gretchen!" And turning she beheld the now shining eyes and blessed golden head she believed she had lost forever.

Antonio's triumph had almost come too late, as so many triumphs do. Fleeing from the mockery of "Czardas," just as he was closing the same door behind him upon hope and love and life itself, he had caught the first strain of his own romanza. It had come at this last moment like a reprieve to the condemned to the scaffold. He could not realize it at first, the revulsion was so sudden. But the passion of Gretchen's heart answered to his own in her rendering of his soul's perfect music; and he at last was convinced.

hand in hand before the great audience, heart singing to heart in

They share the triumph together—despite Herr Ritter's protests—music which no other ears could hear.—The Interior.

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THE FIRST PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Jullien, the man who invented promenade concerts, was—what so many successful artists are—a bit of a charlatan. He gave concerts at an enormous profit at first because he took but a light burden upon his shoulders. Beyond the rent of his concert hall, and, of course, the heavy toll of advertising, his only expense was his orchestra. And the public were satisfied with what they had for their money. The program consisted of about nine pieces—five in the first part and four in the second. The orchestra played a symphony, or a portion of one, overtures, etc., and some of the principal members contributed solos on their various instruments—even the little-used viol d'amore had a look in, and was admirably played by Mr. Schreurs, whom many of the older members of our profession must remember. By the way, Jullien's readiness was well shown when an encore was pertinaciously demanded of a solo on the viol d'amore. Mr. Schreurs did not want to risk a less successful rendering of his piece, and told Jullien his instrument had got out of tune. Jullien promptly went to the front and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is quite impossible Mr. Schreurs should play again, as he has one hundred strings to tune."

Jullien conducted such works as Beethoven's C minor symphony, etc., which he knew well, in a very perfect manner, and would rehearse until the smallest detail was rendered in a most thoroughly sympathetic and artistic manner; but personally he was slow of study, and took long to master a new work. Not only classical, but all music, would he have performed in the best possible manner, and he rehearsed a set of quadrilles as many times and as carefully as the most important composition. And since his time no man has produced dance music equal to Jullien's, or even played the hackneyed quadrilles as Jullien did. Who has not seen the wonderful effect of the British Army quadrilles on an audience, even when they are most inadequately, not to say vilely, performed, and from that circumstance cannot gather their marvelous charm for Jullien's audience, to whom they were new, and to whom they were presented with all the force a most immaculate and spirited rendering could confer? There were also the Navy quadrilles; in the performance of which he requisitioned in one figure the services of all the principal wind players as performers on fifes, he himself performing on one and capering about the platform at the same time! He also played solos on the piccolo and flageolet, and would generally inspire himself to such an extent as to end by dancing to his own pipe. He always paid for, and generally got, the very best executants, and certainly did not overtire them by his demands on their time, for his concerts were advertised to finish at 10:40, so as to let people get to their homes at a reasonable hour, and he actually finished at the advertised time. Possibly in these short concerts may be found an explanation of their

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extreme popularity. It is certainly better to leave off when your audience would have relished another piece or two, than to surfeit them to such an extent that they feel they would never care to taste of your cookery again. He was not above making money himself, and encouraged the members of his orchestra in the same process; for on five nights out of the six he accepted engagements for private dances, and at about 9:30 he made the sign to some nine or ten of his band, who quietly left and made their way to a lucrative ball business. He himself would get to the engagement at about 11 o'clock, and would play the fiddle till 2, when he went home to sleep the night's excitement off.

Jullien had a giant contra-bass in his orchestra which was worked like a stage camel or elephant—one performer at each end—a very tall performer worked the upper end, pulling at things somewhat resembling the beer pulls in a public-house bar, which caused flappers to come down on the strings and stop the notes—which, however, were not very numerous. At the lower end another artist officiated with an immense bow which was rasped vigorously over the strings; the sound of the instrument being materially enhanced by the aid of a concealed organ. The double-bass itself was upheld in prominent fashion by a number of struts and other stage carpentering, the better to impose on the audience a recognition of its immense bulk, weight, and unwieldiness. I do not think, however, this instrument could have been anything like as large as that Vuillaume mentions in a letter to Ole Bull (written in 1848) as follows: "I have made something colossal—an octobasse! It is the giant of bow instruments. It is made in its proportions exactly like a double bass, but is twelve feet in height. It is strung with three enormous strings, tuned to re, sol, and ut. The sound is clear, deep, and sonorous; nothing at all like the dull and thick tone of the ordinary double-bass. The fingering is done by means of mechanism connected with keys at the lower end of the finger-board, which the performer, standing on a stool, easily reaches with the left hand, whilst with the right he draws a big bow across the strings. I believe I have added a new and powerful voice to the family of instruments."

Jullien had also a monstre ophicleide, which, as the player puffed out his cheeks and seemed to put his whole life into it, gasping for breath after each note, produced a great effect on the audience, who, as its low B flat boomed out, gave vent to a prolonged A-a-a-a-a-h, just as they do at a firework display when a more than usually brilliant corruscation of rainbow-colored sparks illuminates the heavens. Alas! just as they are but some compound of villainous saltpetre, brimstone and steel filings, etc., so was the marvelous B flat of the monstre ophicleide but the sound of a big organ pipe, the pedal of which the ophicleide player depressed with his foot (out of view of the audience) just as he made his monstre effort at blowing his monstre instrument!

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however, had the conductor's arm begun to work, and the music to proceed, ere Jullien himself started off on a nose solo of particularly

By the way, I must no omit to mention the (very) big drum, a huge affair with a manipulator at each end, who treated it as mercilessly as if they were carpet-beaters. Yes, Jullien was very fond of noise and effect. How he would have welcomed Tchaikowski's music! He would surely have played the "1812" overture once at least for every year of its title.

Jullien performed what he called the Row quadrilles, in which the orchestral performers were required to sing in one figure, and work rattles in the coda—they were but ordinary-sized rattles—mere normal noise makers; so the upper end of the double-bass thought it beneath his dignity and importance to work the one provided, and got one more in proportion to the size of his bass, to his own and his comrades' satisfaction. Goldsmith avers "The sports of children satisfy the child," and another poet, that "Men are but children of a larger growth," which explains it all.

Koenig—a very great cornet player—varied his performances on his full-sized instrument by playing solos with cadenza, etc., on a penny trumpet, to his audience's huge delight. In yet another of his quadrilles, Jullien introduced six chimes of bells, which were placed in the roof of the theater. But the most startling effect of all was produced (as ever) by very simple means, and was of a sort that even Jullien could not have foreseen—ingenious and imaginative man though he was—for, the National Anthem being introduced in the middle of some of his compositions, some disloyal members of the audience did not think it essential to remove their hats. Loyal or rowdy persons observing this, formed themselves into a sort of a rough and ready guard of honor, and kept watch for offenders, promptly tipping off any hat that was tardy in evincing loyalty, whereupon the late hat wearer would usually turn round with some show of indignation. Immediately a ring was formed by the vigilance committee and the un-hatted was urged on to single combat, and so "bloody noses and cracked crowns" grew in the ascendant. Nor was this the only interruption to the harmony of the proceedings. Some people—presumably members of the same clan—elated by their success as tipsters and without respect for the classics, walked round the building just before the symphony, dropping blobs of snuff on the floor. Presently there began to be sounds of t-choo, t-choo, in various parts of the building, which became so numerous, and came from so many different parts of the house as to excite general attention and remark, whilst a particularly loud or curious-sounding effort was rewarded by a round of applause. The conductor grew irate, and leaving off called excitedly to the nearest "gentleman in blue," desiring him to take a vigorous sneezer into custody: "That man, there! He is a conspi rator, they are all conspirators against my concerts." X 21 did not see his way to do this, and the symphony proceeded. Hardly,

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intense emotional expression. This was what the audience were watching for, and he was applauded far beyond any soloist of that or any other evening.

Our promenade audiences are different to this now, and even when a dreary work of fifty-five minutes' duration is presented to them they will listen with an amount of patience which would fully qualify them as successors to Job. They are staid and respectable, and if somewhat indiscriminating, are not given to interrupting the performance of any work, or censuring any performer, however bad he or she may be. Over Wagner or Tchaikowski's more noisy works they are, however, more enthusiastic than they are with the quieter ones, so that perhaps after all they have not altered so very much since Jullien's time, and would still relish his various noisy eccentricities if they could get them; and might even enjoy those thirty-two side-drummers he was in the habit of taking on the platform to perform by themselves without any music—unless you call drumming music. But to be sure they were Frenchmen clad in their national drummers' military dress, and possibly, to add more zest to the appreciation they earned, it might have got about that the gentleman who officered them had served a period of years in the galleys. Such was the fact, although Jullien was probably unaware of it when engaging that gentleman and his troupe.

Now, do not think the present writer wishes to run down Jullien. He wanted to give concerts, and he did, by giving the people music they could understand and enjoy. His dance music, which brought them pleasure and him much money, was the very best of its kind, and performed in the very best possible manner. He engaged the finest orchestra he could obtain and paid the highest salaries. He introduced as much classical music as he could, performed it perfectly, and was ever trying to get the people to listen patiently to more and more of it each season. As long as he relied on his orchestra alone and the soloists therein, he made money. But when, engaging expensive singers and expensive outside soloists, he ran his outgoings up to nearly twice the original cost for each concert, his audiences fell off—partly because he thus made his concerts liable to competition, for any musical person, or, indeed, unmusical, could get up such concerts. He found that popularity, once on the wane, must dwindle and then die altogether; and any effort, however great, to fight for declining fame, can only bring the artist who does so to despair and the bankruptcy court. He learnt this lesson himself, but nothing could induce his friends to understand or believe it; they constantly made fresh bids for public favor on his behalf; he was again started in fresh enterprises against his own convictions. Gradually his reason got unsettled, and he was in the habit of declaring (Berlioz narrates it) that when he closed his ears with his finger tips he could hear the diapason of the universe; and would sing the note—only, unfortunately, it was never twice the same note.

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I find I have omitted one of the extra large instruments, used in his orchestra, from my list—the serpentclyde—a large serpent; the tone of which class of instruments combined with no other voice in the orchestra, and whose crooked form some wise St. Patrick has long since banished from our domain of music, even as the original saint banished the reptile from Ireland centuries ago. And whilst I am still on the subject of big, giant or monstre instruments, may I be allowed to point out, to possible future inventors of these monstrosities, that it is of no use whatever their making them until they can find or create a race of men some four times their present size to use them. Huge hands and arms are demanded imperatively for huge string instruments; and monstrous chests, big mouths, and extra-sized tongues—to say nothing of strength of lip—to manage monster wind instruments. However, whether Jullien had considered this or not, they played a part of some importance in aiding the success of the first promenade concerts.—The Orchestral Gazette.

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MINOR MENTION.

A student with Prof. A. A. Stanley of Ann Arbor some time ago brought as an exercise, a "Song Without Words," to which he had prefixed the direction "Langweilig." Stanley's German is still in sufficiently good running order to enable him to see that the young fellow had accurately described his work at any rate. And so severely (vox professoris): "Did it ever occur to you, young man, that, even if a composition does not have words, it at least must have music? And pray what did you mean by this expression 'langweilig'"? The young man meant "langsam," slow; he wrote better than he knew—"langweilig," tedious.

* * *

Teachers looking for lists of available teaching pieces would do well to send to Mr. Carl Faelton for copies of his pupils' programs, since the variety of pieces in the lower grades is much wider there than in most lists which reach this office. The Faelton school is also strong in recent composition as well as in the classics.

* * *

Speaking of the standard of the smaller musical centers, which to eastern imagination have no existence, observe this Bach list given at the Nebraska Conservatory of Music, Lincoln, Neb. Mr. W. Irving Andrus gave a lecture upon Bach, after which pupils of the school played the first movement of the Italian Concerto, Gavotte in G minor, First Prelude from the "Clavier," Inventions, Preludes ni D and E, and the whole concluded with the organ fugue in G minor, the large one, played by a self-playing instrument.

* * *

The Chicago Piano College lately gave a concert composed entirely of compositions by members of the faculty. There were four pieces by Mr. Harmon H. Watt, two by Mr. Leffingwell, and one by Miss Belle Remick.

* * *

Speaking of works by members of the faculty, if the Chicago Musical College or the Chicago Conservatory were to turn loose in this direction one might say with the liar of old that the world itself would hardly be long enough to give room. The college has in Mr. Campbell Tipton a composer of voluminous productions of terrible difficulty; Mr. Friedheim has written in all provinces, and is now at work upon an opera; Mr. Adolph Brune has written much; Dr. Ziegfeld himself has worked at a piano concerto and other things; and there are many other composers among the teachers. In the Chicago Conservatory Mr. Godowsky is, of course, the most abundant producer, with his thirty studies after Chopin, and his thirty or more original compositions published. Just now, however, Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason has been elected director, and he has in his safe no less than three complete operas, at least one or two symphonic poems, and a variety of other works of ambitious form—mostly for orchestra.

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Music Students Club Extension

HOW TO MEMORIZE.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

Music is retained by us in three ways, as a concept of the mind, as a sound causing the nerves to vibrate, as a sense of combined muscular actions. The blind, who are in many ways at a disadvantage, are in this region of pure mentality no whit behind others, if, indeed, they be not at a positive advantage. It is a law of our strange and complex being that whatever passes through us either as a passive impression or as a reaction of positive effort excited by an outward irritant, has a tendency to remain. Rather let us say that there are two forces working in us, the one cuts the impression into us, and tends to make whatever has been stay as a permanent and modifying portion of our being, and the other tends all the while to cover up and hide out of sight the impression made by new ones. Take a familiar instance. You learn by heart, that is, by memory, a poem to recite at your school rhetorical exercises. Perhaps it is the spirited ballad of Longfellow upon the ride of Paul Revere. Twenty years pass, and a thousand things come in between to engross all your attention. Suddenly, something calls it back. You try to recite the poem, and with disgust find that not a single stanza remains in its place. All have been thrown down like the stones of the temple at Jerusalem, all of which were still there, but none in their appointed places, selected for them by the architect, they have little beauty and no value. But keep on, in bits and patches, like lights suddenly enkindled, the various lines come back, and by a reference to the book, you discover with delight that it all is renewed in all its original clearness like some mural painting long buried in the sands of Egypt.

Now the process of memorizing music is like that of verbal memorizing. One would be inclined at first to say that the remembering of tones must be a more complicated act than the remembrance of words, but the well authenticated instances of prodigious memory such as that of Liszt, of Mendelssohn and of Bulow, would seem to prove that in the matter of music-harmony there must be rather an advantage in point of quantity. It is not necessary to believe, however, such a monstrous legend of the sea-serpent, such a regular Baron Mun-

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chausen narrative as that told of Mendelssohn, viz., that after merely hearing a long anthem twice and without even seeing the notes, he wrote it out in orchestral score with absolute accuracy.

It is safe to say that whenever you do not know any musical composition by heart, you can not enter into it absolutely, that is, you can not really interpret it. Recognizing this profound law, nearly if not quite all good teachers require the music to be memorized in as large a degree as may be by the student. First, to remember a piece of music it is necessary to grasp it as a mental thing, as a piece of construction. This you can do if you understand the principles of harmony, but if you do not, you can comprehend the music but very imperfectly. Try to imitate that celebrated virtuoso, Mme. Rive-King, who learns her music mentally before teaching it to her fingers. This was also the usage of the great interpretive artist, Dr. Hans Von Bulow. Just here carefully avoid the pernicious habit of picturing to yourself a phantom page with all its hieroglyphics, from which you are, as it were, reading; for this is no better, no, is not so good, as having the real paper with all its print before your eyes. It tends also, this seeing of a phantom page, to let the mind stop short in the externals, the mere arbitrary visable signs which express musical ideas. No, get into the music as a mental thing in and of itself. When you recite Paul Revere's ride, you see in your mind's eye the panorama of the places and acts described by the poet, not the letters of the alphabet whereby the English words are expressed. You even go so far as not to realize whether it is the English language to which you are listening, or which you are uttering. Exactly so is it with the idea of music, and you must by all means secure this clear and strictly musical ideation.

Secondly, you must play over the notes, at first each hand separately, and very, very, very slowly. Fix now your mind upon two things, and only two things, viz., what are the pitches indicated, and what are the relative lengths of the sounds. That is to say, what are the actual sounds chosen by the composer to utter himself?

Next consider separately the phrasing, that is, the punctuation of the music, the dynamics, i. e., the various degrees of intensity and of fluctuations in intensity, or loudness, then the rate of motion,

Now comes the third process, that is the finger memory. Go over the music again, just as before, viz., first each hand separately, then in conjunction with each other, and concentrate your entire attention upon the finger-selection. Finger-selection is a more accurate expression for this mechanic labor than fingering. In all good modern editions the finger-selection is fully and minutely indicated, sometimes with pedantic and needless particularity by pianists and scholars of distinction, so that no student worthy of the name, no student who takes pains to do more than scratch the surface of things, need be in any doubt as to the best choice of fingers for the mechanical utterance of the notes. See to it that the various processes above sketched be

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carried on slowly, with an intent mind, and in the order above indicated.

You must always emulate the great English scholar and essayist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who when asked how he could retain so fully and accurately the contents of the myriad books which he read, replied: "I pour over each book, as if I never again expected to see it." Thus you must train yourself till you are capable of a deep insight, and a steady long-sustained application of your attention.

But your task is not even yet accomplished. Now the time element, which enters inexorably into all our human affairs, whether of body, mind or heart, must be invoked. Having learned a piece, or portion of a piece, turn your mind upon other things for awhile and after an interval, neither very long nor very short, say from one day to one week, go over again the whole work as before, but not so slowly and intensely. Again, after another lapse of time a little longer, do the same.

Thus, by stages, not painful, but most delightful, for all accurate, clear use of the mind is delightful, and by a reasonable amount of time, you will come into possession of the music, and in so thorough a manner as never to lose it again. That never losing is the chief thing, for a vast repertoire will be the result of your course of study, if you keep all that you learn.

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CATECHETICAL HINTS ON SINGING.

(From "Hints on Singing.")

BY MANUEL GARCIA.

Question. How does the diaphragm control respiration?

Answer. In the first attempt to emit a sound the diaphragm flattens itself, the stomach slightly protrudes, and the breath is introduced at will by the nose, by the mouth, or by both simultaneously. During this part inspiration, which is called "abdominal," the ribs do not move, nor are the lungs filled to their full capacity, to obtain which the diaphragm must and does contract completely. Then, and only then, are the ribs raised, while the stomach is drawn in. This inspiration—in which the lungs have their free action from side to side, from front to back, from top to bottom—is complete, and is called "thoracic" or "intercostal." If by compression of any kind the lower ribs are prevented from expanding, the breathing becomes sternal or "clavicular."

Q. Which do you approve?

A. The thoracic; and to obtain it the breath must be taken slowly and deeply.

Q. Can breathing be improved?

A. Yes, by proper exercises. I should propose the following:

1. Draw the breath slowly through a very minute opening of the lips, then exhale freely.

2. Breathe freely and exhale slowly through the same small opening.

3. Breathe freely and retain the breath during ten seconds or more.

These exercises are independent of one another, and should never be continued till fatigue ensues.

Q. What are the faults of breathing?

A. The greatest are that the breathing should be scanty, hurried, noisy, or drawn in by raising the shoulders. When the air is inhaled gradually and not by jerks, it does not rebound, and is retained by the lungs without fatigue.

Q. How are these faults to be remedied?

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A. The first three by breathing slowly and deeply and by opening wide the glottis. The noisy aspirations are caused by a semi-opened glottis.

Q. How can you obtain the sensation of the glottic action?

A. By coughing almost imperceptibly. The glottis then closes and opens; through these actions we feel it distinctly.

Q. At what age should the serious study of singing begin?

A. From sixteen for girls, and from eighteen for boys, according to strength and to climate; but not until the change is complete, as any tampering at this delicate period may ruin the voice forever.

Q. What is meant by timbre?

A. Every sound of the voice may assume an infinite variety of shades apart from intensity. Each of these is a timbre.

Q. What produces the variety of timbres?

A. They are owing, first, to permanent causes that affect the voice of each individual, such as the constitution, age, health or disease of the vocal apparatus; secondly, to the action of the glottis; thirdly, to the changes of form in the tube that the sounds traverse. The path of the sound, being formed of elastic and movable parts, varies its dimensions and forms in endless ways, and every modification—even the slightest—has a corresponding and definite influence on the voice.

Q. How is a student to select from among these intricacies of timbre?

A. Timbres may be divided into two classes: To clear or open, and the dark or closed. These two opposite qualities are obtained principally through the agency of the larynx and the soft-palate. The movements of these two organs are always in a contrary direction. The larynx rises when the soft-palate falls, and when the larynx falls the soft-palate rises. The high vault produces the dark timbres, the lower arch the clear ones. The arch rises in the act of yawning, and falls in the act of swallowing.

Q. What exercise will give command over the various timbres?

A. This: In the same breath, on the same note, and on each of the vowels a, e, i, o, the student must pass through every shade of timbre, from the most open or clear to the most closed or dark. The sounds must be maintained with an equal degree of force. The following table shows what change each vowel undergoes in passing from clear to dark; the process must also be inverted:

A approximates to o.
E " " eu in French.
I " " u in French.
O " " u in Italian.

The Italian I and the French U in the head and high chest notes must be opened rather more than in speaking, or their tint would be unpleasant. Carried to excess, these timbres would render the voice respectively hoarse and hollow, or harsh and trivial, like the quack of a duck. The student should thoroughly understand that the ring

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or dullness of sound is, in effect and mechanism, completely distinct from the open and closed timbres. The ringing and dullness are produced in the interior of the larynx, independently of the position, high or low, of this organ, while the open or closed qualities of the voice require the bodily movement of the larynx, and of its antagonist, the soft-palate. Hence, any timbre may be bright or dull. This observation is most important for the expressive qualities of the voice.

Q. How do you prepare for emission of the voice?

A. By giving attention to the position of the body, the separation of the jaws, the shape of the throat and the breathing.

Q. How would you describe the position of the body?

A. The body must be straight, well planted on the feet, and without any other support; the shoulders well back, the head erect, the expression of the face calm.

Q. Should the mouth be opened wide as a means of obtaining power and beauty of sound?

A. This is a common error. The mouth should be opened by the natural fall of the jaw. This movement, which separates the jaws by the thickness of a finger and leaves the lips alone, gives the mouth an easy and natural form. The tongue must be kept limp and motionless, neither raised at the point nor swollen at the root. Finally, the soft-palate must be raised as in taking a full breath. The exaggerated opening favors neither low nor high notes. In the latter case it may help the vocalist to scream, but that is not singing; the face loses charm and the voice assumes a violent and vulgar tone. The real mouth of a singer ought to be considered the pharynx, because it is in the pharynx that is found the causation of timbres. The facial mouth is but a door through which the voice passes. Still, if this door was not sufficiently open, sounds could not issue freely.

Q. How can you regulate the opening of the mouth?

A. Those who find it difficult either to diminish or to increase the opening of the mouth will do well to place laterally between the jaws, from back to front, a small piece of wood not thicker than a pencil.

Q. Are there other defects of a similar kind?

A. Yes. Pushing the lips out like a funnel, protruding the jaws, separating the lips for the sake of showing fine teeth, and knitting the brows.

Q. What is the remedy?

A. The chin might be held back by a band of paper round the neck, and pinned through the ends in front of the chin. This band, which ought not to be wider than a finger, acts, of course, as a reminder. Anyone afflicted with these or kindred habits should sing before a mirror.

Q. Have you anything to add about breathing?

A. It may be added that when the lungs are completely filled with air, the natural tendency is to be quickly rid of the superabund-

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ance. Consequently, the sounds at the start are strong and often unsteady; then they become weaker with the lessening of the breath. The majority of the musical phrases demand the opposite method. On this account the pupil should begin with a small amount of pressure, increasing it gradually as the supply of air diminishes. The even flow of a long phrase, a long passage of agility, the stability of a long note, all require a continuous and well-managed pressure of the diaphragm.

Q. Is not the size and the sonority of the locale to be considered?

A. Certainly. The necessity for a steady pressure is especially felt in large halls and in places bad for sound. Air given out in jerks does not travel. A moderate and prolonged pressure, on the contrary, gradually puts in motion the whole mass of circumambient air. The faintest sound given in this manner, if not drowned by the accompaniment, will reach the ears of the most distant auditor.

Q. What do you mean by the stroke of the glottis?

A. The neat articulation of the glottis that gives a precise and clean start to a sound.

Q. How do you acquire that articulation?

A. By imitation, which is quickest of all, but in the absence of a model let it be remembered that by slightly coughing we become conscious of the existence and the position of the glottis, and also of its shutting and opening action. The stroke of the glottis is somewhat similar to the cough, though differing essentially in that it needs only the delicate action of the lips and not the impulse in the air. The lightness of movement is considerably facilitated if it is tried with the mouth shut. Once understood, it may be used with the mouth open on any vowel. The object of this is that at the start sounds should be free from the defect of slurring up to a note or the noise of breathing.

Q. What are the principal qualities of good emission?

A. Perfect intonation, absolute steadiness of sound, and beauty of timbre. These qualities—indispensable to good style—may be considered as the tripod of voice-production.

Q. How are sounds to be attacked?

A. With the stroke of the glottis just described. The Italian vowels a, e, as in the words "alma," "sempre," must be used. They will bring out all the ring of the voice. The notes must be kept full and equal in force. This is the best manner of developing the voice. At first the exercise must not exceed two or three minutes in duration.

Q. How long at a time should beginners sing?

A. Not longer than four or five minutes; but this may be repeated three times a day. If it causes the slightest fatigue it must be stopped at once for the rest of the day.

Q. Are the chest-notes above E difficult in women's voices?

A. Women, whose vocal cords are one-third shorter than those

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of men, have greater facility than any tenor for producing the chest-notes above E; but that part of the voice constantly employed (as happens in music written for women) would in a comparatively short time injure the whole instrument and reduce it to the state of a broken voice.

Q. Is there any cause for weakness in the medium register besides the nature of the organ?

A. The abuse of the chest-register, which has so weakened the medium as to make it almost disappear.

Q. How can you restore it?

A. By reversing the study of this portion of the voice and beginning with the emission of these notes in the treble clef: C, third space; B and B flat, third line; which will be about all that can be obtained. The student must exercise them till they are well established; then descend to A or A flat; there the student will do well to stop and to repeat the sounds both separately and in groups of two or three notes. Each group is to be repeated several times in the same breath.

Q. How long must the practice last?

A. At least a fortnight. As soon as the pupil can master these notes the G must be attempted; then the F sharp, F, E, and E flat, or, if possible, D, and even lower. The voice will the more easily descend, that the pressure of the breath will be weaker. A strong contraction of the chin would infallibly bring back the chest notes.

Q. Do you imply that this process would only produce dull notes?

A. Just so, dull and veiled notes. But they must be accepted at the outcome, until the medium is thoroughly established.

Q. What is to be done next?

A. We must try to impart to the notes brilliancy and volume. That is done by returning to the process described to correct veiled sounds.

Q. What becomes of the chest-register during that period?

A. During that period, which should last five or six weeks, not one chest-note must be used.

Q. Which is the best place for the change of registers in the medium?

A. Between the third—D flat, first space below staff, treble clef, and F, first space, treble clef. If the chest-note is rounded, it will assimilate itself to the medium.

Q. When singing a long scale—say a twelfth—do you keep the same tint throughout?

A. If the exact timbre shade was retained from top to bottom of a long scale, the effect would be discordant. To satisfy the ear with an impression of equality the singer by skilful gradation must increase the roundness of the high notes, and reverse the process in descending.

Q. But does not this method introduce a real inequality in the vowel-sound?

A. It does; and the apparent equality in the notes of the scale

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will be the result of actual but well-graduated inequality of the vowel-sound. Without this maneuver the round vowels, which are suitable to the higher notes, would extinguish the ringing of the middle and the lower notes, and the open vowels, which give eclat to the lower, would make the higher notes harsh and shrill. The neglect of this proceeding causes many voices to appear unequal; but, I repeat, it must be used with moderation and with taste.

THE BIRDS.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

(I.)

One day, far, far behind, the brimming sky
Spilled over; raindrops and wee spirits fell
Together blissfully. When, by and by,
The summer went—though earth they loved full well
The spirits fluttered skyward. Strange to tell,
Much higher than the tree-tops none might fly.
Whereon their happiness was mixed with pain,
Their singing sweeter. Since, when comes the rain,
They sing that song, sweetest to nature known;
Heaven lost, they make a heaven of their own.

(II.)

Which love you best of these beloved things?
Say you the sparrows, minstrels o' the ground,
Who fill the April days with blissful sound?
The orioles—one in the elm now sings,
The busy love-fires flashing where he swings?
The thrushes, voiced like stars upon their round?
The yellowbirds, as wave to wave they bound?
The vireos with tunes like ripple-rings?
You well may name blithe Bob-o-Lincoln, too,
And him, the mite, will meet great death half way,
The heart o' winter, braveling chickadee.
But when joy thrusts right through the heart of you,
"That's spring-mad robin! set him first!" you say;
Love says, "My bluebird in the apple tree!"

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"I have a little boy aged eight last December, to whom I have been giving organ lessons for the last two years, and last Christmas I got him a violin. I helped him what I could on the violin, but he was advancing so fast that I saw I must either take the violin away from him or get a teacher for him. He has now had ten lessons of Prof. Stringbird here, and Easter he played the first study of Charles Dancla's Op. 123, and did it nicely, too.

"He has had repeated invitations since to play solos, and the fact is, unless everybody is very much mistaken, he is a musical wonder. Probably you think I am fond and foolish over him, but I hope to have you see him next fall and judge for yourself. His teacher thinks he ought to go away this fall and study music, and says he thinks he could be self-supporting almost from the first. Of course I should go with him. Now, if there are any schools in Chicago for the violin where the pupils can pay for their lessons in playing for concerts, etc., would you kindly mention their address to me, so that I may see what can be done.

"I have an offer from a traveling theatrical company to take him this fall as a novelty, but I have higher aims for him. Advise me, will you please? I shall take it as a great favor." M. J. K.

I publish the foregoing because it is an example of a letter which very often comes to this office, and in reply I will say that there is talk of establishing a musical college in Chicago at which all the pupils will be self-supporting, paying for their tuition and their living by playing at the concerts of the school. At first it was expected to accomplish this by means of an endowment fund to be contributed by some wealthy lovers of art; but after attending a few school concerts the wealthy lovers of art lost their interest in the enterprise and declined to be "worked" any further. Thereupon a few of the more altruistic music teachers have gotten together and, if the present plans are successful, they will hire an advantageous location, furnish their studios handsomely, occupy their entire time in teaching these pupils, and derive their compensations from the satisfaction of a good conscience. This engagement is intended to last as long as their previous savings will carry them.

Outside opinions differ very much as to the length of time such a school would be likely to hold out, because a school without any source

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of nourishment is like any other organization in the same condition. It is liable to die for shortness of breath.

There is a great necessity for a school of this kind. All the music schools in Chicago are liberal in the matter of free scholarships to talented pupils, but none of them, so far as I know, support the pupil while working out the free scholarship. The benevolence of the Chicago music teacher seems to be equal to the strain of giving long series of lessons for nothing in the hope of doing good for the cause, but there are only a few of them who are so abnormally developed and advanced that they are willing to support the pupil who will consent to receive these lessons. In fact, there are still many music teachers in Chicago who either could not, or think they could not, live were it not from the income derived from their teaching. Many of these are Christian Scientists and firm believers in all sorts of material miracles in every other province except the financial, but I notice that when it comes to a question of dollars and cents they are in the same hopeless condition of scepticism as the rest of us. "No payee, no teachee," as the Chinaman remarked.

How would you proceed were a pupil of some musical ability given you who cares not for technic but wishes to understand time perfectly? She formerly studied the piano, but is now developing her voice and having always been deficient in time, desires to study that part of music with me. I contemplate having her write and beat the different times, commencing with the simplest and proceeding to the most complicated; or would you require compositions to be played in which the various values of notes appear? I trust I have been explicit and by answering next month you would confer a favor upon

B. L.

What you will have to do in order to make your pupil understand time perfectly, by which of course you mean rhythm, is to make her conscious first of all of the pulsation, which is the fundamental rhythmic fact in every kind of music; and of the measure, or the grouping of pulsations by means of accents. When you have got her so she can recognize these things by hearing them and can give you the rate of the pulsation—that is, beat time with the pulsation and can tell you what kind of measure she is marking—that is how many pulsations each measure contains—you can then go on to analyze rhythm proper; that is, the combination of two or more pulsations into one tone, or the division of a pulsation between several tones. The first thing to do is to train her ear and her consciousness. When you have done this you will then need to undertake a careful training in notation. Having first made her understand the value of the different note forms, let her be required to write a variety of rhythms from dictation, using at one time an eighth note for the unit note, at another the quarter note, and at another the half note, and represent all the divi-

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sions or combinations of pulsations by the proper note reckoning from the unit note announced at the beginning. Working this way from the ear and consciousness back again to the notation, you will soon be able to make her understand about time. She will still further need to undergo some exercises in time, the most easily managed of which would be scales and arpeggios on the piano in accents according to Mason's system, the primary object in this case being the cultivation of the sense of rhythmic continuity and not key-board facility. It would assist you very much in this undertaking if you were to examine the Tonic Sol Fa method of teaching rhythm because this method differs entirely from all the American systems of school music in beginning with music itself and afterward talking about notation; whereas all our American systems begin with notation when as yet they have nothing to notate, and the consequence is the pupil is very much mixed up, not knowing how much is music and how much notation.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES

SONG WITHOUT WORDS. By Marc D. Lombard. Breitkopf & Haertel, New York.

"A Song Without Words," which is entirely too pretentious and difficult for its subject matter. With proper consideration this could have been treated within much more practicable limits.

* * *

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHANNES BRAHMS. By Albert Dietrich and J. V. Widmann. Translated by Dora E. Hecht. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1899.

In this elegantly bound volume of 210 pages the Brahms student will find many most agreeable reminiscences of the great master, on the whole wisely selected and calculated to increase the liking of the reader for this remarkable personality—the greatest which the art of music has lost in recent years. While the first impression of the book is somewhat disappointing, owing to the quiet character of the narrations (one naturally expects remarkable things of a great genius), before one finishes the book one likes it better. It should be in the library of every lover of Brahms music and of musical amateurs in general.

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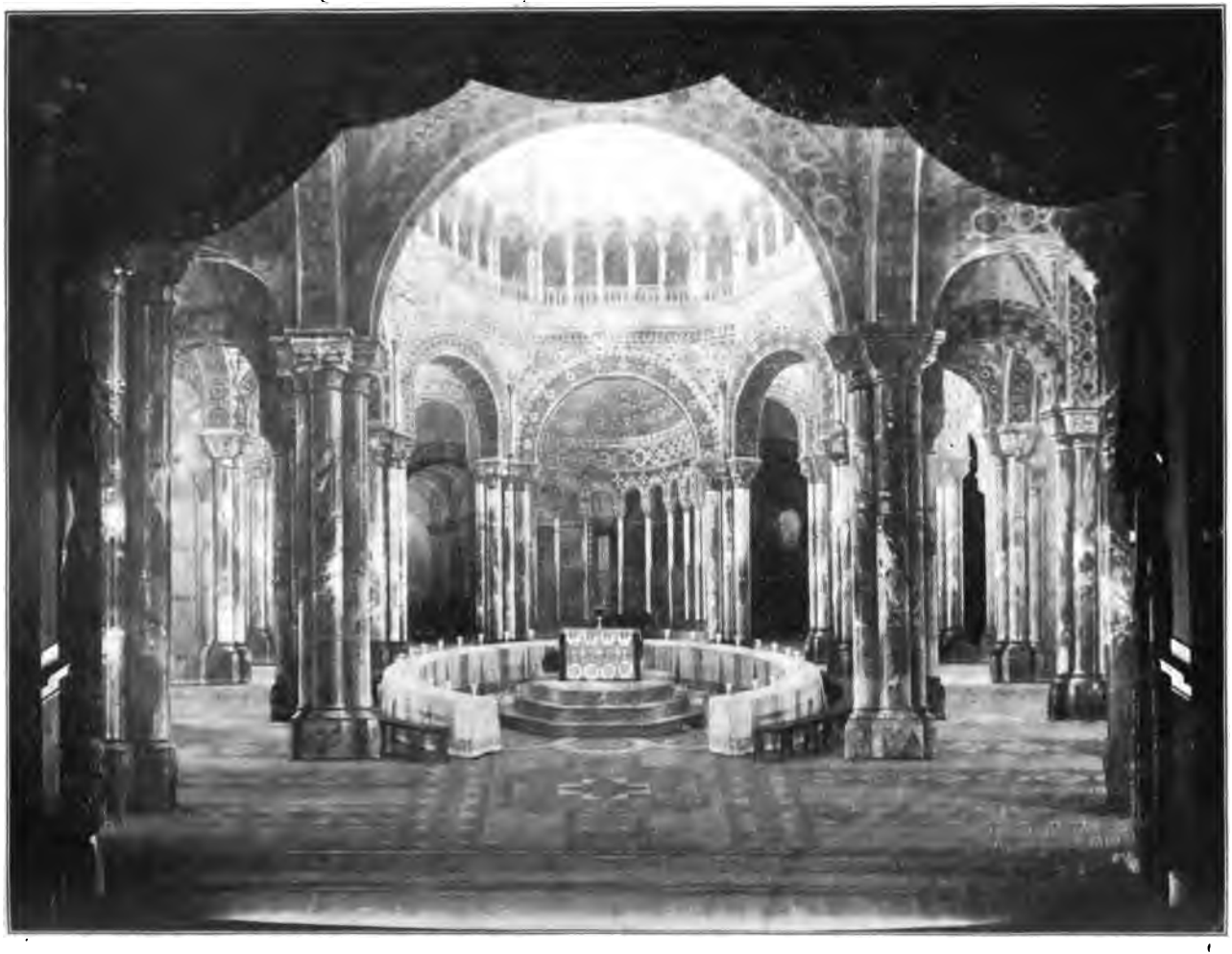

THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY GRAIL IN PARSIFAL.

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MUSIC.

AUGUST, 1900.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BAIREUTH.

BY E. POTTER FRISSEL.

Early in the summer I accepted an invitation to join a party of friends in a journey on a bicycle to Baireuth. Up to that mine was perfectly balanced and indeed germinal, I simply a matter of adjusting one's equilibrium, and fancying that mine was perfectly balanced and indeed germinal, I resolved to trust to that—one always does until one "mounts." But alas for the folly of human ignorance! Like flying, I soon learned that being on the wing is one of the most delightful of sensations, but falling the least agreeable part of it. Still, I had bought a bicycle and paid for it. I make a note of this fact, for I have discovered that sellers of this diverse machine have acquired a chronic and persistent suspicion of buyers; probably they know how many of the aforesaid have never paid. Hence, motives of self-respect prompt me to emphasize my honesty in the transaction.

I then took a few lessons. On the third day I rode twenty yards alone. I was exultant. But on the fourth day I lost spirits, and on the fifth I did not recover them, for on that day I could not ride at all. After several repetitions of this melancholy experience I reluctantly approached the conclusion that instead of four weeks it would probably require forty to learn to ride my bicycle, and so, like Mark Twain on his pedestrian tour through Europe, I finally decided that, prudence being the better part of valor, it would be wise to board a train.

The narrative of my friends later on at Baireuth proved the wisdom of this decision. The fact that I had bought a bicycle and paid for it led them—out of sympathy, I suppose—to

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FRANCONIAN HILLS.

(Berneck.)

relate to me all the salient points of this in more senses than one steep undertaking, of which more later.

* * * * * * * *

By way of preface it is well to note how eminently fitting it

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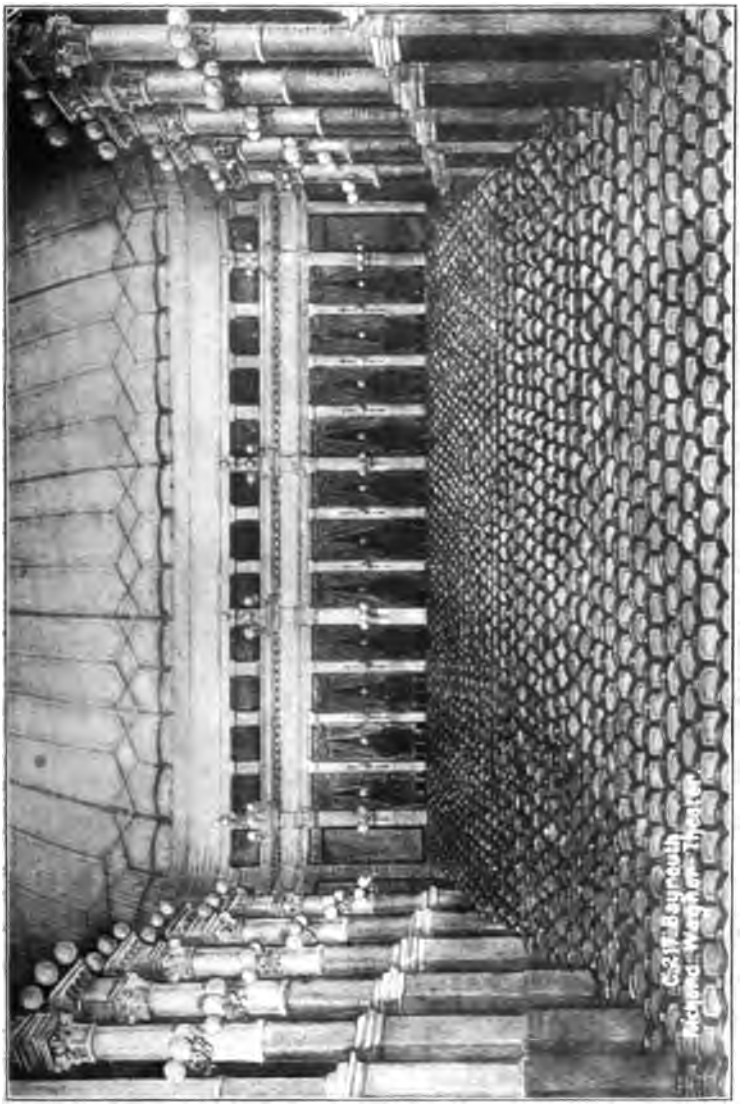

INTERIOR OF THE FESTIVAL OPERA HOUSE.

was that the starting point of our pilgrimage to Baireuth should be the art-loving Dresden, the home of Wagner and of Weber and the cradle of German opera, per se.

In his later letters, which are far too little read, for they bring Wagner very near to our hearts and sympathetic appre-

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ciation, we find him in all that simple, hearty, human communication with his Dresden friends, full of that innocent, gay humor, which only the Dresden people seemed in those dark days of his early struggles to inspire. These were days which in his after years Wagner was wont to recall, together with all those deep and thrilling impressions made upon his young, receptive mind in the oft-told story of how he used to watch Weber passing his house on his way to direct the then great beginnings of German opera; days which stirred and fired his

EXTERIOR OF THE FESTIVAL OPERA HOUSE.

imagination as he saw this same shy man, his slender, stooping figure vibrating with life and energy, "leading his orchestra like a general, and summoning the whole miraculous world of sound into life." It was this same man who originated the "Leit motive"; it was this Dresden that was the cradle of German opera and the fostering mother of Wagner's genius. Prominent, too, in these letters to Dresden is that "fair German," the sensitive and warm-hearted Theodore Uhlig, the "chamber musician," whom Wagner addresses in

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THE GRAVE OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.
(The stone is one upon which as a schoolboy he used to sit.)

the most naive and impulsive humor, so characteristic of him, "Uli," the "fair man," the "dear, good man," the "wicked

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man," "homo malus," "homo terribilis"; Uhlig, the friend who stood by him in his hours of exile, ready to render any service to his needs. Then there was, too, Wilhelm Fischer the elder, the "serious, solid, diligent chorus director of the Dresden Theater." There, too, we find the "Third Heine,"

THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF LISZT—BAIREUTH.

Ferdinand or "Nante," Wagner's old Heine manual, whom Wagner characterizes as the "good-natured, clever man" and manager, with his wife and child, "papa and mamma in the Oberseegaste"; his "dear old Heine manual" and "dear Mamma Heine," who prepares the delicate herring, the "herring

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sauce" and potatoes, at her own table as in the Camp Vacchino; "Brother Fischer," good old Heine manual, the 'terrible Uhlig"—these were the Dresden friends to whom he unburdened his views on the new art which he was then creating from the old. "The small band of my Dresden friends give me infinite joy. How far above all differences of character, of ability, of lines, of life, of views, reaches the one sure feeling of love, which all our society is at pains to root up. It makes me happy and makes me love not only these but all men,

VILLA WAHNFRIED, WAGNER'S HOME.

whenever the roughest fellow gives me a greeting. Greet my friends (in Dresden) from the bottom of my heart."—Thus Wagner.

I dwell with, I hope, pardonable length on this starting point of our journey, for we shall not find anything later on our way of such warm and pithy interest until we arrive "at the Mecca" of the Wagner cult.

The way to Baireuth from Dresden lies through a steep and hilly portion of Saxony; for cyclers it is almost "impossible," as the French say. The ride frfom the castle-crowned hills of picturesque Tharand to Freiberg, for instance, is one

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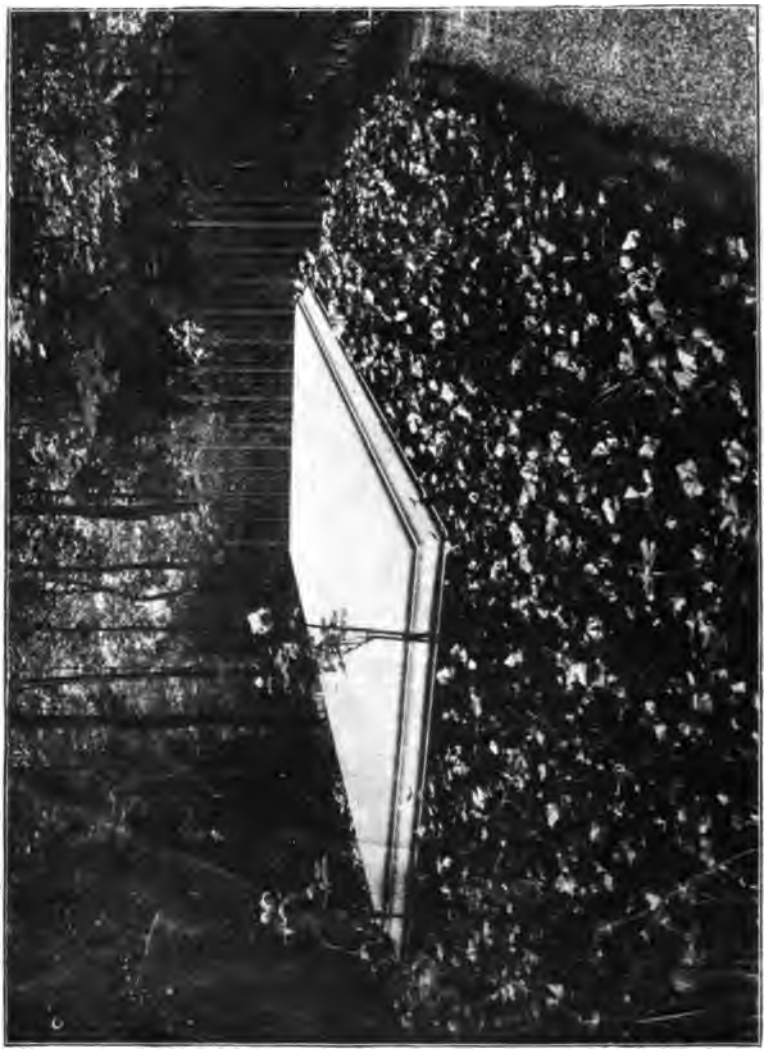
long, continuous ascent. Exuno disce omnes! Steeper waxed the way and hotter the efforts, not to say temper, of the party which my sagacity prompted me not to join.



WAGNER'S GRAVE.

Not all the beauties of Saxon Switzerland or the Franconian hills combined compensate the labor of pumping a wheel up as many miles of steep and rugged ways, panting

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for breath and praying for grace to endure. This unpropitious territory is, however, versified with fertile fields and green valleys, watered with long, running streams and lengthy banks

THE GOOD FRIDAY SPELL.
(Parsifal)

and under arching foliage, spanned with rustic bridges, where the German women rinse their glistening white wash in clear, limpid, dripping coolness and sparkling water. Long avenues

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lined with sentinel poplars on both sides afford long stretches of an ever-receding vista of rural beauty, and are a welcome

SCHMEDES (VIENNA) AS PARSIFAL.

sight to the weary and rest to limbs of cyclers tired of climbing. All this cultivated by the thrifty, prosperous Saxon pre-

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sents the strongest contrast to its poorer neighbor, Bavaria, where hopeless, chronic poverty and general shiftlessness abound—the children half starved and in rags, the women slatternly and discouraged, and the men lazy, beer-soaked, degenerate specimens of their sex, without energy and without hope of bettering their poor, sad condition. This refers for the most part to the farming districts and the peasant population. It is owing to the rocky, barren soil, the general financial state of the country, and to the totally non-existent spirit of progress. The "Zeitgeist" is utterly lacking in the outlying population of Bavaria. The most primitive customs prevail. Every man is content to do just as his great grandfather did before him, and probably entertains the most withering contempt and scorn for all our "modern" improvements and appliances.

Women and children both in Saxony and Bavaria are still gleaning in the fields, some yoked to the plough or to small carts with dogs; hoeing, digging, raking, driving home the oxen and the carts of hay. The men, comfortably buried in the hay above, shout down their orders, taking life generally easy, while the women do all the hard work. There is very little that is attractive about the Bavarian peasant maid; the dress is generally plain and homely, the head dress most nearly resembling a rolled black turban of cotton stuff, while her Saxon sister is quite a picture of trim sturdiness and health, exquisite neatness of dress glowing in bright colors, flaring headgear, stout boots, and bristling stiff skirts, reaching a little below the knees and generally resembling the pretty Tyrolese costume. These peasant maids and lads make many a pretty "genre" study for the pedestrian artist. You see them carrying burdens of green feathery grasses much larger than themselves, tied to their backs generally, or the little "Gaense-mayd" tending her flocks of geese or feeding her nanny goats or drawing the milk cart with her dogs. The boys, always lazier than their sisters, hang on to the hay carts, giving stout orders to the girls in the true exercise of the German masculine prerogative.

Besides the peasants, one meets small processions of pedestrians whom we took for pilgrims like ourselves, and found them in fact to be parties of students traveling through Eu-

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rope on foot, a custom in vogue before and especially since the days of Ernst Arndt and early Prussian history when the first Brandenburgers, although only petty kings, were beginning to feel their power and were laying the first foundation of an empire upon which the sun never sets. Something essentially Prussian in the grit of sturdy muscular character, something so strikingly typical of the German ideal in a people, as Whitman has said, so "gifted in beautifying the life they lead," characterized these hardy young men, some of whom were journeying toward the Rhine, some to Heidelberg, and others to still more distant points. From this sturdy hardness is made the good soldier, and this is the stuff from which is formed the bone and sinew of the great German Empire; in these youth is found the embodiment of that German striving after an ideal, the spiritual conception of life, the ethical and aesthetic taste so close in its affinity to ancient Greece, the "high-souled poetry allied to the moral and nervous strength for action." This ideal Germany which rejoiced the native pride of Wagner that he and his work were essentially and germinally German.

We all reached Baireuth at last, although by divers ways, and I might say in passing that the main profit which the Baireuthers secure for their living appears to be made from the unconscious, unsuspecting foreigner, who too incautiously invades the Bavarian land, unprepared for the countless catch-penny traps, the wily designs to ensnare his rapidly diminishing purse. In this respect Baireuth has undergone a marked transformation since the days of 1876, when the Emperor of Germany, followed by the Abbe Liszt and the "Meister" Wagner himself, led the great procession toward the new festival opera house, half of them hungering for the food which the scanty supplies of the then existing Baireuth hotels failed to furnish. But times have changed since then and the wily Baireuther informs us that they are now all "initiated" (eingeweiht). Hotels and food supplies galore, from which the inhabitants make all their year's profits while the season lasts.

This exceedingly sharp business aspect of a great art festival is a pity. The "meister" must often turn in his quiet, lonely grave when he thinks of it, since his wish was to have

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the great art purpose so elevated above all mercenary gain that even the artists tendered their services gratuitously, only the sum of their actual expenses being paid.

SCHUETZ AS AMFORTAS.

Sadder yet is the fact that the high character of the performances has greatly degenerated since Wagner's day.

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Cosima Wagner is admitted by all to be at the best only a highly cultivated dilettante, and Siegfried as director is a mere amateur, without a tithe of his father's genius. It is indeed a hard fate to be born the son of genius! "Es ist ja alles schoen aber ganz was anderes!" is almost the unanimous verdict of all who hear the first performances. In this day of decadent artists no Materna or Malten have been rejuvenated for that greatest of Wagner's creations, "Brunhilde." Gulbranson is the only one who approaches the great Wagnerian characteristics or possesses the peculiar Wagnerian capacity. Anton Van Rooy is the only man who has appeared of late days able to adequately impersonate the role of Wotan; a strange fact is that neither of them is a native German. These with the very talented but still very young Wachter of the Dresden opera, who took the role of Gurnemanz in "Parsifal," are then the only three figure heads who stand out as prominent worthies—a great falling off since the time of Materna, Malten and Marianne Brandt, of Reicher-Kindermanman, Scaria, Reichmann, Winckelmann, and later Van Dyck at least as "Parsifal" and "Tannhauser." I should, however, not omit to mention the surpassing excellence of Schultz' (Leipzig) impersonation of Amfortas, whose great temperament, broad conception, and intensely dramatic climacteric, his mellow, sonorous voice and powerful personality produced a profound impression.

Schmedes (Vienna), who is as yet only a promising novice in Wagnerian roles and has still much to learn of the Wagnerian manner, presented nevertheless a stage presence singularly adapted to the character of Parsifal, and for every simply dramatic purpose was entirely satisfying and convincing.

But it is not the aim of this article to carp or even to criticise, but rather to render humble testimony to the greatest principles of Wagner's art work as they appear in '99, at the last of the century, after nearly twenty-five years of his teaching have passed by. Sadly enough there are still misguided members of the clergy who in sublime ignorance are preaching against the immorality of the Niebelungen Ring. There are works published to-day which describe the Wagnerian drama as simply "dealing with and glorifying a mythi-

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cal past," and Pecksniffian members of society who make long, wry faces over its hurtful influence upon the young.

GULBRANSON AND WACHTER (DRESDEN) AS GURNEMANZ AND KUNDY.

Under condition of a complete fulfillment of Wagner's purpose, nothing should or would be more calculated to dissi-

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pate these narrow conceptions than a visit to Baireuth and its great festival opera house at a performance of "Parsifal." Wolzogen in his "Personal Recollections" relates how, when Wagner was attacked by an evangelical minister from a Frankish village, who had come to Baireuth to attend a clerical meeting, the "meister" went into his house and sent out to the dumfounded zealot the libretto of "Parsifal." Certainly since the appearance of this great consummation of Wagner's art in this last year of the century we seem to be reaching something like a proper appreciation of Wagner, his lofty soul nature, the educational value and elevative character of his work from an aesthetic as well as an essentially spiritual and religious point of view. Wolzogen merely expresses the general voice in Baireuth when he says, "The consummation of all his artistic life he found in the sphere of a religiousness which expressed itself in art which in turn was used in the service of the religious."

That Wagner felt himself called to the inestimably high mission of not only the salvation of the world of art but to the strengthening and purifying of our energies in these days of soul impoverishment, as well as to a world's mind lost in the darkness of vice and corruption, this little extract from a letter to Liszt in 1858, as also a story related by Wolzogen as written by the "meister" in the last days of his life, which I will give below, most convincingly testify. In the letter to Liszt are these remarkable words: "In traveling in the carriage, etc., my look invariably and involuntarily tried to read in the eyes of those I met whether they were able and destined for the saving and overcoming the world, I involuntarily carry my God to the soul of the other and the result of an acquaintance was generally an increasing sense of painful disappointment." Then Wolzogen relates the following: In one of his last letters to a faithful disciple is the following significant story that shows how deeply he saw and felt: "One hour of real vision has given me more knowledge than all philosophy or history or culture. That was on the closing day of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. On that day the schools were allowed to enter free. I was kept back at the exit of the building by the entrance of thousands of boys and girls, pupils of the Parisian

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schools. For an hour I stood there, looking at almost every one of this army of youth that represented a whole coming generation, and that hour's experience so overwhelmed me that at last I burst into tears, overcome by the depths of my feelings. This was noticed by a religieuse who was carefully leading in one of the processions of girls, and at the entrance-gate she looked up for an instant. It was only an instant, too short for her under even more favorable conditions to understand my circumstances; but I had a sufficiently practiced eye to read in the glance the indescribably beautiful sorrow that lay at the heart and her life. And this touched me the more as I had seen no other the least like her among the countless ranks either of teachers or scholars. On the contrary, everything had filled me with horror and pity. I saw almost all the vices of the cities of the world along with what was weak and unhealthy, rude and evil, dull and devoid of natural brightness, shy and awkward, and yet at the same time bold and bad. And the guides of it all were teachers, mostly of religious profession in the painfully elegant garb of the new-fashioned clerical, themselves too weak: severe and hard and yet more subservient than ruling. Without soul, all of them, except that one poor sister." And the great thinker and teacher finishes with these words: "A long and profound silence fell upon me from the impression produced by this intense sight. To see and be silent—these are the elements of a true salvation of the world. It is only the man who speaks after such a silence who will be heard."

It was on the day after he had finished "Parsifal" that Wagner, in discussing a new book written in the service of atheistic materialism, said: "One ought to be ever grateful for having been brought up from one's childhood with religious traditions. They are not to be restored by anything from without. More and more the blessing of their profound significance becomes manifest. To know that there has been a Redeemer remains the supreme good of men. To wish to throw all this aside at once indicates an utter want of freedom, a slavery of spirit to insane demagogical influences; in the end it is nothing but mere braggardism. * * * The whole world needs a Redeemer. * * *"

This idea of redemption is the great central theme of

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"Parsifal," but through pity or compassion, and by serving. It is the

"Guileless fool
By pity 'lightened,"

who heals and saves the sick and suffering, the guilt-ladened Amfortas. In the "Niebelung Ring" Siegfried typifies again this same idea, but here the redemption comes through love and the fearlessness born of perfect innocence. This kingdom of love institutes a greater than that of Wotan's "All Might." In "Tannhauser" salvation comes through the prayers and holy life and influence of Elizabeth; in "Lohengrin" Elsa's perfect innocence calls to her aid a savior in the shape of Lohengrin, a knight of the Holy Grail, who prevails against the evil powers of darkness typified by Ortrud and Telramond. In "The Flying Dutchman" it is Senta's "love unto death" which is the redeeming power of her sin-cursed lover. Surely this theme is far more strongly emphasized than that which Wagnerian writers have been fond of showing—i. e., that Wagner intended to embody in his works the philosophy of Schopenhauer—viz., the negation of the will, the inexorable destiny of fate, and the great consummation of life in a beautiful death.

Thus "Parsifal" seems to me to be just as logical a sequence of the "Ring" tetralogy as Christianity is of Judaism. This is sufficient to show how deeply the theme of salvation had seized Wagner and how thoroughly he was possessed by it. And, to quote again from Wolzogen, if "after the utter decay of the religious sense throughout Germany and answering to the call of serious men for a reformer, if there is now again stirring in the minds of men a new longing for salvation, surely the ennobling, deepening effect of the art of Wagner has its share in this. He who has had the great happiness to know Wagner, not only through his works but personally, knows that there lived one among us who could begin this reformation. Had we all paid heed to his words we had been farther than we are!"

As Wagner was essentially a dramatist, not only did he wish to extricate the drama from all the trammels of the old, dry academic traditions of Beckmesser; not only did he fulfill the long-expected desire of the old seer-poets, of Goethe,

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Schiller, Herder, and Jean Paul Richter, all of whom uttered that which now seems like a prophecy—viz., that a great genius would one day appear who would unite the three arts of music, poetry, and the drama into one new art—i. e., the "music-drama" of Wagner's striving, all of which is now so entirely recognized that it goes without saying, and is the real "raison d'etre" of the "new art" ("neue-kunst")—not only did these "Waehne" of Wagner realize the "peace" of absolute fulfillment but the master strove for something still higher, that which even to-day cannot be said to have been attained—viz., so to elevate the drama itself that, redeemed from its terrible modern corruptions, it should become a great teacher, a powerful, ennobling influence among all people; to restore it to its original place, and, as "the Greek theater was with the Greek religion, that a theater might arise which should be in harmony with the inner spirit of its culture; that it should again reach the source at which the Greek people were nurtured. If in our transmogrified modern life this is not possible, then (mark the words) this regenerate art has ceased to be." In this day when the splendor of the Wagnerian art, per se, has reached its zenith we are forgetting that what Wagner intended as a means to this great end is not attaining its highest and truest purpose. To those who know something of the life behind the scenes and all that the old, corrupt traditions of the stage have so long not only tolerated but permitted and actually encouraged, the enacting of a sacred play like "Parsifal" under such conditions will ever seem a sacrilege. And to him who has entered the Villa Wahnfried and read the telling inscription over its entrance, or stood by the grave of the "master" alone in his greatness, or climbed the hill where the opera festival house stands, so suggestive in its lofty isolation, and then has entered and felt himself stirred to the depths by the power of those strains, which truly seem to come from the choir invisible and to lead one to the "verge of the infinite," or has let the solemnity of awe overpower him as he gazes on the sacred scenes within the sanctuary of the Holy Grail, and perhaps has realized for a moment the power and grandeur of the theme of suffering and redemption, or sounded the heights and depths of those holy passions which so informed and urged the strivings of the later days of

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Wagner, nothing but infinite regret can seize him at the thought which shapes itself in the question, "Can this regenerate art have ceased to be?" Has Wagner's work failed of its greatest purpose? If so, how tragic is such a failure! Baireuth needs the scourge. Actors for the sacred play of "Parsifal" should be trained and the same requirements made of them and their manner of life as at Ober-Ammergau.

And the money changers must needs be driven out, together with those who insist on the letter rather than the spirit of the "master," who never rested in his labors for improvement or expansion; and he most certainly would not have rested until he had accomplished the great object of his work—the reformation of the stage itself. This is, after all, a greater question than those concerning the dilettantish retarding of the tempi, or the ridiculous rococo and inappropriate customs devised and insisted upon by "Cosima I.," as she is named by a great contemporary, or the slighting of great directors like Richter in favor of the amateurish and over-indulged Siegfried. We can no longer close our eyes to the fact that Baireuth of our day is no longer the old Baireuth of the "holy German art"; and Germans, disgusted with the bewildering "Cosima regiment" at the "tolle Auslanderei," as they are pleased to denominate the wild influx of thoughtless foreigners, or the thriving trade proclivities of the sharp Baireuther, show their disapproval and silent protest by remaining away.

The real seat of the evil is deeper than which appears on the surface. Is it not found in the fact that the reform of this "regenerate art" stopped short of its great purpose? Who will appear as the Huss or Luther of stage protestantism?

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THE STUDY OF MUSIC HISTORY.

BY EDWARD DICKINSON.

[Third Paper.]

In the two previous essays in this series I have undertaken to show what I conceive to be the scope and significance of music history and the personal value of its study. We shall now retrace our steps and endeavor to mark out the path by which a student who wishes to make a thorough quest of the subject should proceed, indicate what must be his equipment for his journey and the aids upon which he must rely. In a word, the question now is of plan and method.

The learner will find that, in order to secure satisfactory results he must be sufficiently familiar with the piano to be able to obtain a clear impression of the form and general character of musical works by the aid of the keyboard. He need not be an expert pianist, but he should be a good reader, not only from two staffs but from four or more. It is desirable of course that one should be competent to read an orchestral score, but in the absence of this accomplishment a study of piano arrangements for two or four hands, with constant reference to the full score, will serve with respect to all but the most recent orchestral compositions. Some acquaintance with the principal forms, homophonic and polyphonic, and with harmonic and contrapuntal structure generally is indispensable. For example, there would be no profit in reading the history of the sonata and symphony without a familiar knowledge of the forms that make up the sonata scheme. A musical dictionary, not less in dimensions than Riemann's or Stainer & Barrett's, should be constantly at hand. Every art has its aesthetic critical terminology as well as technical, and the reader must make it a point to come into easy relations with this special vocabulary as the study progresses. The abstract nature of music as an art makes vagueness of conception a much more imminent danger than in the case, for instance, of the study of the history of painting. So far as critical appreciation of the functions and

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methods of the various arts is concerned the need of special technical knowledge is least in poetry, greatest in music and architecture, with painting and sculpture holding a middle ground between these two extremes.

The field of music history is so vast that the student's procedure may involve one of several choices. He may wish to obtain a competent knowledge of the subject at large, and be able and willing to expend the time and money required for such an arduous undertaking. If, however, his circumstances preclude this, or if his ambition is satisfied with more modest ventures, he may profitably restrict his exploration to certain special departments. A pianist, for example, may desire first of all to know the development and artistic bearings of piano literature; a singer may wish to become familiar with the different types of song of the various nations, with their social and poetic relationships; or a church musician may deem it incumbent upon him as a man of culture in his line to study the worship music of different nations and confessions, both on its artistic side and in its liturgic and devotional aspects. In either case, that of the specialist or the universalist (if we may call him so), the best plan undoubtedly is first to obtain a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole domain of music history by reading some concise and logical compendium, such as Mathews' Popular History of Music, Henderson's How Music Developed, or, for a still more compact digest, Fillmore's Lessons in Musical History. The critical discussions in these books may be ignored, temporarily at least, for the sole purpose of this preliminary survey is to lay out a ground work of the most elementary facts. This skeleton (to change the figure) will be composed of the names, dates and places of residence of the chief composers, the titles and dates (precise or approximate) of their most important works classified according to forms, the succession of the great historic musical forms and schools and their grouping according to types of design and ideals of expression. These dry and fundamental facts the student must drive and rivet into his memory. In the assignment of composers to their periods one may recommend some such device as that employed by Hullah in his History of Modern Music, where a series of parallel vertical lines is

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drawn, indicating centuries and decades, while across these are horizontal lines, each bearing the name of a composer and including the years covered by his life. There is no better scheme than this for ready reference in comparing composers according to dates. Together with this alignment of composers there might be a diagram drawn up showing the progressive development of the chief musical forms. This might take the semblance of a family tree—dramatic music early in the seventeenth century branching into opera seria, opera buffa and oratorio and sending offshoots into France and Germany; Italian instrumental music in the same period dividing into the organ, clavier and violin styles, developing the suite and sonata forms as applied to solo instruments, chamber combinations and orchestra. The names of composers most conspicuously identified with certain epochs of progress could be associated with these ramifications. Such graphic symbols are very efficient as aids to memory. After such groupings and successions of composers and forms have been traced and fixed in mind the student will have a pretty clear notion of the manner in which the various schools and orders are externally affiliated. All this is of course mechanical and dreary to the last degree, but the student cannot too early learn the value of system and the necessity of having each tier of his structure of knowledge firmly supported. This foundation work should be done so thoroughly that there will never be a need of doing it a second time.

The skeleton is now well jointed; the next task is to clothe it with flesh and breathe into it the breath of life. Here is the work of years or a lifetime; the charm of it is that it can never be finished. The next step would probably be the study of a larger history, if any existed that could conscientiously be recommended. At this point, however, there is an aching void in English scientific literature. Naumann's bulky history, translated by Praeger, has the merit of size if that be a merit; but it is as badly arranged as such a book can well be and its appreciation of relative values is often fantastic. If the reader be at ease in German he is in much better case; Dommer, and Langhans in his larger work, will afford him sale and inspiring guidance. But perhaps the deprivation to the exclusive English reader is not so great after all; in any event

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he must soon break loose into the open lands of musical works and monographs. Grove's Dictionary contains more that he needs than any other single production, and it will probably prove the most necessary work in his library; but in consequence of shortsightedness in the original plan the early part is often weak and scanty. The student should provide himself with as many of the standard books on the various departments of his subject, together with representative musical compositions, as his purse will allow. Public and institutional libraries can often be induced to enlarge their musical collections. Beginners can always obtain advice in respect to the selection of books from those more experienced.

The enormous number of facts which meets the learner's view seems at first utterly discouraging, but he will be saved from complete mental confusion and from dissipation of his energies if he holds fast to the principle of progressive evolution, of historic continuity. Every fact must be fitted into its proper place, and the scheme will gradually develop in symmetrical outlines. As soon as a single form or the combined product of a particular composer is examined, the student must begin to trace its attachments. The idea of relationship to antecedent and contemporary conditions, and the idea of growth form the clue to the labyrinth. The method of development has been very clearly set forth by Dr. Parry in his Evolution of the Art of Music, and this manual may be recommended to the student as a sort of vade mecum as he proceeds upon his journey.

In the earlier stages of his work the student must be dependent upon a few authorities. Even when he comes out of the text-book stage he must still rely upon the historians for those facts which in the nature of the case lie beyond his own reach. The neophyte is fortunate if he has access to those who have worked in direct contact with the original sources. Even these may inadvertently deceive him, for even in matters of musical scholarship observation is often shortsighted and inference sadly at fault. Still more must the inquirer be on his guard if he defers solely to those who have made no original investigations—the compilers of second and third-hand statements which are

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passed down without thought of verification. How often does one come upon a matter-of-course reiteration of such hoary but not venerable myths as that of the editorship of the Catholic chant by Gregory the Great, or of the rescue of chorus music by Palestrina—old wives' tales which French and German scholarship has refuted long ago! These spooks still haunt the chambers of religious and even musical editors and contributors, and no exorcism seems to lay them. National prejudice, partisan bias and individual partiality must also be reckoned with, as in every branch of history. But in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Let the student remember that the man of one book is no scholar; and after his first hasty scrutiny of his subject let him adopt in some shape the seminar method of the modern university, and go directly to the musical works themselves with the aid of a goodly number of competent authorities. A fact is never really seen until it is viewed from more than one side.

Above all, the learner should be warned that mere passive reading will not make him a full man, in spite of Lord Bacon's well-known apothegm; there is the very vital question of systematizing and remembering what one reads. Constant note-taking and frequent writing—reproducing in one's own words what one has learned—must be the law. One never knows what one knows until it is told to another or put down in cold script.

Now comes the process of following out particular lines, the investigator accumulating his hoard of material not by ranging back and forth over the whole field with feverish haste, but by patiently beating up various trails marked by certain composers and forms, and co-ordinating his knowledge as he goes. He will now pursue one of two courses: he will proceed down the steps of the generations by studying the geniuses and their works separately, or by following the development of certain forms. According to the second plan he might, for example, study the symphony from its origin in Italy, through the 18th century Germans, down to Berlioz, Tschaikowsky and Brahms. At another time he might select Catholic church music, at another the German Lied, at another the opera. The first plan, viz., working with com-

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posers as the items, ranging over the whole creative work of each, is the more frequent method, and certainly the more attractive by reason of the more direct contact it brings with the personal element of human character, which is doubtless the most stimulating factor in any study. The second method, however, even if not the controlling principle, should always be conspicuous in the study of composers. Thus, for an illustration, Weber and Wagner, although men of magnificently developed individuality, must be studied not as isolated, but as contributors to the growth of the German opera—"Euryanthe" linked in the chain of progress to "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin."

When a student is able and willing to give abundant time to his history course, the most profitable system, it seems to me, is to pursue what might be called a series of temporary specialties. He need not carry his enthusiasm so far in one direction as to wall himself up in a single intellectual preserve, like another Chrysander spending the whole of a long life in the study of Handel. At the same time he should be thorough up to a reasonable point, having a clear view of what the problems are in the case of a particular subject, and where to find the solutions. Among these problems some will be of such a general and obvious character that they will apply to all cases, while others are special, local and individual. Thus in the case of Sebastian Bach, for example, the questions which he propounds in common with all other composers relate to biographical details, the masters whom he studied, the stage of advancement attained by the prevailing musical forms at the time when he began to devote his attention to them, and his influence upon later art. The queries which are directed specifically to him deal with his relation to the social and religious life of his time, his duties and circumstances as cantor of the Thomas school and musical director in the Lutheran church, the state of religious life in his day, the influence of Pietism upon his work, and the aids and obstacles which he met in his chosen mission as a reformer of church music. In other words, the student studies Bach's works technically and traces their form and style back to their sources in the old German organ music, the German Choral and Choral Vorspiel and the Italian

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recitative and aria; then going deeper he strives to penetrate the sources of Bach's expression in personal temperament, national traditions and mode of feeling, and the peculiar religious conceptions and modes of utterance which were his personal and family inheritance.

And so in every instance the scientific comparative study of the masters of music leads the inquirer inevitably into generalizations the most instructive and fruitful to the imagination. The technical analysis of works soon gives way to the study of those works as the result of processes, and the tracing of processes extends into the recognition of relationships which connect the lives and works of composers with issues of the widest sweep and importance. Weber's operas not only have all German romanticism for a background, but they have an important part to play in the momentous struggle for independence waged by German national art against foreign dictation. The sharp heat lightnings of French romanticism play through the works of Berlioz. Such men as Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner stand in such vital connection with the whole spirit of their age, their works are so obviously symbolic of those emotional tendencies which have created new types in literature and laid bare new capacities both of enjoyment and suffering in the human soul, that one instinctively feels, and their commentators inevitably imply, that one who would properly estimate these musicians must bring to the task an understanding enlarged by contact with a broad experience of contemporary philosophy and art. The study of the early opera leads back to the action of the Renaissance upon music and the question why that action was so long delayed. The music of the Catholic church involves the Catholic liturgy and ceremonial, the special type of devotion inspired by the cloistral discipline, the ideal of art as fostered by the motive and spirit of the Catholic church and the changes which that ideal has undergone from the mediaeval to the modern period, resulting in contrasts such as the St. Cecilia Mass of Gounod offers to the Missa Brevis of Palestrina. The modern "program school" of instrumental music suggests questions of the relation of music to poetry and the nature and limits of music's

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expressive power—questions of the most difficult and fascinating character.

The ramifications of this magnificent subject have no end. No amount of psychologic, aesthetic, literary and historic knowledge is superfluous. The study of music history, fully comprehended, is in itself a liberal education. Whether the music lover takes the whole field for his province, or, as I have suggested, adopts for his theme forms and developments specially related to his professional calling as a practical musician, the result will be practically the same if his enthusiasm continues to grow by what it feeds upon. He will find that in art nothing is isolated and there are no finalities. New aesthetic and scientific problems will meet him wherever he goes; his steps will be ever beguiled into fresh regions of enchantment and mystery.

At this point the expounder of methods may well pause. Much lies beyond, but I have accomplished my original intention, and I leave to others the more intricate questions of the attitude of the art lover, as a thinking, feeling, human being before the art work. The subjective criterion rises here and asserts its unimpeachable claims. And let me say, with every possible stress of emphasis, if anyone objects that the program which I have outlined is only a mechanical preparation for the critic's and connoisseur's real business, that I fully agree with him. Certainly a man is but a sordid groveler who is not willing at any moment to throw his book learning, his evolutionary schemes, his biographical and analytical data to the winds and bathe himself, in the ardor of impassioned abandonment, in those fountains of perennial youth and beauty which well up in the woodlands of art from he knows not what hidden sources. He has studied music and its history to little purpose who does not feel how vastly the ultimate personal value of works of art transcends their historic interest. The beauty of a song by Schubert has nothing to do with its date or its composer's nationality. When we are under the spell of "Lohengrin" we take no account of questions of form or evolution of style. The art lover may properly deny that the plodding archaeologist has any advantage over him; and it is no doubt better for the individual that he have a soul sensitive to the loveliness of an impromptu

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by Chopin than to be learned in all the musical theory of the Middle Age, if there were to be a choice between the two. An historic criticism which stops short at the supreme question of all—the personal appeal—is one-sided, or at the most preparatory. For art facts are not like the facts of botany or astronomy, they cannot be viewed with a cold, scientific placidity; it is of their very essence to touch the emotion, to create aesthetic enjoyment or distaste. In the last resort the critic must take the personal responsibility of deciding upon the worth of a work to him, for its worth to somebody else is of very little consequence.

The importance of the study of music history, therefore, as I estimate it, hangs upon two considerations. First, musical works have other values than the immediate and aesthetic impression, they unite with other manifestations of human thought to cast light upon the ever present human problem as disclosed under national, institutional, social and ethical relationships. And, second, these supplementary values exert a qualifying influence upon the very aesthetic impression, since the preliminary interest derived from a work's associations and attachments undoubtedly affects the receptivity of the mind—favorably or unfavorably, but more commonly the former—in view of the work that is to be heard or examined. Aesthetic pleasure is not so simple a matter as many suppose. We are never in a purely passive state at the moment of receiving a work of art; the mind does not possess the power of emptying itself of its previous impressions. Our enjoyment of an art-work is simply the latest term in a series of intellectual and emotional experiences. The student of music history will, therefore, hear musical works through a somewhat different medium from that of one who has little or no comparative knowledge, and if his study has been wisely directed his hearing will be more unprejudiced and his judgment more just and comprehensive.

Prof. Tyndall announced a law of prime importance when he said: "The varying judgments of men may perhaps be, to some extent, accounted for by that doctrine of relativity which plays so important a part in philosophy. This doctrine affirms that the impression made upon us by any circumstance or combination of circumstances depends upon our previous

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state. Two travelers upon the same peak, the one having ascended to it from the plain, the other having descended to it from a higher elevation, will be differently affected by the scene around them. To the one nature is expanding, to the other it is contracting, and feelings are sure to differ which have such different antecedent states."

It is as a means of forming the antecedent state that the study of the history and criticism of music is chiefly to be commended. It brings the student into sympathetic contact with works of preëminent value, and thus gradually forms his taste. It fosters the habit of judging works from more than one point of view. It promotes a catholicity and flexibility of judgment, tending to obviate the common error of estimating all works by a criterion properly applicable only to a single school, style or expressional ideal. This recognition of the higher purpose of the study of music history will aid the student in his choice of methods. As the keenest appreciation and the most intelligent estimate of the works of the masters is his motive and object, so the works themselves must constitute his chief material. The reading of histories, biographies and expository writings is indeed necessary, but it must never take the place of first-hand study of the works themselves. Such aids are to be used not as final authority, but as means of suggestion, enabling the learner to see what his own unaided eyes might fail to discover. Let the student, as he gains in insight, use his own judgment fearlessly, with self-respect as well as reverence for art, always holding himself ready to revise his opinions as experience and culture increase. He can never become able to dispense with authorities and guides, for the man who thinks he can do so has simply ceased to advance; but the best result of his study of the statements and opinions of other men will be that freedom and enlargement of mind which enables him accurately to measure the historical and critical writings to which he refers, infallibly to choose and absorb whatever is truly helpful to him, and ignore all that is defective or outgrown. Not the least valuable fruit of the studies which I have recommended is the learning of the difficult art of how to read—how to use authorities, how to skip, how to systematize and

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store up the selected material. In the last resort every student must acquire this faculty by his own experience.

Finally, the study of music history teaches, as nothing else can, the true dignity and grandeur of the art of music in the history of human thought and feeling and the development of civilization. Those who attach little value to music as a means of culture and discipline are those who know nothing of its history and meaning. Great as music is as a manifestation of the soul, so it is in its power to quicken and enrich the soul, for in the realm of spirit, as in the realm of matter, action and reaction are equal. Whoever will strive to learn the lesson of music history in all its length and breadth will find it one of the most attractive, and by no means one of the narrowest, of the avenues which lead to fulness of life.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

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SIGNOR PATRICHELLI LEADING.

BY STANLEY JORDAN.

A few evenings ago, at Mrs. Peters', whom of course you know by reputation, I met a large, dark-faced Frenchman, heavily mustached and eagle-nosed, who talked English in a rumbling tone like a drum rolling. He asked me whether I spoke French. Said I, "Naturellmong!" whereupon he drowned me immediately in a cataract of that tongue. We were getting along famously, and my "wees" were as fluent as his own, when the ladies must sweep down and break in upon us. Nevertheless he had time to press into my hand a ticket for the opera, a seat in the best part of the house, too, as I found presently, and hoped with a bow that I would be there the following night when he sang. I thanked him and would be charmed. I had not been that winter, thought I, and every one was talking Wagner and Gounod. I know nothing of music; there you have it frankly, and 'tis more than one in a score of your fashionable fellow-mortals will confess. However, one must keep up to the times and prepare a munition of small talk, whether it be on opera or politics. This consideration decided me to dine early the following evening, and miss my coffee to be in time for the overture.

The house was lighted brilliantly; pit and boxes were overflowing; a subdued chatter and laughing scattered and died out and recommenced. Glasses from everywhere were sweeping the tiers in every direction; women of fashion and men of means surrounded me. Not as a man of means, but as one of some position in society and pretty well known in the higher circles, I perceived my mistake in not having before taken my place in such a successful season. It was not at all bad. And there was a pretty girl in front of me with fine shoulders, seated by mamma with powdered ones. I wondered if mamma could have felt my touch through its dusty layer.

Jove! Directly across is Mrs. Macclee. Who is that fine-looking old man with her? Not Mr. Macclee? It may be; I have never seen Mr. Macclee. She has a great diamond

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crescent in her hair and plumes towering up; through them I seem to catch the eyes of some one destined not to see the stage. There are people, I know, who would forfeit every glance at the stage for a whole season to sit in Mrs. Macclee's box and watch her neck crease and behold her eat bonbons. Her dress is white satin, embroidered all over with jet; it's very effective and makes her look less fat, I think. Ah! she's looking this way. "Mrs. Macclee!" She bows and snaps her lorgnette at me; I bow and say her name, though she couldn't hear me unless I shouted it across such a sea of heads. The pretty girl in front looks at me and then at her; two or three people look at me and then at her; then they all look at me. Trying to be unconscious, I concentrate my mind on my program, and read, "Go to Taschenheim's for supper after the opera," a dozen times without knowing what it means. She's a deuced pretty girl. I wonder if she's in our set?

Some one starts up fingering a fiddle. There is a stir and a burr, a rustle and a bustle, throughout the house. An usher says, "This way, sir!" in a very audible tone. What right has a mere employe to speak in such a tone? If we who have paid for our seats spoke half as loudly (almost shouting it was) we would be in danger of ejection. I imagine myself turning to my neighbor and saying, "This way, sir!" with an appropriate gesture—shaking my fist, for instance. We who pay our good money—but do we pay our good money? I didn't. I paid only a compliment. I fall to wondering how many around me got in as easily, and whether I am a "dead head." What an odious word! And how do I know that the very seat I occupy is not always reserved to be thus given freely? And that every usher in the building may not be pointing me out as a "dead head"? I feel as conspicuous as if I were marked, like the poison bottles, with a skull and cross-bones. I realize that I am unfitted to understand Wagner. My mind is filled with fatuousness.

Pizing! tzing! Bra-m-m! Toot! Pec-ect! It is a sudden start, very. I don't think they got off together. But I recognize it. It is Wagner as plain as a pike staff. I could tell his style anywhere. I determined to understand Wagner. My right-hand neighbor is a young man with long hair who is staring intently into the chandelier. These musical adepts, or

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whatever they call themselves, go into trances just like Brahmin priests. I have seen Germans often sit over a glass of beer and listen to a Hungarian band for hours. His upward gaze may really help him to listen. I shall try it. There's that vulgar beast Goldstein in the dress circle! He thinks I nodded to him, I'm sure; I must be careful not to look up again in that direction. He charged me 8 per cent, the thief, on that last renewal. Let's see, to-day's the 11th, seventeen more days to run. Two hundred and sixty and twenty-two hundred and eighty, and seven is eighty-seven. I'll ask Uncle Jack for another fifty. Pshaw! They're only tuning. The man with the pretty girl in front (a perfect unkicked ass, he looks) just said, "They' a vewy long time toonin'." I am utterly unfitted to understand Wagner.

All becomes quiet. The last sound dies out in a faint twang. Then there arises among the instruments a long, slim man with a pointed beard, who mounts the stand of the leader. Every one claps. I clap with the rest. He bows to the right, to the left, to the center, directly at me. I am clapping enthusiastically. All at once every one stops; I find myself alone, making a noise I could not have imagined. My neighbor bobs his eyes down from the chandelier and glares at me ferociously. I feel hurt; I should like to ask him how I could have guessed such a sudden silence. I shall not; his breath comes so filled with garlic that my only wish is for him to turn it heavenward again.

Now the humming of whispers ceases and Signor Patrichelli—I have gotten his name from the program—head back and hands in the air, holds his baton upraised. The stick slowly falls, slowly, slowly; and as it comes down there is a faint, very faint trill, high up; it is like a bird carroling, tremblingly, like the lark among the clouds. It increases, several others join it; the feathered folk are awakening on a spring morning. Patrichelli, with his black wand, seems to me like a master in occultism drawing spirits to himself out of the air.

Above all the sounds, the lark's notes are clear, singing gayly, and there is a zephyr stirring the brightening tops of the trees. Patrichelli is beckoning wildly, and it grows to a playful morning breeze; the sun is half up, too; I could tell it

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with my eyes shut. The violins are moving together slowly; a cornet starts away more rapidly, the bows follow, and the world is livening into activity. The farmer boy is out of bed and rinsing the sleep from his eyes under the pump; the farmer himself is heard in bass tones; cattle lowing, horses stamping, fowls clucking. Patrichelli is leaning forward and beating his wand towards the kettle-drums; they spurt away under its magnetism. The flock is on its way to pasture, and the shepherd follows merrily in its rear.

Every object that meets his eye has, he thinks, a happier look this morning. Each has been familiar to him since he can remember, and their inanimate gayness makes him gayer. The mossy old fence and green spreading back from it are fresher, the shaded patch of cool water, where the trout lie under the arch, is clearer, the patriarch apple tree, just now in blossom, is more generously expansive than yesterday. Brass wind, wood wind, and strings are sounding loudly and more loudly, as all beings return to their daily whirls.

So gradually that it is hardly perceptible, Patrichelli is hushing the drums and horns and sounding a sort of somnolent softness into the day. The sun is warm and the breeze is fading a little; the sheep are lying about in bunches where there is a bit of shade; the lambs are still frisking in the light. The shepherd, stretched out under the swaying branches, cools himself and watches his charge. There is something coming, or some one. I feel it intensely, just as if I saw its shadow thrown on the grass. There is a quiet expectancy in the music; I know the large-eyed sheep are seeing what I cannot see. Ah!

A sound, inapproachable in words. It is sweet, and very soft, but comes as unconcealed from among the other sounds as if it were alone. It is the shepherdess. Her dress is taken from a Wattean portrait; her complexion is rosy and cream; her hands are small and white as a duchess'. The sun is brighter, the breeze softer; the bleating of the sheep is drifting away under the magic of the black stick. And she bids the shepherd good-morning.

Her voice is making a little fun of his lazy attitude and drowsy eyes. Hasn't he had enough sleep, forsooth! and what a great fellow, snoozing on the ground this delicious

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morning! Dear me! She has been up these four hours, milked I don't know how many cows and feels fit to dance a round with the first cavalier. For all of him, his flock might disappear in smoke and he wouldn't even smell it. And she goes on, until want of words and air force her to stop.

A silence, on a background, as it were, of other sounds; then the shepherd is going to speak. And his voice will be vibrant and melodious—low flute notes, perhaps. There—Ha! ha! ha! It is the oboe; it is so funny, so ridiculous! He has a cold, is talking through his nose, or something. What a voice! It sounds as if it were snorting through a De Bergerac proboscis. He will never win her with such a snuffle, that is assured.

And she is laughing, too; up and down runs her voice, stops, and starts afresh. He, with his eternal hoarse grunting, follows her in a way. Ha, ha, ha! Really it is marvelous, such a snort and snuffle! By and by he ceases and she continues, giggling; he is taking quinine from his waistcoat pocket perhaps. Patrichelli, his hair flying, calls on all his forces: the violins answer valiantly, horns blast forth, drums crash. Still her laugh dances through it, and the shepherd's voice is heard dimly; she has pretty teeth between rosy lips, I imagine, and likes to tease him by showing them. The music sweeps on to a climax, louder, louder—bang! The big drum booms, and the halt is instantaneous; the picture is gone like the reflections in a bubble when it bursts.

Patrichella is standing statue-like. His neck is craning forward. Hush! is on his lips. The silence is entire; surely this can't be the end? No, the leader has carried us on a step or two.

It is later in the day; the shadows have changed sides and lengthened; fluffy white clouds move over the sun and travel, dimly visible, across the meadows. There is a more restful quiet laid on everything; the lambs have stopped frisking; the grass has lost its freshness, and the daisies look warm out in the open. The shepherdess reclines on the turf regardless of her gown, which no doubt is endowed with preventive virtues against the stain; and the shepherd supports his broad back against a wide-spreading oak and plays the pipes to her, the pastoral instrument since nymphs and satyrs existed, and

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looks down into her eyes as he fingers them. His soft whistling comes to us in an old tune just fitting to what he wants to tell her; a familiar air with something new and kinder through it. He alters this back and forth, while we recognize the same theme, and gets more enthusiastic in its rendering. Presently she begins to sing with him, softly at first; and it seems as if all nature, light, air, the birds, were joining in, too. A deep undercurrent of this old air runs through everything; all the instruments in their various ways are taking it up and changing it and moving about it and through it. It grows on us and stirs us; and we lose gradually the shepherd and shepherdess, as it brings back, in its setting of recollections of years, years ago, feelings half forgotten and voices never to be forgotten. It partakes somewhat of the music we used to hear and join in at church (when we went every Sunday and sang without caring who listened), and somewhat of what we remember our mothers singing when we were small. It is sad and gay, smiling and tearful, all at once. It is praising God, and love and affection, purity and good humor, and doing our little well here. Such an old air; but so wholesome and fresh always that it can never be forgotten until the race has gone and the world has grown cold.

I have forgotten Patrichelli for the moment, and recollect him only when I feel his baton is varying again the character of the music. Possibly because his last spirits are still working in me, possibly because he makes it intentionally vague, as the lights are lowered in shifting a scene, at first I cannot understand what he is telling us. Little by little the picture is arranging itself and clearing; the sounds weave themselves into a whole.

It is plainly nightfall. The stars are sparkling in the dusk; the moon is shining down on the meadows and whitening the grass. The sheep, huddled in an irregular flock, move towards home, their backs rising and falling as they trot and bunch themselves away from the dogs. Long shadows from the shepherd and shepherdess stretch in the rear and grotesquely block out their figures. They two are softly talking, barely audibly, and laughing more often than they whisper. It may be that the night air steals up with a little chill, or that the moon's uncertain light shows up queer flitting things among

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the trees, and shining on the faint mist, cuts weird shapes from it. The shepherdess, looking behind her, draws more closely to him, and shivers just a trifle; and his arm curves about her waist. She protests, as we can hear, but not too loudly nor too severely, and the shepherd's low apology is not a withdrawal. The moon conceals her face in a cloud, like a shocked old maid in her handkerchief, and as Patrichelli waves it away, the scene dims and closes. The overture is finished.

And the opera? And the singing? Bless me! I could no more tell you whether it was good or bad than I could rattle off Martian geography. There was plenty of it; and it was all very nice and fine, and every one surpassed themselves. My paper said all this next morning. In the second or third act I had finished all the jokes in my program, and once more there struck forcibly on my eye the recommendation to go to Faschenheim's after the opera. Why not before the opera? Why not in the middle of the opera? There was no prohibition; no intimation that at such times the waiters were off duty or the cook asleep. I had hastened my dinner and was hungry. Faschenheim broils a famous oyster and draws an ale—I must have yawned extremely, for my long-haired neighbor glared and breathed a field of garlic at me. My decision was taken. I imitated as well as possible a man attacked by sudden sickness, and bearing away my hat and coat, beat a retreat.

Yet, in spite of Faschenheim's oysters and ale, in spite of art and literature and all their inane appendage; in spite of the cards and scented notes on my dressing-table, and the teas and dinners following endlessly, I sometimes feel as if I would like to have Patrichelli lead always, and sit under a tree with a shepherdess and hear her laugh and play the pipes to her. But nowadays shepherdesses have horrid red hands and laugh coarsely; besides, I can't play the pipes anyway, and my ear for music is so poor that I could never learn.

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MODERN PROBLEMS IN ACOUSTICS.

The subject of acoustics appeals in one or more of its phases to a wide range of people:

To the mathematician, for the laws of vibrating bodies furnish countless problems that tax his science to the uttermost;

To the physicist, to whom primarily the field belongs;

To the architect, whose business it is to design auditoriums fitted for hearers as well as for spectators;

To the anatomist and physiologist, who finds in the organ of hearing a wonderfully complex structure that is incomprehensible without the aid of acoustical principles;

To the psychologist, who investigates the operations of the mind concerned in the hearing of sound;

To the instrument-maker, who must furnish the musician the means of expression and help him develop them;

To the musician, who cares to know the historical development and the foundations of his present art;

To the ethnologist, who recognizes music as one of the most important expressions of the life of a people; and lastly,

To all intelligent men who find with the Roman "nothing of human interest alien to them," and realize that a subject of such world-wide, time-long interest as music may be studied profitably even by those who are not numbered among musical performers. For they appreciate the fact that here, as everywhere, the ability to learn why the alien does what he does, to enter sympathetically into his thought and see through his eyes, is the subtle power which distinguishes culture from mere knowledge.

In accordance with the custom of these reports we are to take a bird's-eye view of recent progress in the science of acoustics.

I. In the history of acoustics two names are pre-eminent: Chladni, the text-book writer, who united to wide knowledge of the subject great ingenuity and experimental skill, and Helmholtz, in whom there was a unique combination of math-

*A Report from the Committee on Physical Science presented to the Washington Philosophical Society by Charles K. Wead.

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ematician, physiologist, physical experimenter and musician. His "Sensations of Tone as a Physical Basis for Music," published (in Germany) in 1863, and his monographs summed up in it, contained enough in each of these four lines to make one famous. The book has for nearly forty years dominated the thoughts of most people who believe that the science of acoustics has anything to teach musicians. Still, it is significant that musicians have largely refused to recognize its sway, some showing crass ignorance in their comments, others making it clear that there is something in the appeal of music to the human mind and heart that eluded his philosophy.

Though this ancient question of the physical basis of music is still a problem, there is time here to note but two points, and these have reference rather to the mode of attack than to the problem itself: (1) What scholarly musicians of to-day think of as music differs to an important extent from what was in Helmholtz' mind forty years ago as truly, though not as widely, as it differs from medieval music; (2) Materials available in recent years for the historical study of European and Oriental scales disclose several consciously used principles of scale-building which could not result in the diatonic or harmonic scales for which Helmholtz' overtone and resultant-tone theory furnished so strong a justification. Perhaps the greatest value of the book has been its stimulus to investigation in many fields, especially in the psychology of music; yet in spite of all our modern progress the greater part of the work remains as indispensable as ever.

II. Since the publication of Helmholtz' work the most noteworthy things in connection with acoustics have been:

1. The multiplying and perfecting of methods and instruments, especially by Konig and Appunn; the development of the phonograph; the application of photography.

2. The publication of Rayleigh's mathematical "Theory of Sound," of the ten volumes of the "Vierteljahrsschrift fur Musikwissenschaft," full of scholarly monographs on the musical and historical side, and of Ellis & Hopkins' researches on musical scales.

3. The developments in musical instruments (especially the piano), so giving us instruments of more accurate intona-

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tion and of greater power, and unfortunately driving out the older soft-toned instruments.

4. The general introduction into the household of the piano or reed organ, often leading psychologically to the conviction that there can be no music without harmony.

5. The building up of several great collections of musical instruments from various lands and times, and the publication of books and monographs based thereon.

6. The accumulation of a vast amount of observations and experiments in the field of music psychology.

III. Confining our attention now to physical acoustics, we may consider a little more in detail some of the recent advances that can readily be grouped together.

The velocity of sound in free air has been shown to increase greatly for very intense sounds, and has been measured in air compressed up to 100 atmospheres; the velocity in air confined in tubes is found to be a function of the diameter and nature of the walls, and of the pitch. The velocity in solids has been much studied, and measured even in such soft bodies as paraffin and rubber.

The frequency of vibration in specially favorable cases is now measured to within a few parts in a million; so the writing tuning-fork is now the usual means of dividing a second, say into 100 parts; but in ordinary cases, especially where the pitch is high, or the sound weak or of short duration, errors of some per cent are frequent. Quite recently the sets of high forks made by Appunn for physiologists have been found to be extravagantly in error; but as partial compensation for the disappointment the science has been enriched by new experimental methods.

Of extreme importance to the modern physicist is the question of the energy involved in any movement. The experimental study of intensity of vibration began, I believe, with Topler and Boltzman's ingenious optical determination, in 1870, of the actual variations in density in the air of a sounding organ pipe, and the distance at which it could be heard, and so the energy per second required at the limit of hearing. More recently a Swedish experimenter found, by periodically thrusting a thermopile, mounted on a tuning-fork prong, into a sounding pipe at the node, a rise of 0.1 degrees C., due to

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the adiabatic compression. Since 1870 experiments on the energy of organ pipes, etc., have been multiplied and refined. Similarly, determinations on the intensity of telephone currents and the movement of its disc have testified to the incredible sensitiveness of the ear. An amplitude of vibration of air particles of only one fifteen millionth of a milimeter in the region of 440 d. v. produces sensation.

Other investigations have traced the expenditure of the energy once stored in a vibrating mass; so the rate of damping of forks under various conditions has been observed; also the dissipation of energy in a resonator and the decay of sound in free air: it has been noted that a sound reflected repeatedly through a tunnnel changes in quality, owing to the more rapid absorption of the overtones of high pitch. A contrary analytical effect is observed in some cases of echoes, as from a forest, where the sound of the voice semed to come back raised an octave.

The relative absorbing power of various fabrics has lately been measured by Sabine. From his data I calculate that for a note of 256 dv. 0.33 of the energy falling on a sheet of hair felt one-half inch thick is absorbed.

A few instruments have been devised to produce a tone of definite reproducible intensity, and other instruments to indicate or measure the intensity of vibration at a given point. In Wien's beautiful manometer the minute yielding of a part of the wall of a resonator is measured by a mirror and scale to one five-hundredth part of its maximum amount, while the absolute value of the scale readings is determined to within a few per cent.

The study of form of vibration or quality of sound has been prosecuted both synthetically and analytically. Konig many years ago challenged Helmholtz' conclusion that the quality of sound depended only on the strength of the overtones, not on their relative phase; and he invented his wave-siren to prove his position. In this instrument the flow of air through several slits is carved into waves by several rotating discs, whose edges are cut into harmonic curves. More recently he has greatly perfected it, and attempted to meet various criticisms made against his earlier work; but so many lines of argument support Helmholtz' view, that I do not think this

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brilliant attack will generally be admitted to have conquered the field. A more reliable means of synthesis than the wave-discs is found in Apunn's sets of organ pipes; these furnish a great number of harmonics of one fundamental, and for each harmonic there are two pipes, a weak-toned and a strong-toned one.

Analytically the problem of form of vibration has been attacked in various ways, especially by photography. If the vibration to be examined is in the air either the Konig's flames connected to a set of resonators may be photographed, or a little mirror on a convenient speaking tube may throw a spot of light falls on the sensitive plate. If the sounding body is a wire, it is mounted to vibrate before a transverse slit through which light falls on the sensitive surface moving parallel to the string. Compound curves produced in either way are then subjected to harmonic analysis. In passing it may be noted that Mach obtained a photograph of a sound wave in air as far back as 1888.

The superposition of two vibrations has been further studied with reference to the pitch actually observed when two notes are beating; the old theory of combination tones has been rudely shaken and their objective existence proved experimentally in certain rare cases. Mechanical superposition of harmonic motions has been obtained by many elaborate forms of harmonographs or curve tracers.

Both physicists and physiologists have devoted much attention to the study of the complex curves due to vowels and speech-sounds, working especially by aid of the phonograph.

Two or three matters of industrial as well as of scientific importance may also be noted, viz., the enormous development of speaking instruments—phonograph, graphophone, gramophone; the adoption by the Piano Makers' Association of the United States of the French standard tuning-fork giving A=435 d. v.; and many improvements in organ pipes and reed stops that show a practical control over the wind sheet such as the older builders had not obtained.

IV. And now what are some of the most important problems remaining to be solved?

1. In pure physics: The simplification of the means for

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the precise determination of pitch in the ordinary practical cases; the establishment of convenient standards of intensity, and the perfecting of experimental means of measuring intensities; the development of means for the thorough analysis of sounds.

2. In connection with instruments: The thorough study of the action of the sounding board of a piano; of reeds as actually used in common instruments, and of the laws of the perforated tube as applied in flutes, etc.; the determination of the quality of tone produced by our common instruments under the conditions occurring in practice. Some day it will be possible to make as thorough and scientific an examination of a musical instrument as it now is of a steam plant or a dynamo. On all the points just noted current statements are inadequate, for the art is now so developed that the knowledge of the laws of vibrating bodies to the first approximation only is insufficient for future guidance.

3. In connection with architecture: the determination of the reflection or absorption coefficient of the various materials used in building for inside walls, with the numerical evaluation of the several factors that influence the accoustic properties of an auditorium; and the accoustic survey of auditoriums, showing the intensity of sound at all points where hearers might be placed.

4. In connection with practical life, the physicist finds the important problem of fog signals still unsolved.

5. On the side of psychology and music there may be named the further study of the capabilities and deficiencies of the human ear; the influence of instruments on musical conceptions; the historical, psychological and practical nature of the scales in use among various peoples; these branches bring our material study into intimate relations with human development.

V. In view of the manifold interests that center in the subject of acoustics, scientific and commercial, aesthetic and utilitarian, specific and general, it seems strange that neither by endowment in connection with a university, nor by government appropriations has provision been made for a well-equipped acoustical laboratory; for here the same reasons apply that justify

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in connection with a university, nor by government appropriation has provision been made for a well-equipped acoustical laboratory; for here the same reasons apply that justify similar expenditures for so many other branches of science viz., that the subject is of large importance, either industrially or in its relation to past and present human activities; that the results of investigation would be be of value to the community at large, being far wider than could be monopolized by the investigators; that the necessary expenses are beyond the means of the individual experimenter; and that nowhere in this country or the world is there any systematic exploiting of this field. CHARLES K. WEAD.

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A FEW IDEAS ABOUT SINGING.

BY ALEXANDER S. THOMPSON.

In considering the subject of singing it may be well to remember that we are approaching a subject that is vast in scope, much more so than superficial thinkers, or unthinking music-students imagine. It is perhaps generally assumed that song is a branch of music, instead of music being considered a branch of song on the ground that "The greater includes the less; for all that is of intense interest to humanity in music is only intelligible to the mind through the musical instinct and feeling for song—a gift often possessed in a high degree by persons who have not the singing power to give reality to their impressions. The human voice is the practical foundation of all music, and therefore every conscientious music-student or musician should make himself familiar with its possibilities and its limitations, no matter what his specialty is going to be, whether that of a composer, violinist, pianist, or any kind of instrumentalist. Likewise vocalists, besides understanding the voice, should make themselves familiar with the other domains of music in order to give more breadth and vitality to their musical conceptions. It is not necessary that the composer or instrumentalist should be a beautiful singer, but he should understand the vocal element. All manner of instrumental combinations, however wild and peculiar, must be intelligible to the vocal sense, and rest upon its known laws. A composer of high standing in America is quoted as saying that any composer of absolute music (i. e. of music without words) would soon run out of ideas—another way of saying that the vocal text is the most powerful stimulus to the musical imagination. Perhaps my readers will think that I have already claimed a great deal, but I have not yet finished. The science of voice production, and the fundamentals of singing embrace the whole realm of oratory.

Whether harmony is the root of melody, or springs from melody matters little. Song, as I employ the word, means harmony as well as melody—harmony and melody being the

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two equal parts of a grand whole—song or music. All else in music is simply the figuration and elaboration of either the melody or harmony, or both.

In Porpora's time the female parts in the operas were sung principally by artificial soprani—men with enlarged boy —voices, who were capable of executing the most intricate and extraordinary vocal passages with the utmost ease. .The most celebrated of these artificial soprani was Farinelli, a pupil of Porpora, of whom we read great things and judging by the florid music that he sang, specimens of which I have seen, his execution must have been wonderful indeed. It was Farinelli that studied for six years on one page of exercises and at the end of that weary time was told by the master to go, that he was the greatest singer in Europe. Porpora wrote a number of operas and one of them "Berenice" gained the commendation of Handel, although it is generally agreed that his music lacked dramatic power. His style of music was very ornate and flowery—florid or colored as it is called.

The great endeavor of Porpora in training the voice was to give it flexibility, for which purpose he used a number of scales, trills and running passages. Some exercises were very long, so that the singer might learn how to economize the breath and sustain the voice in long runs and execute the vocal embroideries of that period. These roulades, or long runs as they are commonly called, are very valuable practice, because the question of holding back the breath is at the bottom of all good singing. A singer only produces a tone perfectly when he feels that the air is locked in the chest and held back. In such a case only tone is made by the singer from the instant that he begins to sing. It is a common fault with beginners that the first sound heard when they attack their tones is a breathy noise issuing from the throat, a fault fatal to pure tone.

Before leaving Porpora and his teaching I would give it as my opinion that a good deal that was applicable to the voice of an artificial soprano is not applicable to the voice of the natural man and woman and the present requirements of modern music.

Porpora was contemporaneous with Handel, and Haydn, being born in 1686. He died in 1766. He was a pupil of

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Scarlatti, who was also a great singing master as well as a good composer. Porpora gave Haydn lessons in composition in Vienna and doubtless gave him many valuable hints about treating the singing voice in composition, which were duly observed, as Haydn is one of the most musical of writers for the voice, and the practice of his works is valuable singing-practice. Haydn, who lived to a good old age, died in 1809, bringing the traditions of Porpora up to that date.

In 1767 a little book was published by an educated Englishman, writing under the pseudonym of "Altamont," entitled "Letters from Altamont to his friends in the country," that throws a side-light on the practices of that day when attending the operas. It will have a certain familiar sound and may interest you. He says: "The most prevailing amusement among them at present" (that is among Londoners) "next to cards, is music; everybody, therefore, must have an ear, and acquire a taste, for music. It is true a taste for music is, to all appearances, acquired every day in this place. The first thing that is necessary is to get by heart the names of the most eminent performers upon every instrument, and those of the most favorite singers; for both singing and playing is here a trade; and it sometimes happens that a talent for either of them is the happiest with which a man or woman can be born; as they turn to better account than the most useful science can do. When you have gotten the names of the singers, you must next get the three or four first words of the favorite airs which they sing, for the taste of the great world is so confined, even in their most favorite amusement, that, perhaps four or five single airs engross the attention of the whole town for a year which next year give place to four or five others. When you have once attained to the being able to talk of these airs by their names, and to know who sings them best, you will make a better figure in conversation than if you know all the music which ever was composed, except them. The next thing to be learned is the fashionable notions with regard to the comparative merit of the several performers; for here nobody is allowed to judge for himself; a few leading people judge for all the rest, who implicitly subscribe to their opinions. You are not, therefore, to listen whether Giardini accompanies better than Hay, or

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Manzoli sings better than Elisi; but you are only to remember that Giardini does accompany better than Hay, and that Manzoli is a better singer than Elisi. When you have done this you are qualified to go to the opera, and come home in raptures. By the monstrous expense which the people of this town are at in providing singers, musicians, an house, decorations, scenery, dresses, etc., for the opera, one would be tempted to think that it was the highest enjoyment they were capable of receiving; and yet, were you to see the listless inattention with which the generality of the audience sit, except during the performance of some one favorite singer, you would rather imagine they were paid for coming there. I saw this with astonishment, and could not help asking my patron the meaning of it. 'Why,' replied he, 'the case is this: Where there is one person comes to the opera for the sake of the performance, there are fifty that come either for the sake of the company they meet there, or because it is the fashion onc or twice a week to sit so many hours in such a place.' Among the number of people you see there, there are not perhaps twenty whose attention is not more fixed on the pit and boxes than on the stage. And even the attention they seem to afford a favorite singer is not bestowed on his merit, but on the opinion they have of the judgment of the person who recommended him to their notice; for was it possible to make a bad singer look like their favorite, not half of them would be able by their own ear to find the cheat."

One of the most noted of vocal teachers was the elder Garcia, the father of the famous soprano singer Malibran, who promised to be such a great vocal light. He flourished in the early part of this century, and his son, a very old man, is still living, and has been a noted voice teacher in his day. The elder Garcia—Manuel Vicente Garcia—a Spaniard by birth, in the early part of his career had some fame as a composer and followed the career of a singer, being associated with such great artists as Catalani and others. He ultimately gave up his ambition and left the stage where he had rivals to join the ranks of the teachers, amongst whom he was peerless. As a teacher he won great fame. In the early part of this century, about 1812, when he was 37 years of age, he went to Italy, where he produced several operas, and fell in

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with a celebrated tenor of the old school, named Anzani, from whom he received many valuable hints on singing. He was engaged as tenor soloist in one of the leading chapels in Naples. Manuel Garcia, the son, was born at Madrid, March 17, 1800, and was therefore twelve years of age while his father was in Italy. The son, after his father's death, became famous on account of his investigations with the laryngoscope, the results of which he published in 1847 in his principal work, "The Complete Treatise on the Art of Singing," which has been revised very largely and republished recently as "Hints on Singing." He gained considerable name as the teacher who saved Jenny Lind's voice from ruin. While we must not get the idea that the Garcias were the sole possessors of knowledge of singing anywhere in the world, as great artists were being brought out by other masters and by growth and experience, yet the fact remains that the Garcias, father and son, supply the greatest link in the chain of historical evidence on the subject of singing that we possess.

If, as it is claimed, the teaching of the very old masters was so extremely satisfactory, it is a curious fact that this younger Garcia, one of the apostles, should proceed to investigate according to modern methods.

One of the most important hints that he gives is that in the beginning the voice should be begun on the full—the attack of the tone should be made on a full free tone without any attempt at soft singing; the next step would be to attack the tone full, sustain it and then diminish and the final step to begin the tone soft, to swell and to diminish. He also says that the mouth is merely an outlet to the tone, that the real mouth as far as the tone is concerned is the pharynx. He also gives a good explanation of the clear and somber timbers of the voice, showing by what means they are produced. He also says that the perfect tone is one produced on the Italian ah, but that the tone after it has been developed on ah throughout the voice must be covered slightly on the top to give smoothness. I quote freely, not verbatim.

The elder Lamperti has also published a book on singing. There is nothing startling in the work in spite of the reputation of the man. He, also, gives it as his opinion that the

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voice should be practiced at first producing a full, strong, tone. On this point all authorities agree. An intelligent pupil who has had the benefit of good instruction will find little to learn in this book. The only correct tone in his opinion is produced on the Italian ah. He indicates by his remarks, however, that a great many Italian singers in his time fell far short of his standard as singers, having very poorly produced voices, but that they justified themselves because they were able to get engagements as well as applause. It would seem to me that every part of the world has its share of such singers.

Many books have been written of late years, but they record the opinions of present day teachers, both obscure and prominent. The most notable, in my opinion, are those of Charles Lunn, formerly of Birmingham, now of London, England. His works contain excellent points although they are a little too philosophical for students. Lunn claims direct inheritance from Porpora, as his teacher Cattaneo studied with a pupil of Porpora's, so, he considers himself entitled to speak with authority on the subject.

He brushes aside the elder Lamperti as of no account, and that includes the son, as the father never recognized him, but as he recognizes Sims Reeves, my last singing teacher, I feel quite grateful to him.

It is traditional in the Italian school to "appogiare la voce" that is "to prop up the voice," meaning, of course, to prop up or support the organs producing voice. This is accomplished by taking a full, deep breath, and while singing, giving a steady, upward pressure with the diaphragm and chest muscles. To sustain the voice is in a measure another form of expressing the same idea, but it does not express as clearly to the mind this fundamental necessity of good singing, as does the expression 'to support the voice.' If a pupil succeeds in grasping thoroughly this idea of propping up the voice a great improvement in tone at once results.

Another idea is "filare il tuono," "to spin out the tone," menaing to begin the tone softly, to swell it to a strong tone, then to diminish. This is the same thing as Tosi's Messa di Voce, which was a swelling and diminishing of the voice.

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Tosi, however, cautions the singer to use this expedient sparingly and only on the open vowels.

The most practical ideas that I can give you about singing, besides what has already been said, are first: The fundamental principle of good voice production is to secure a full breath, which must be enclosed in the chest before the singer attempts to utter a tone, much as one would do in holding the breath for an instant, then, without allowing the organs to slip from the position that they take in this way utter the tone quickly but easily. This should be practiced mainly in the middle voice, and the manner of taking breath should be diaphragmatic and inferior-costal, i. e., by the contraction of the diaphragm and the expansion outwards of the lower ribs —in other words the contraction of the diaphragm will make that part of the body situated at the bottom of the breast bone press outwards (this is the first movement in proper breath taking) and it is followed by the outward movement of the lower ribs. A combination of diaphragmatic and lateral costal breathing. This manner of breathing is a great aid in establishing proper methods of using the voice, and will assist a pupil to overcome unnatural effort of the throat. Any great amount of practice of breath movements alone without the combination of tone emission I find usually unnecessary and not of as much value as some would have us believe. Control of the breath while singing is the question. We hear such catch-phrases as "to be able to sing is to be able to breathe," and so on ad nauseam. To be able to breathe correctly is the foundation, the starting point. To say, that to build a foundation is to build a house, would be similar to the aforesaid catch-phrase, and would have as large a proportion of real truth in it. The tone can be modified wonderfully in its utterance at the will of the singer, that must be so, else great singers would be unable to express a variety of emotions—love, fear, anger, etc., and would be simply magnificent vocal hydrants standing about ready to be turned on.

The tone should be produced with a free throat, that is, without any contraction of the muscles of the throat, much the same as when one yawns. The pupil should learn to open the throat freely, and make certain that the tongue is not allowed to wabble in the mouth.

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The tongue should be lightly pressed against the back of the lower teeth, and should not be allowed to move backwards during the production of tone, and should be practically flat in the mouth. The larynx is attached to the tongue-bone (os hyoid) and consequently a gratuitous wobbling of the tongue displaces the larynx; an act fatal to the security of the tone. One of the crudest of faults is throatiness, which is the attempt of the singer to produce the voice with the back part of the tongue elevated instead of depressed as it should be, closing the throat practically. True throatiness also involves a false use of the muscles; the extrinsic muscles that elevate or depress the larynx being brought into play too much instead of the intrinsic muscles which are the true voice producers. The signs of a throaty use of the voice are soreness of the muscles back of the jaw and an irritated feeling about the root of the tongue.

I feel sure that it is this manner of producing the voice that is the direct cause of clergyman's sore throat. I have noticed in observing speakers, that whenever they fail to get proper breath that they instantly become a little throaty, showing that the taking of a full breath at the proper place, and a free throat, would banish such a difficulty as clergyman's sore throat.

Every student of singing and all singers should always remember one thing, and that is that there is a wide difference between the possession of a good voice and the ability to sing. By the ability to sing I mean to be able to use the vocal instrument with purity and freedom and to express music in a finished and artistic manner, which presupposes the ability to read music understandingly, in other words, to sing at sight fairly well. Dear student and dear singer, do not plume yourself too much that your voice is loud and strong, for it is a vocal axiom "that a man can shout louder than he can sing." Also, dear friend, do not be carried away too much by the flattery of your friends or the plaudits of the listeners. Don't forget that the good opinion of one person that knows is of more value than the flattering applause of a vast concourse of people that don't know. The utterance of a fairly good voice of agreeable quality or possibly a fine voice if it were trained naturally interests a listener and he ap-

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plauds accordingly, but that does not say that he thinks you an accomplished singer.

To a cultivated ear, and by that I mean the ear of a person skilled by long study of singing and some hearing of good singers, artists, not local celebrities, unless they are artists, or the ear of some person who by many hearings of great artists has acquired discrimination—to a cultivated ear, I say, the very best voice untrained is merely a rough diamond requiring the training and the culture of the skilled voice teacher—a rare bird—to give brilliance and polish to it. And just as a rough diamond bears little resemblance to the finished article, so many a coarse young voice may give little promise of the refined beautiful voice it will become under careful and correct training.

When a flower is cultivated by the skilled gardener, it usually prospers and becomes far more beautiful than its twin-sister on the other side of the hedge, in the field or by the roadside. In the field or by the roadside the twin-sister may be shriveled by the drought or nipped by the frost, and surely will not attain its greatest beauty, while our flower under the care of the gardener attains the perfection of its beauty and becomes almost a new creation. And why? Has the gardener made a flower? Of course not. He has merely done those things which would favor growth and shielded the plant from adverse influences. No one talks of a made flower; that is too absurd. The process of voice cultivation is similar, yet we hear people speak of a made voice. To speak of a made plant is just as sensible. To speak of a made voice may be very flattering to people who think that their voices are too good to require training, but it is not very sensible to any one whose head is the regulation size and familiar with the facts in the case.

As I have already intimated many a voice may improve and develop so much in power and beauty of tone, that it seems almost like a new creation, but that is all. However, the mind to conceive tone is as essential as the vocal organ, for no pupil is clay in the hands of the potter, unless he possesses the imagination to grasp what the teacher means, and the ear to perceive fine tone differences.

This line of thought brings to my mind the story that

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Karl Formes tells about himself. Karl Formes, the great German basso, was the possessor of a voice of phenomenal range, power and quality, combined with great singing ability, so much so that his contemporaneous brother artist, Sims Reeves, speaks of him with great respect and admiration. He made a big reputation as an operatic artist in the Rhine provinces in the year 1842. Shortly afterwards he sang at the Opera House in Vienna. At the close of his first performance in Vienna a little old man with spectacles made his way into his dressing room and said "Are you Karl Formes?" His answer being in the affirmative, he said to him, "Well, Karl, you have a good voice but you don't know how to sing." Thereupon he handed him his card, on which Formes found inscribed the name of Miksch, the most celebrated teacher in Vienna, one of the acknowledged disciples of the old school, the sight of which had a very great tendency to reduce Formes' irritation over his doubtful compliment. Miksch invited Formes to call upon him and he would give him some hints on singing. Formes did so, and got so much interested that in a few days after one of his lessons he placed himself before his looking-glass, and, patting himself on the breast, said, "Karl. you don't know how to sing." Formes, always said that the method he then learned had enabled him to hold his voice to a ripe old age, a fact that I can testify to as I heard him sing in a public concert when he was over seventy, and he sang the high F and the low F on that occasion. If then, this training was valued so highly by Formes, a man endowed with such a great voice, and had such beneficial results in his case, what then are we to think of those poor deluded individuals who think themselves singers because they have good voices, have been praised and have gained a reputation—not in the Rhine provinces, but in the provinces of the Hudson, the Ohio or the Mohawk.

Very much more than I have time for could be said about the articulation of the words in singing, but I have only to say one or two things that may set you thinking. A fine enunciation is a great virtue and should be worked for and valued by the singer. But all other points in good singing should accompany good enunciation else recitation is more desirable. I wish to call your attention to this phenomenon:

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You have often heard a comic singer or variety singer who articulates the words of his song with great clearness, but apparently has no real singing tone; and, again you may have some one in mind that produces a good deal of tone or voice but articulates badly. Now, what is the trouble? The one seems to be the opposite of the other. In my opinion, the first singer does not use a singing voice at all; it is an enlarged speaking voice only, with the words spoken to a definite tune. Such a singer's real difficulty is to get tone, not to articulate words; while on the other hand the second singer conforms more perfectly to the conditions of true singing voice production and has consequently more difficulty in articulating well than in producing the tone. Above the middle voice the acts of tone-production and articulation are somewhat antagonistic because the motions made by the tongue in articulation displace the larynx and consequently disturb the tone. The true singing voice production is shown more perfectly in the upper voice, and it is the part of the voice that first shows improvement in most cases when training is begun. Someone has said that the difference between an Italian and an Englishman is that the Italian speaks as he sings and the Englishman sings as he speaks, and what is true of the Englishman is equally true of the American and the German.

The greatest difficulty the singer has, that is a singer who really sings, is to deliver the text with great distinctness and still conform to the requirements of singing. Distinctness of the words is acquired by first learning to produce the vowels so that the one vowel can be distinguished from the other and still be able to pass from one to the other with a smooth even tone. The difficulty here is to differentiate the vowel quality or color and yet preserve the evenness and continuity of the tone. After the pupil has learned to utter the vowels with their distinctive color, especially in the middle voice, it is time enough to take care of the consonants which should be studied singly and in groups. Imperfect differentiation of vowel color, and confusion of the consonants make it difficult for the listener to distinguish always what is intended by the singer, or, as a westerner would say, what the singer aimed to say. Perfect diction in singing requires a high de-

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gree of mental and lingual culture, much more so, I am afraid, than either the general public or ordinary singers appreciate. An imperfect use of the vowels in English would be illustrated in this example: Supposing the tenor singer in Handel's air in the Messiah should sing "Every volley shall be exalted," the listener would not on the instant distinguish just what was intended. One of the other airs for tenor in the Messiah, "Thou shall dash them," calls for the pronunciation of the word "dash" on the high A, a feat, no matter how high the tenor's voice, that requires great perfection of method and voice skill—that is, if it is going to be delivered neat and clean, as Tosi says. The natural tendency of the voice is to close the A in dash so that the listener would hear a sentence suspiciously near "Thou shalt dish them." The consonants that are sonant or voiced mute are often confused with their cognates that are only surd or breathed. For example, V becomes F—invade therefore becomes infade; D becomes T, so that bad is pronounced bat, yes, even pat if the B is badly uttered. The consonants F, T and P are surd, or breathed, and therefore require no voicing or glottid action, but V, D and C are sonant, or voiced, and require a glottid action to put the necessary tone or voice into their utterance. The F is easier to utter than the V, and so with the others. A singer may say fail for veil but never veil for fail. If you will articulate va slowly and forcibly and then fa, also da, ta, ba, pa, you will perceive clearly what I mean. Such faults of articulation show a faulty action of the glottis.

After the elementary work of articulation has been accomplished, nothing assists so much as a clear intellectual conception of the text. The emphasizing of the proper words is exceedingly important. Just as a strong accent on the notes that require an accent serves to make the rhythmical figure of the music stand out clearer and bolder to the mind's eye, so does the proper emphasis of the important words serve to bring the less important words to the ear of the listener, and consequently the full import of the sentence is more readily grasped. However, when all is said and done, the articulation of either a singer or a speaker must be much stronger than in the ordinary conversational voice, else the words will

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not carry in a large place. The articulation must be in short strengthened, exaggerated.

After the voice has been trained so that it becomes a vocal instrument under complete control, and the singer has in the words of Tosi a sufficient fund of knowledge, a world of music and expression opens up to the singer, and it should be a delight to anyone to reach that golden shore. The repertoire of good vocal music is great and the possibilities of expression boundless.

Perfection in art is perfection in detail. So in singing. Many qualities are necessary in the make-up of a good, artistic singer, if perfection is to be reached. A fine tone perception, musical comprehension, the ability to make fine verbal as well as musical distinctions, aesthetic sensibility, a good voice of good range and agreeable quality are all requisites of a good singer. And I almost said that "good manners" are a requisite, at least in so far as good manners are an expression of a refined nature they are requisite, for without a refined nature a singer is "only sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

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HANDEL AND THE HANDEL FETISH.

BY J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

Three more years have gone and another Handel Festival has just passed. Under the circumstances, it may not be unfiting that we should consider Handel's position amongst us and his influence upon our native music and musicians. Ten years ago some of our most serious-minded musicians were debating among themselves whether the Englishman's excessive worship of Handel was a good thing for English music. Sir John Stainer had just delivered his inaugural address at Oxford, and with remarkable boldness had declared that our undue adulation of the so-called "divine Saxon" had had "a most injurious effect on English music." An enterprising editor, struck with the daring of the professor, proceeded to get the opinion of certain notable men of the time. Mr. Joseph Barnby was one to whom he applied; though surely it was hardly necessary to ask what he thought about the matter, considering that the Royal Choral Society subsisted almost solely on Handel. Mr. Barnby, of course, saw in Handel a musical god of the first order; nay, he could not imagine that Sir John Stainer wished his remarks upon that composer to be taken literally! This, to say the least, was hardly kind to Sir John. Sir Charles Halle was next consulted. He approached the question with characteristic caution; indeed, the question was "such a subtle one" that he did not feel competent to express an opinion on it at all. He only ventured to say that he did not think admiration of a great composer's works can have an injurious effect upon musicians if they are worthy of the name. There the question was very neatly shifted to the shoulders of the musicians. Then came Mr. Ebenezer Prout. He was perfectly candid. He did not consider himself an unbiased judge. He was "one of the most ardent enthusiasts for Handel now living." He had "made a special study of his works for nearly forty years," and he loved them now more than he had ever done before. Finally, Sir Robert Stewart, the pro-

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fessor of music at Dublin, gave his opinion. He had no hesitation in saying that Sir John Stainer had overstepped the mark. There was a great deal of nonsense spoken about English talent being crushed by one cause or another—by Handel, and by the first, second and third Georges. "George the Fourth did the wisest thing possible. Did he not send Atwood away to study under the great Mozart? Our present Hanoverian queen and Prince Albert sent for the beloved Mendelssohn and made a personal friend of him. They also noticed"—but here Sir Robert was wandering from the point, and there is no need to follow him. My purpose is to show that the worship of Handel by the bourgeois Briton is in a great measure misplaced, and that Sir John Stainer was perfectly right when he said that its effect upon English music had been injurious.

At the outset it should be remarked that of course when we speak of excessive adulation of Handel it means nothing like what the phrase would mean if it were applied to, say, Beethoven or Bach. It means only the excessive adulation of one or two oratorios—four at most, one in particular. If the British public were to be deprived of "The Messiah," of "Israel," of "Samson," and of "Judas Maccabaeus," the British public would at once forget that such a man as Handel ever lived. For Handel, if he was anything at all, was essentially a composer for the voice, for the chorus to be more precise; and, if the few oratorios in which he admittedly proved himself a master of that kind be removed, there is, with the possible exception of "Acis and Galatea," nothing of his for the bourgeois Briton to fall back upon. Even to the bourgeois Briton a Handelian opera would be an inconceivable monstrosity in these days; and as for the Handelian instrumental music—the organ and orchestral concertos, the "water music," the sonatas and trios and figures and lessons for the harpsichord and what not—it is for the most part as dead as Queen Anne, and can never be revived. Not that this matters in the least to the British public. The British public do not want to revive anything of Handel. They are content with the four oratorios—nay, with the one oratorio—and, so far as one can see, they would be satisfied to go on hearing these—hearing "The Messiah"—to the end of time.

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Carlyle in a burst of sarcasm represented the indolent dilettante of the age as exclaiming to himself: "Be mine to lie on this sofa and read everlasting novels of Walter Scott." Be mine, says the British public in effect, to listen forever to "The Messiah" of George Frederick Handel.

Now, there could be no great objection to this excessive worship of Handel if Handel were a composer of superexcellent powers—if, say, he were as much the first of composers as Shakespeare is the first of dramatists. One might still regret the comparative neglect of other masters which such excessive worship must involve; but, at least, there would be the comfortable feeling that the public were giving preference to one who, more than any other, deserved it. But no one seriously contends that Handel was the greatest of all composers; nay, it might be shown that he was not a very great composer at all, as we regard a very great composer nowadays. He was great only in so far as he conceived big ideas. His methods were child-like and lacking in variety of resource, and his limitations were more marked than those of perhaps any other composer of equal standing who ever wrote. Beethoven distinguished himself alike as a writer for orchestra, for piano and for voice. Haydn was not only the "father of the symphony," but wrote masses and an oratorio which is still listened to with delight. Mozart excelled in many branches of composition besides opera; and even Bach is known by something more than his organ fugues. Handel, on the other hand, tried many things and practically failed in them all until he struck the right note in his oratorios, which would probably have failed too if they had not been sprung on the British public just at the time when the religious revival of Whitefield had prepared the ground for the composer who should think of setting the Bible to music. As a matter of fact, Handel missed oblivion entirely by an accident, for he turned to oratorio only because opera had made him twice a bankrupt. In other words, if his operatic schemes had not miscarried so deplorably, there would have been no "Messiah," and the "divine Saxon" would have been known only to musical students and historians. So much for his limitations.

There is a more serious matter to be considered—the mat-

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ter namely of emotional essentials. In these essentials Handel's works are almost entirely lacking. Some people, I am aware, maintain that we cannot outgrow the art of a former age if that art successfully appealed to those who were first made acquainted with it. But this is a fallacy, built up on the assumption that human nature does not change. It is true enough that in some respects the heart of man is always the same. But there is such a thing as the spirit of the age. As an American writer has well said, while the inmost principles of human nature are probably not very different from what they were in the Garden of Eden or in the times of Homer, Æschylus or Dante, the "content of consciousness" has altered a great deal, and the form of consciousness has altered too. This may be tested in a very simple manner. Give any classic work of fiction to a young person to read, or better still, to twenty young persons all intelligent and all fairly representative of the times. What will be the verdict? Some will indeed allow that they have been pleased, but the majority will vote the book decidedly "slow." It will be generally recognized that the mental attitude of the old writer is quite different from that of the modern writer. The old story moves, it will be said, slowly and calls for a contemplative attitude, while the modern story is keenly alive with human problems and human interests, and keeps the mind of the reader continually on the qui vive.

Something of the same kind is seen in music. In the works of the moderns—Wagner, Brahms, Tschaikowsky and others —we have all the inner strivings of the modern life: "the flavor of intense conflict, drive and passion," as represented by the restless interchange of tonalities, by the grinding conflict of dissonances and tone colors, by the compelling energy of rhythm. In the works of the older masters these things are reflected scarcely at all. They have nothing of the modern spirit, nothing of the unrest of the age, nothing of its passion of conflict, nothing of its pessimism, if you will. We can listen to them, just as we can read the novels of Scott and Richardson and Jane Austen and Fielding; but they do not move us deeply, if indeed they move us at all. In this respect Handel is emphatically the composer of his age His music has absolutely nothing of the modern spirit. It appeals

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to the highly cultivated modern sense no more than a Beethoven sonata appealed to John Ruskin. It is almost entirely mechanical, with its cut and dried cadences and modulations, its academic counterpoint and fugue, and its thin veneer of eighteenth century sentiment. There is no denying, nor does any one wish to deny, the grandeur of some of Handel's work; but in the most stupendous of his choruses there is little that is emotionally sublime, little to inspire one with that rapturous feeling of ecstasy which one always experiences in listening to music like the Garden, Cathedral and Prison scenes in "Faust" or the Death scene in "Tristan." Handel's choruses impress more by their massiveness and ponderous simplicity rather than by any aesthetic qualities. But no music can be really and truly sublime without aesthetic expression, dramatic strength and passion, or emotional fervor; and it is my contention that of these essentials Handel's works are practically destitute. They are colorless, devoid of dramatic idea and romantic feeling. The cry of our age is for expression, and of expression as we regard it now Handel has very little to give. It was not in him to give, any more than it was in Ben Jonson to produce the ethereal delights of Shelley's poetry. I know that it is a bold thing to say in the ears of the British public, but Handel's nature and constitution were almost totally devoid of the true artistic feeling, the true emotional sense. His life was worldly, and his ambitions were worldly. Solid power over the good things of this earth—money, a hearty dinner, and a well-stocked wine cellar—was what he desired and enjoyed most. No doubt there were times when he really did "see heaven opened," to use his own phrase. A man who wrote so much could hardly escape doing a fine thing now and again. Some of his airs, such as "Angels, ever bright and fair," are instinct with real artistic feeling; and even in his choruses he occasionally, though very rarely, succeeds in stirring the emotions of his hearers. But these things are of the nature of accidents—mere chance inspirations, to be accounted for much as one accounts for Thomas Campbell's patriotic songs in a heap of poetical commonplace.

In the popular mind Bach is often compared with Handel to Bach's disadvantage, Bach's works being condemned as

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scholastic and formal, cold and dry. Of course, many of Bach's compositions answer to this description, and in so far as they do they are as much out of date as Handel's. But Bach, as his admirers are never tired of pointing out, was more than the master of technique, the stolid mechanical contrapuntist welding together the dry bones of music. Within the compass of his rigid forms, beneath the surface of his deliberately wrought counterpoint, there is a wealth of emotional experience, a depth of thought, a range of utterance, a revelation of soul, which mark him not only the faithful representative of a past age—the age of routine, of pedantic pedagogy—but also one of those universal men whose works contain a message for all time. It would be extravagant to claim for him that he divined all modern feeling and foreshadowed every means of expression which has been developed in an era so different from his own. But he certainly had what Walter Pater terms the gift of expressing thought in outward form, of "associating sense with soul."

It is in truth somewhat difficult to account for the extraordinary vogue which Handel's oratorios have obtained in England. Attempts have been made to explain it on artistic grounds, but that is manifestly out of the question. There is more reason in the suggestion that we take to Handel because we are a nation of choral singers; though even that suggestion does not explain why Handel is patronized to the extent of almost totally excluding every other composer who has written for large bodies of vocalists. Tradition, no doubt, answers for a great deal. "The Messiah" and the other oratorios of its composer which have been named have long been regarded as works which every choral society must perform if it is to justify its existence; and, since this notion coincides with the popular taste in oratorio, it has come to have something of the force of a written law as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

But the real secret of Handel's popularity with the English people lies elsewhere. It lies in the fact that we are Protestants, and that he set the Protestant Bible to music. In other words, Handel's popularity is to be accounted for mainly on religious grounds. This, it need hardly be said, is especially the case with regard to "The Messiah," in which

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Handel, like Tolstoi in his recent "Resurrection," is felt to be more of the preacher than the artist. But here again we are confronted with a curious problem. People go to hear "The Messiah" not so much because they admire its music as because they feel that in listening to it they are taking part in something like an act of devotion. A hearing of this oratorio, it has been remarked, "converts even a holiday audience into a devout congregation." Admitting that this is really the effect of listening to "The Messiah," it can hardly be contended that the effect is produced by the music. For "The Messiah" is not really essentially a sacred work. Denude it of its words, and it may be anything you like, but certainly not religious. What is there that is religious about the florid passages of "He is like a refiner's fire" or "Rejoice greatly?" You may say that there is a touch of the dramatic about "Why do the nations?" but where is the religious element? Did "All we like sheep have gone astray" ever make a man feel that he was a sinner? And the "Hallelujah" itself (cheval de bataille of every choral society in the country), is there anything more in it than just plenty of scope for a big chorus making a big din? If some one asks about "I know that my Redeemer liveth," wherein, I would inquire in return, is that much belauded number more religious than "Lascia chio pianga?" The truth is that Handel's so-called sacred music differs in no way from his secular music, except that it is more finished. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" itself, much as Mendelssohn is decried in these days, is a better work than "The Messiah"; Gounod's "Redemption" is a better work; nay, little as I admire the general output of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, I declare emphatically that, taken as a whole, "The Rose of Sharon" is a better work.—From Musical Opinion.

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SWISS MUSIC AND THE FESTIVAL AT ZURICH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF TH. LINDENLAUB.

Too often we forget that there is such a thing as a Swiss musical movement. This is not wholly our own fault. Of all who have played or heard the easy and charming things of Raff, how few know that he was born in the suburbs of Zurich? He studied in Germany, lived in Germany, composed in the German manner. He became a citizen of Leipsig and Frankfort. His compatriots of the succeeding generation, Goetz, Weber (dead too soon), Hegar and Hans Huber, happily still living, at first took the same road; they afterwards went back to their native country, but the town of which they are the pride is almost the only one to hold them in honor, and it is still in Germany that their works are the most played. And this while even down to the present time German music preponderates in Switzerland. At Geneva, even, outside the opera, the musical life is almost wholly German. Only within the past few years have the musical journals published in those parts of Switzerland nearest to us, the names of certain leaders: Jacques-Dalcroze, Gustav Doret, Edouard Combe. Later, when our somewhat dispersed attention failed to be attracted to Swiss music, the music itself made its appearance in Paris. We have welcomed talented young, burning with ardor to show us their mastery, and we find that they have already been studying here, lived among us, and bathed with us in the vast and indifferent sea of this universal town. Jacques Dalcroze had Delibes for his master and from him he derived the secret of sentimental grace, spirit and verve; Edouard Combe, pupil of Guilmant, worked two years with Lamoureux, plunged into the thousand tone-colors of the orchestra, where nevertheless he showed himself a virtuoso. Gustav Doret came from the conservatory of Berlin to finish his studies with Dubois and Massenet. And while their compatriots returned home to try to keep alive the sacred

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fire in their unfavorable environment, these remained with us as orchestral conductors.

From Roman Switzerland came other musicians, attracted by their comrades. Messrs. Massenet and Faure saw before them the large bodies, candid eyes and reflective minds which had nothing of Parisian or Gascon vivacity, and whose accents told of a country far beyond the heights of Montmartre. During all this time the hopes of Zurich, Basle and the German cantons were fixed upon Leipsic and Berlin. The two currents, so near in their source, separate later as widely as those of the Rhone and the Rhine. The idea of an understanding and of forming a national school remained vague until the last year, when, after changes of views and many appeals through the press, a union of the German and Romance Swiss was made under a common misapprehension. A certain number of composers came to Berne asking the federal council to do something for musical art by their joint authority. The council gave no attention to the request. Then young and old, moved by the beautiful Swiss motto of association, "One for all; all for one," they founded the Society of Swiss Composers.

It is this society, having more than eighty members, which invited a convention or festival to voice its legitimate hopes. It was a beautiful festival at Zurich, in a location almost ideal, before a lovely lake which resounded to music and the cries of joy along its banks.

Zurich, so powerful upon the industrial side, is justly proud of what it has done for art. Its local musical society dates from 1608. It was at one time the "Wahnfried" of Wagner after the revolution of 1849; it also produced one of the lesser gods of music, J. Raff, who sought to make himself a German composer, there being in his days no Swiss composers. To these titles Zurich added liberal subscriptions to sustain its ancient renown and provide means for an adequate execution of festival works.

There are many large cities or capitols where there are no halls suitable for anything larger than ordinary concerts. Zurich has expended nearly two millions in order to erect a veritable palace of music. It is built in a great garden upon the border of the lake. The vast hall is not without fault,

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but it is superior to many which have greater celebrity; it is provided, naturally, with a large organ for the benefit of the oratorio performances. The chairs are of simple curved wood, large, comfortable and friendly to those who occupy them. The "Tonhalle" contains other smaller halls for chamber music and rehearsals. It is supplemented with a grand restaurant, in virtue of an old Latin proverb which suggests that "Without Ceres and Bacchus, Polhymnia will freeze." In this palace the Swiss society found at its disposal a large symphony orchestra under the direction of Doctor Fr. Hegar, and a large chorus of men and women, formed of amateurs and students in the different schools, which are numberless at Zurich.

These masses of executants were led by the composers themselves, and by M. Fritz Hegar, who was the heart of the whole organization and of the festival. It is necessary that we recognize this M. Hegar, because he is not solely a composer of distinction, an orchestral director firm and sure, but also (which is rare this side the Rhine) a musician of large taste and without prejudice. He has resolutely introduced into his programs the best of our French symphonic works, which before him had been entirely unknown. The Romands, who have been the most ardent in pushing the federation of musical Switzerland, have found in him an indefatigable auxiliary, and a most comprehensive artistic intelligence. Nor is it easy to praise in proper terms the perseverance and endurance of the chorus and orchestra, which during the last two days of the festival had to undergo morning rehearsals of four hours, followed in the afternoon by performances of the same length, without weakening, without the appearance of fatigue. Ah! a musical day of eight hours, in a Senegambian temperature, which the breezes from the lake did not perceptibly temper, all this counts double. The public was admirable. But what shall we say of the musicians, and of their irreproachable ensemble, like troops on parade? They are rude soldiers of art—these Zurichers!

Composers producing original works numbered not less than nineteen. Following are their names and places of residence: E. Combe, Geneva; A. Denereaz, Lausanne; Gustave Doret, Paris; Joseph Lauber, Zurich; Pierre

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Maurice, Munich; Willy Rehberg, Geneva; Richard Franck, Basle; Karl Munzinger, Berne; Otto Barblan, Geneva; Rudolf Ganz, Berlin (Chicago); G. Haeser, Zurich; Hans Huber, Basle; Kempter, Zurich; Ernst Markus, Basle; Edouard Munzinger, Berlin; Frits Niggli, Paris; Herman Suter, Zurich; Gustave Weber, prematurely dead this ten years.

It is not possible to analyze minutely all the works so crowded into these three days; it would be rather unsafe to judge pieces of such magnitude from a single hearing, written with all the resources of admirable technique, which with most of the Swiss composers is consummate. Let us rather dwell momentarily upon a few which stand out above the others as distinguished in this great musical exposition.

The Swiss cultivate all forms of music, the opera less than other forms, their country offering no great career for an opera or musical drama. They cultivate above all the religious and national forms of art, the oratorio and cantata, as well as the pure music of symphony and the chamber. This already is a sign of serious valor. The Zurich festival gave two entire concerts of chamber music, intermingled with songs. It was above all the Germans who distinguished themselves. The most exceptional success of these concerts was achieved by a sextette of Joseph Lauber, a name which deserves a good place in memory. Joseph Lauber, born near Lucerne, is a romande of first education; he divided his studies between Zurich, Munich and Paris, and he cherishes pleasant memories of the years of his apprenticeship in France. He gives something of the two schools; nevertheless he is himself. Then among other pieces there was a trio by Richard Franck, one by Gustave Weber, already thirty years written, both strong in construction but showing, nevertheless, the mark of Leipsic, which they could not escape in the former generations. The sextette of Lauber has a style, an attractiveness, a cordial movement, a warm grace, which gives it a physiognomy of its own. It was received with immense applause as also the executants, the Rey quartette of Geneva and Willy Rehberg, pianist. Also there were great successes for the vocal quartette of Hans Huber, a true master, and for an important string quar-

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tette by H. Suter, and for a sonata by F. Niggli, the debut of a young man who is still in the classes of our conservatory, under Gabriel Faure.

In the two long and abundant concerts of orchestral works, there was not one of the whole sixteen did not merit approbation, and some of them were very expressive and charming and gave the hearer the mysterious thrill of deep life.

For instance there was a great choral and orchestral work by Joseph Lauber, "Ad Gloriam Dei," upon words from the sacred scriptures, without anything conventional in the writing or in the expression, without religiosity of formula, without reminiscences of classical works; a monologue of the heart, profoundly moved, with alternating climaxes and delightful passages. Strong music, fresh and vigorous and without cloying sweetness. Without trying to follow the order of performance, there were two other works worthy of grouping with this; the scene from the festival play of Calvin, by M. Otto Barblan, and the symphony by Hans Huber. Between these pieces, so unlike in style and so remote in sentiment, there was a likeness of temperament. It was the movement, the robustness of ideas and the sureness of accent which characterized the dramatic and national cantata of M. Barblan and the symphony inspired by the poem of Boecklein. The entire audience astonished at the final hymn of the Cantata of Calvin could scarcely escape from its momentary forgetfulness. It recognized in the work of the Grison composer the pulse of his blood, and so to say the odor of his native earth and the murmuring of his natal pines. And what force of movement in the symphony of Huber, which went as if intoxicated with rhythm and sonorities, yet wearing its classical form easily, like a well-fitting cuirass. One seemed to hear the echoes of the powerful combats of centaurs, the play of tritons and jovial naiads, which Beocklein had resuscitated and which his friend the musician had sought to revive in his turn.

This powerful creation of the soil, which the artist made in his own image, is so real that one found an entirely different accent in the temperaments arising in this strange land. To our mind this is still to be discerned even in the composers who live in the mild country around Geneva lake, or

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perhaps still more in those living outside Switzerland. The curious and interesting "Ode to Beauty" by Gustav Doret, upon a poem of Baudelaire, has, with all respect, not a little of the somewhat intoxicating and perverse perfume of Paris. In general, as was already shown in the "Chansons for Passing the Time," and the "Pagan Sonnets," everything tells of a refined musician. And the "Veillee" of Jacques Dalcroze, so sincere in its sentiment of rustic idyll, smiling and amiable, what is it but a setting of some revery in the confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau?

And the poem for violin and orchestra, by the same composer, is it anything else than a serenade or an enormous soliloquy in the light of the beautiful moon of Lake Leman? Verily, it is the natural grace and the happy spirit of the country which shows in the music of this composer. And even the Alps, of which M. Ed. Combe sings the peaks with an ardor so communicative, in a symphonic poem which was one of the best works of these concerts, in what strange and forceful aspects are the conceptions of this great land presented!

There were two other works which were much remarked. The andante and finale of the symphony by Mr. Rudolph Ganz, a German Swiss, and the scene from "The Daughter of Jepthah," by M. Pierre Maurice, a romance Swiss; the composers both together have not the fifty years which still are youth to the musician. Mr. Rudolph Ganz has studied mainly at Berlin; more fortunate than most who attend this school, he has been able to evade the trademark which the pedagogical masters there so often contrive to make ineffaceable. He is a sensitive composer first of all and a little touched with melancholy in his force; but he has something to say and will be somebody. We believe that a like prediction might be made of M. Pierre Maurice, even though he has been under the most dangerous of temptations, that of the musical Circe—M. Massenet. But he has well asserted himself, and it is interesting to see with what self-possession he has managed to master this marvelous instruction he has had from his master. Oh, if only our French composers could oppose to the seductions of M. Massenet the same powerful and well-balanced poise! The "Daughter of Jephthah"

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showed herself free from false pathos, and spoke with the reserved accent of a primeval virgin; she had what we might call a shame of emotion and of grief. And amid the sonorous atmosphere in which the composer had placed her, what limpidity, what tender and charming color without insipidity!

All together these works indicate the new generation of Swiss musicians to be vigorous, healthy and productive. All have not the same independence, but no one is commonplace. Best of all, I note, what cannot be said of any other similar group of young musicians in Europe, that they have not been touched by that fatal Wagnerian influence, which seems like a stroke of lightning to sterilize everything which it touches. As orchestral writers they show themselves delicate, masterly and original.

The last day of this festival had a superb interlude. Eugene Ysaye came to play the E major concerto of Bach, one of the highest summits in music. In the Adagio he carried his listeners with him to the full heights of the sublime revery of the old master; the interpretation was equal to the work, unique, grand; and everyone who heard will cherish it among his most precious memories.

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In the present issue of the magazine and in the preceding accounts are given of the annual meetings of several state societies and the national association of music teachers. Both classes of societies seem to be laboring under difficulties of like character, the root of which perhaps is to be found in the deadly apathy of the music-teaching profession. There is scarcely another profession in which the qualifications of the practitioners differ so widely or in which there is such lack of any kind of reliable standard of attainment. Music is not alone in lacking preparatory schools for artists and for teachers. All schools fail to teach the unwritten part of the science or art—and this is what the music schools also neglect to do. The young doctor, with his fresh diploma neatly framed in his office, finds his school teaching to fail him at a most critical point the very first time he is called upon to diagnose a serious illness from the actual symptoms. The young lawyer equally fails in applying precedents and in seizing the root point of contest. In music the case is worse, since the pedagogic part of music, that part which is taught in schools and conservatories, differs widely in spirit and often in actual substance from the art as practiced by artists. The school presents one set of masters as first in honor; artists often present a quite different set; those which are alike in the two lists are treated differently in the interpretation. Hence the conservatory student (and it is quite as true of private teachers, take them as they run) becomes an artist, if ever, as a result of processes and modes of thought at least partially foreign to those of his alma mater.

There is a more serious evil. It is that the conservatory, if it succeeds in turning out a good average musician, rarely or never trains him in the art of teaching, although it may be apparent enough that teaching will be the only vocation

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he can successfully pursue in music. Hence we have very few music teachers who are really teachers looking forward to a life of pedagogic activity. Many are pianists, singers, violinists, who have not yet succeeded in establishing themselves as public players. Meanwhile they give lessons. Accordingly it is as artists they hope to pose, and they neither have sympathy with nor appetite for the reputation of being teachers. If they ever get to be teachers in a real sense it is often at a period in life when fondness for wide professional association has passed.

More troublesome to bring together into any kind of closely associated mass are the unprepared private teachers, who form by far the largest proportion of the practical teachers of music. These well-meaning people, some of whom succeed in becoming musicians and fine teachers by their own exertions, necessarily lead lives of denial and absorption in their work; and, being in habitual competition for the pupil output of the small places where they live, they have not acquired the habit of cordial professional association.

Hence the state association itself shows at the annual meetings few of the leading names in the profession of the state, except those who hold offices or are to appear as performers or readers of papers. This is true of all of them and always has been true. At Columbus, Ind., for instance, there were probably seventy-five teachers from other places present. There were probably fifteen or twenty of prominence, out of at least three times that number which Indiana contains. Why were there not more? The answer is given above. Of those present, the majority were lady teachers, of the class mentioned above, who, having taken up teaching from necessity and often with insufficient preparation, came to the meeting for stimulation and instruction. They represented at least a thousand teachers of like talents and attainments belonging to the state of Indiana alone.

Did they gain this stimulation from the Columbus meeting? I am not sure, for I do not know the environment whence they came. The most important musical performance was the piano recital by Mr. William H. Sherwood, which had a very large audience and presented a fine pro-

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gram. Probably the next largest was that of Russian music presented by Mr. Jeraslav de Zielinski, who is a very capable player and intelligent withal. There were twelve papers or so, of the usual excellence; nothing revolutionary, nothing moving but much intelligent and worth while. There were round tables in which a good deal of sense was talked. The place was very hot indeed, as southern Indiana is apt to be in the last of June. The hotels lacked the savoir faire which the experienced traveler desires. Bath-tubs were few and far between; beefsteaks fried—and fried good and hard; the only luxury attainable was that excellent and most "wetting" of liquids in very hot weather, buttermilk. This was in plenty.

From all I have heard, the Illinois meeting was of the same sort. There were some good players and singers, and good papers were given by Messrs. Karleton Hackett and Frederick W. Root. (I have not the full program.) The attendance of teachers from a distance was small. The brilliant music-teaching personnel of Chicago was represented by six or eight members, among whom, aside from the names mentioned, the only other one of general importance was Mr. Emil Liebling. If the meeting had been held in Chicago the attendance would not have been larger—or but little larger. The only brilliant music teacher meeting we ever had here was that of the M. T. N. A., when Dr. Ziegfeld was at the head of the executive committee, with Silas G. Pratt to spur him on and Miss Amy Fay to pour oil on the troubled waters and look out for the interests of Mr. Thomas, which were in danger of being overlooked.

At Des Moines, as the accounts have shown, the attendants got a real stimulation. The playing of the Cincinnati orchestra under Van der Stucken was something to take pride in, to enjoy, to remember with a thrill. I can well imagine that a chorus trained by this man singing under his direction might bring out something essentially new in choral singing. Such is the pervasive power of his personality and such his spirited and absorbed conception of the music.

Aside from this there was nothing particularly startling at Des Moines. The solo work was almost entirely planned

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with reference to granting appearances to various aspiring young singers and players, many of the latter really accomplished and clever but no one of them as yet convincing or great. Then there was the pianist Burmeister, a neat, agreeable player, without depth of passion or much power of tone, and without anything commanding in his technique or conception. He is a pianist to hear with pleasure, at times with profit, but rarely or never with the thrill of great art. As for the young fellows, like Mr. Willard Pierce, Henry Eames, Dillard Gunn, Mr. Ruifrock, Miss Wiley of Burlington, they are all good people and I was glad to hear them. There were two pupils of the Cincinnati college (perhaps four or five would be nearer the number) who were fairly good advertisements but who took up time.

Thus the day was a succession of mediocre concerts relieved at the last by the truly splendid concerts of the Cincinnati orchestra. The number of men of national reputation at Des Moines was very small. From Cincinnati came those concerned as officers, conductors and performers. No one else but one single newspaper man—Mr. Carter of the Times-Star. The Chicago press was represented by Mr. H. W. Harris of the Tribune, and he gave very good accounts of what he saw and heard. The New York press was represented by Mrs. Florence French, the western representative of the Musical Courier. There was nobody there from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or any eastern city, excepting Mr. Manchester from Camden, N. J., who had been privately slated for appointment as president—and got it.

The Des Moines meeting, therefore, differed from the state meetings in having the magnificent orchestral concerts, and in having a slightly larger representation of musicians of national reputation. It had a very large attendance of local teachers from Iowa, Missouri, Dakota, Kansas, Indian Territory was represented, and so on. Nothing east of Chicago was represented except by performers and very few of these. Several quasi eminent men had accepted invitations to read papers and failed at the last minute without a word of explanation. As great and as good a man as Mr. John Dennis Mehan did this at Columbus—promised to come and failed to come or send word; and there were a half dozen at Des

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Moines. Very properly their papers were unheard. But taking the Des Moines meeting from the standpoint of the local teachers living where very little music is to be heard, I fancy it proved worth attending. The round table preparations were inadequate, the rooms being too small. For this reason many failed of closer contact with prominent personalities. But this could easily be changed another time.

It will be noticed that the Des Moines meeting involved a very large expenditure of money, the Cincinnati orchestra costing upwards of $3,500. Of this Cincinnati paid the odd $500 which it cost to bring players from Cincinnati instead of recruiting in Chicago; and the Des Moines Commercial Club took the risk; tickets enough were sold to defray the expense, lacking a very few dollars. So the Commercial Club came to no harm. There was another interesting feature at Des Moines. The splendid auditorium of that place, in which the meetings were to have been held, burned to the ground Sunday morning before the date of meeting. The fire broke out about 4 a. m. By 9 that morning arrangements had been made for other halls and churches for the various meetings. This was worthy of Chicago. Des Moines is a fine city, and it has good hotels. It has lovely pavements, very large street cars (electric) with doors which the motor man opens for you when he is willing to take on or let out a passenger. Otherwise you abide there in the car until the company votes to void your lease. It would not do in Chicago.

It is evident from the foregoing account that the national association is little better off than the state associations. There was nobody there from the east; yet it was voted to carry the meeting there next year. Officers were elected who had not interest enough to come to this meeting. What can be expected of them? The Des Moines meeting was made a success by the energetic local efforts of Dr. M. L. Bartlett and the Des Moines musicians and merchants; cooperating with the hard work of Mr. A. J. Gantvort of Cincinnati. The new president is Mr. Arthur L. Manchester of Camden. The official organ of the M. T. N. A. (a quarterly) will be edited by him; he is also editor of another musical publication.

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If Mr. Manchester could secure the co-operation of the Presser interests, the next meeting might be managed in Philadelphia, the university affording commodious and attractive grounds. But then Philadelphia is a very hot city in summer, and nothing could be expected from concert tickets in June. New York is an impossible place. The best place is an enterprising inland city, where the musical performances would appeal and the occasion be made a festival. This is the only chance.

In any case, so far as experience teaches, a national or a state association is an entirely new problem every year. Success one year is like a good crop; it is the good luck of the farmer who prepared the ground, sowed the seed and tended the growing crop; nature played the main part of the game, but the farmer did his share of the work. And in the same way that a good crop one year is no assurance of another the year following, except at the same expense of ploughing, planting and tending, with nature in the background with her sunshine and rain, so as good meeting of one of these associations happens only when a set of officers has duly worked up the same. And the best efforts of officers are liable to be nipped in the bud by a premature frost or a freshet.

In one respect the case of the officer is worse than that of the farmer, since the officer gets nothing but the kicks and the work; the only persons benefited are the performers and now and then the hearers. Perhaps this innate ungratefulness of an officership in one of these associations may sooner or later lead to a financial system like that of the famous Barnum balcony band, which was located, it will be remembered, upon a balcony outside Barnum's museum, upon one of the noisiest corners in New York. It is said that Barnum used to charge enthusiastic votaries of brass instruments a sum per week for the chance to practice, upon condition that they all practiced or pretended to practice the different parts of the same piece at the same time—producing a quasi musical effect. In this way he not only had his alleged outdoor band but also a source of revenue.

A part of this scheme has already been put in practice in certain quarters, the use of a particular make of piano involving such and such expenses to the firm making the piano.

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But as yet the singers, players and readers of papers have not been reduced to system and obliged to pay a certain sum for their privilege of appearing, the sum determined by their reputation, the nature of their instrument and so on. This sounds rather mercenary, but it is only a little worse than English musical degrees, where they hold up the candidate for the expense of halls, performers, singers, and the like, to the tune of somewhere about fifteen hundred dollars for the degree of doctor.

It is a curious circumstance that we have not had in recent years in any of these associations, so far as I have heard, any one great and dominating musical personality. Van der Stucken came near this rank at Des Moines, but he limited himself to his work as conductor of orchestra; had he also been heard as chorus conductor, in which respect he is said to be one of the greatest anywhere known, and as musical educator, which as president of a large musical college he certainly must or ought to be, something like what I have mentioned would have come to pass. But upon previous occasions when such men as William Mason and Dudley Buck have taken prominent parts, what they have said has not amounted to so very much—so far as I have heard. Nor was there any reason to expect that it should. Dudley Buck stands for certain activity as composer; this has nothing to do with reading papers. To compose is one thing, to prepare an educational paper another and very different thing. Even the men who have shown themselves great organizers of educational institutions, such men as Dr. Ziegfeld, Carl Faelten, J. J. Haetstaedt, Dr. Rice of Oberlin, Professor A. A. Stanley, have not shown striking qualities as producers of papers. To organize is one thing, to promulgate educational matter is another. Professor Stanley ought, indeed, to be able to produce many papers upon musical topics of great value; for he is a very strong all-around man. But he seems to abstain with fortitude. So, whichever way we look at it, the future of the national association is far from assured. And the question remains as doubtful now as it was in 1874 whether "the creature will live in this climate."

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The history of the M. T. N. A. is curious, but it throws

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little light upon the present outlook. When it was formed at Delaware, Ohio, in 1876, the criticism was made that it was a national association without a constituency, since the members joined haphazard, according to fancy, and dropped out in the same manner. In fact the first intention of the organization was the promotion of good fellowship among teachers and awakening an esprit de corps, rather than of drawing a line between the authentic and the unauthentic parts of the profession. The farther the national society went, the more it appeared impossible to do anything towards establishing a standard of qualification for the admission of members. And in process of time this part of the work was undertaken by another society, within itself, the American College of Musicians. Later the latter body withdrew, and conducted its meetings apart from those of the national society—withdrew to such an extent that there was left in the officiary of the national society hardly anybody belonging to the College of Musicians. This amounts to saying that the views of the national association had changed to such a degree that among the more celebrated and distinguished members of the music teaching profession in this country there were none available for officers. This was certainly an unbecoming situation for a professional body.

The meetings of the national association underwent an evolution. At first they consisted of essays and a few programs of piano music. At Cleveland in 1884 the late Calixa Lavallee introduced the feature of American compositions, playing an entire program of the same. From this point on the production of American compositions became a notable part of every meeting, and a considerable amount of chamber music and a few important choral compositions by American authors found adequate performance, at meetings which now assumed the character of festivals.

Curiously enough the success of the festival department turned out to be a source of weakness for the association on the professional side. Under the rules prevailing, all the subscribers to the ticket funds for the year were thereby members, and entitled to a vote. This resulted in electing to leading offices many musicians of purely local influence, whence a corresponding loss of associational prestige

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throughout the country. The defect in the voting was remedied at Cleveland, but not until the mischief was past remedy.

Another source of loss was the curious action of the association at Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, where the dictates of plain common sense were disregarded in the interests of a certain clique of minor personalities. At Chicago, for example, the executive committee undertook to transfer the choral direction of the festival to a local musician without following or any reputation as choral director, and succeeded but for the interference of the program committee, which invited Mr. Tomlins and the Apollo Club to occupy one evening. Otherwise the best musical influences of this city would have been wholly unrepresented at the Chicago meeting. At Detroit an attempt was made to deal with the World's Fair in advance, by appointing a special officiary having its musical affairs in charge. This body had no constitutional standing in the national association itself, and accordingly in the event was wholly igored by those having in charge the Musical Congresses of the fair. At Cleveland it was voted to hold the next regular meeting at Utica, in 1894, in accordance with the invitation of a local musician, who as it turned out was not able to secure the necessary support. This action was taken in the face of an official invitation from the World Fair Congress Auxiliary to hold its next meeting in connection with the congresses. But to have done this would have run the risk of spoiling the slate for officers, and so the Chicago invitation was ignored, and left to a committee to act upon later. The chairman of this committee himself resigned as soon as general interest in the proposed meeting began to be shown, and the Chicago World's Fair Congress was merely a special meeting not in the order of the regular meetings of the association. It is evident that all these vital mistakes, which have undoubtedly lost for the association much influence, were due to the preponderance of light weight counsels.

The questions are such as these: What is the true ideal of the National Association of Music Teachers? Should it tend towards fellowship and awakening interest in music and in music teachers, as one kind of learned profession?

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Or should it edeavor to establish a standard of qualification, and try to draw a line between the well-qualified and the unqualified? If it be made a representative body of delegates from the state societies, what should be its office? And what would be likely to be its prestige?

In answering these questions it will not do to ignore the tendency of evolution as illustrated in the history of the association. While some of the earlier members were in favor of establishing a standard of qualification and a system of certificates, the common sense of the membership was against this; not out of regard to the feelings of the half-qualified members so much as in consideration of greater good to be done by general awakening of interest. To establish a high line of qualification as condition of membership immediately raises troublesome questions. How are members to be admitted? On examination, or by election? If the latter, many get in who are not up to the standard; if the former, only a very very few if any of the established teachers will present themselves for examination. And when the association meets in any locality instead of representing the best elements of music teaching in that vicinity, it is found to represent only a very small minority. This is precisely the point where the College of Musicians broke down as a national body. It was practically only a small clique of musicians who set themselves up as makers and promoters of standards. It has over and over again been presented to this body that there are in the United States some thousands of practical teachers, the peers of any in the college, who might be induced to come in if invited on the same level as the charter members; but the society has voted not to admit them without examination. This, of course, they will never take, nor should they. If a man has won reputation and professional standing by ten or twenty years' honorable activity, why should he present himself before an examining body of professors no more eminent than himself for the stamp of the society? There is no reason whatever why he should. He might fail of passing on some little catch question of musical history, having no possible relation to his ability as teacher. An illustration of this was had at the college examinations in New York, when several candidates came to grief on the

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question "Who was Goudimel?" Now Goudimel was a musician who kept a music school in Rome, which Palestrina is said to have attended, whence his sole interest for later musical history. Absolutely not one line of his enters into our music of today, nor did he represent any great school or movement in art. Yet for want of this bit of useless information a candidate fails. The farthest that such bodies as this and the state associations can safely go would be to have a board of censors, to whom a name should be referred for negation if his professional reputation should be found to fall below a certain line. And even this would be an unsafe method, likely in the long run to degenerate into the rule of an oligarchy.

The evolution of the national association has been in the direction of the festival idea, with American works as background. The association has gained its influence mainly since it undertook this method. It has managed large enterprises successfully. At Indianapolis, under the extremely tactful leading of Mr. Max Lechner, the festival cost $5,000 or more, and a small balance was left. At Chicago the expenses reached more than $7,000, and a small balance of profit was left. At Detroit about $4,000 was spent, and a deficit of about $107 was incurred. At Cleveland about $4,000 was spent and a balance was left in the treasury amounting to about $500. It is evident, therefore, that it is not the festival idea which has injured the association. At the same time it is equally evident upon going through the programs that the performance of so many American works of high class, under circumstances of so much prestige, cannot but result in good to the community and the membership of the association—the more especially when so large a proportion of our music teaching profession and the personnel of our musical conductors are almost wholly foreign in birth and training, and so without sympathy with the American composer and his works. It was not an accident which impelled the association into this brilliant path.

The weakness of the festival idea consisted only in permitting a vote to the local members, who had joined only for the sake of helping the festival in their own locality. This point has now been met.

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Undoubtedly it is an arduous undertaking to organize and carry through an American musical festival upon the scale which the national association has established. But in any small city of the third class, having 20,000 or more inhabitants, it can be done by hard work, and the result of a meeting there will be as advantageous to the local musical life as a meeting of a great church conference or synod is always found to be to the religious and denominational life.

But suppose we take the opposite view, and make the national association a delegated body from the state associations, what would it do? What could it do but recommend legislation and give good advice? It could not have executive powers over the state bodies. And what kind of members would probably constitute such a delegation? Certainly the office-holding class and the politicians. This would be the inevitable result. Instead of an element of additional strength to the state societies, such a national society would be an element of weakness. All experience shows that positions like these of delegates would be scrambled for, with an amount of heartburning entirely disproportionate to their importance and practical influence. Such a body brought together, would be without practical ends in view. A little routine higher-lodge fellowship, would be the sum total of its operative powers. It would be neither fish, flesh nor fowl. Neither popular representative, highly qualified musician, nor missionary body.

* * *

This is not the place to discuss the mission of the American College of Musicians. That the body, if it still exists, is hopelessly behind the popular demand is plain enough. A beggarly ten or twelve candidates a year is a pretty story for the one great machine for regulating musical standards. Yet the college has done a great work in defining a proper standard. Personally I do not think it administered its piano examinations upon so high a standard of original interpretative powers as it ought and might; but its combination of things which a fairly qualified music teacher ought to know is admirable, and as matter of fact is now conformed to by the greater proportion of our better schools. This is the reason why the college itself does not make more headway. Like the king-

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dom of Heaven, it has come, but without observation. Since the college was established the standard of graduation has been raised all along the line, until at the present time it fairly well corresponds. Hence the country has young teachers by the thousands who might with very little trouble pass these examinations. But they take the very sensible view that having successfully passed one set of trying examinations and acquired the proper diploma, there is no very evident reason for undergoing another at considerable expense and some inconvenience, which would not add a dollar to their earning capacity, nor be of more prestige than the diploma which they now hold. It is evident that this consideration will work more and more, and the only way out for the college will be to follow the example of the universities and recognize such diplomas as have been fairly administered according to its ideas. In this way its membership might be largely increased, and its diploma experience an accession of value, through the natural prestige of a membership more persuasive than at present.

It was a favorite idea of the original founders of the national association that it might give certificates and make its certificates an essential pre-requisite for engaging in music teaching. This was expected to be reached by means of state laws, making a diploma necessary for engaging in music teaching, just as a medical degree is necessary for a doctor. But here there is a difference. A doctor unqualified does much harm—or may do so. A music teacher is not so fatal. Moreover, it interferes with the liberty of the citizen. If I choose to permit my older daughter to give lessons to her little sister, who is to interfere? And if I allow her a small compensation, who has a right to interfere? Or if instead of one of my own family I choose to make the same proposition to one of the neighbor's daughters, who has a right to interfere? If I am satisfied and the teacher is willing, why should any state board poke its nose into our affair? In this respect we will do well to go slowly. For at the very first glance we are met with the fact that the best taught pupils of all, those of the leading private teachers, who have had an amount of high grade personal attention many times over greater than any pupil of a conservatory ever receives—these

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well-qualified pupils have no diplomas, nor are likely to have. I once secured the passage of ordinances in the College of Musicians calculated to reach these cases, by instituting local sections for examining and giving diplomas, the operation of which would have been to place all private teachers upon an equality with the conservatories in this matter of diplomas, with the added sanction of a higher society. But the action was abrogated at a later meeting before it had been tried—abrogated in the same narrow-minded spirit which has several times interfered to diminish the general influence of the college.

My own judgment is that in the matter of requiring a diploma as prerequisite for engaging in teaching, we must go slowly. We will have to wait until the public sentiment requires it—or wait until so large a proportion of the competing teachers are furnished with this kind of quaker gun that all the others will also desire them. Then the demand will create the supply. But anybody proposing to set itself up to re-examine the graduates of such masters as B. J. Lang, William Mason, Liebling, Sherwood, Joseffy, John Orth, Arthur Foote, Carl Wolfsohn, Balatka, S. E. Jacobsohn, Hyllested, Gottschalk, Seeboeck, Fred. W. Root, Hackett, and the like, will have a good time in establishing its superior authority.

* * *

Some musician who read my accounts of the Des Moines playing of the Cincinnati orchestra has asked me whether I really meant to imply that Mr. Van der Stucken is one of the great conductors. I certainly meant to say just that. He is one of the very few great conductors. He has qualities rarely combined in one person. First of all he is an artist who conceives his music in a very vivid way, with great sense of its meaning in every direction; he has temperament; he has routine with the men—superior routine. Withal he is a bit of a poseur. He has a singularly impressive face, fine and open, an agreeable back, very graphic and suggestive mimetic in his beat, without impairing the indication of the measure times for the players, and he works pretty hard with his shoulders. He is a most striking figure before his band. I think he has too much shoulder action, but I for-

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give anything to the man who can get orchestral players enthused until they enter into the music and give it that personal accent which commands attention and carries the music to the heart of the hearer. How many men are there in the world who can do this? First of all Nikisch; sometimes Richter, they say; few others. Gericke gets splendid technique and good interpretations, characterized by hard sense rather than poetry. Van der Stucken I believe to be equal to the best in technique, provided he has the man to command, and for temperament he leads them all. This is my opinion of him, and I hope he will have a chance to show it sometime upon an adequate scale. I do not for a moment believe that a first-class orchestra playing twenty concerts a year in any first-class city for ten years in succession, under such a conductor as this would find anything less than a balance to the good and the admiration and enthusiasm of the music lovers of the entire city.

* * *

During the months of July and August somewhere about seven hundred teachers of public school music are attending summer terms in which the practical handling of music in the school room is explained according to the demands of the system published by the promoters of the course. Thus the American Book Company holds summer terms at Hingham, Mass., and at Chicago; Silver, Burdette & Co., terms at Boston and Evanston; Ginn & Company at Boston and Chicago; and Mr. Robert Foresman holds a six days' symposium in Chicago devoted to the polemic points of the Modern Music Series. All of these courses will do good and all represent a great deal of practical experience in handling music in an educational way. It would be better for the students if all the courses could be represented at the same school, or if there could be a sort of musical clearing house for a three-days symposium held east and west at the close of the individual terms. In this way the students could ascertain the strong points of all the courses and note the defects of each individual course, and thereby be able to emphasize their own work in a manner to minify or entirely remedy these defects.

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Reports reach me from various quarters that the university of Chicago is contemplating acquiring or establishing a school of music, with the view of making the omniscience of the university more complete than at present. Some years ago President Harper expressed a wish for a school of musical investigation, meaning the investigation of musical science—acoustics, and the like. Just now a general music school seems contemplated.

It is seriously to be hoped that President Harper will not make the mistake of establishing an elementary school of music; nor yet a high school of music. If any school of practical music is to be formed in connection with the university it should be a true college, devoted to the more advanced stages and ideals of art. If a school of practical instruction in music, of college standard, could be established, with an endowment sufficient to secure the co-operation of artists of reputation and standing, and a standard of admission high enough to let in only those giving promise of becoming superior performing artists or high-class teachers, and these only in a course looking to complete graduation, such a school would do a great deal of good, for at present the country has not one.

All our so-called musical colleges are intermediate and elementary schools—all of them. Students are admitted without regard to attainments or talent; they are too often graduated without having received what the diploma demands in the shape of a thorough education in music either as art or science.

* * *

In connection with such a faculty, or as part of it, a chair of acoustics from the musical side would be advantageous. Very little or nothing would come of it in any effective relation to art, but it would tend to a broader view of music and might happen to lead to improvements in our tonal appparatuses, just as the chair of chemistry now and then chances on a new derivative of coal tar (the great fundamental protoplasm of modern science) or a cheaper washing soda.

* * *

Wholly distinct from the work of the music school proper is that other related activity of awakening in the whole un-

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dergraduate body a proper conception of music, an elementary understanding of its meaning and powers, and the beginnings of musical appreciation. This work, which is practically omitted at Harvard, Yale and Columbia, is carried on splendidly in many of the smaller colleges, and at Ann Arbor in particular it reaches the enthusiasm and precision of a science. Upon this point President Harper could have no more judicious mentor than Professor Stanley.

The musical profession in general and all who desire the status of musical art to be established upon a higher plane among the cultured classes, will agree that no more potent instrumentality could be invoked than a missionary chair of music in every large university; and it is a pity that the incumbents of these chairs in the three great eastern universities do not rise to an understanding of the needs and privileges of their positions. For, to tell the truth, no body of men can be found more awry in their beginnings of musical taste than the average college man, and the presidents and faculty are too nearly of like mind. The absurdity of the college glee clubs, mandolin bands and the like is patent. I have mentioned, before, the occasion when the University of Chicago gave a reception to Theodore Thomas and for musical entertainment offered him some playing upon a very large guitar, which the inventor was amiable enough to bring for the purpose. When privately inquired of as to his liking for this "music" and its application to the entertainment of an artist who stood at the head of American conductors, Thomas replied, with a sickly smile, that "such a thing would be possible only in America." Let us hope so!

W. S. B. M.

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THE MAY FESTIVALS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

A notable work on "Music Extension in the University" is being accomplished by Professor A. A. Stanley in the State University at Ann Arbor, Mich. Since the inauguration of the May Festivals seven years ago thousands of students, representing to a large extent the future culture of the state, have had the opportunity of hearing great musical works adequately performed. Those of the students who have assisted in the chorus will have become intimately acquainted with a considerable number of choral masterpieces. Many of these young people would otherwise have had no opportunity of hearing the better sort of music and they will go to their various homes filled with a love and enthusiasm for the higher art which cannot fail to have a widespread influence for good. Incidentally, talent is discovered and developed, capable amateurs are encouraged to act as musical missionaries and a high standard is set for musical attainments throughout the state.

The writer had the pleasure of attending the last festival and was greatly impressed by the general interest in the proceedings. It was distinctly the college event of the year. Recitations were suspended, president, professors and students, together with local residents and a goodly representation from Detroit and neighboring towns completely packed the large assembly hall (holding three thousand) at each of the five performances. The best available solo talent had been secured, including Schumann-Heink, Bispham, Emma Juch, Evan Williams, Gwilim Miles, Sara Anderson and others. The Boston Festival Orchestra, under Emil Mollenhauer, ably assisted, and last but not least the local chorus of two hundred and fifty voices rendered excellent service.

The programs were arranged largely from an educational standpoint and more particularly to bring out the works of our native composers. And we have good reason to be proud of them and their works. On the first evening Chadwick's cantata, the "Lily Nymph," was given. It is a truly beautiful work of the modern school, replete with delicate effects and well-considered contrasts. A trio for two tenors and baritone is a most striking and effective number. The chorus did some very good work, especially with the women's voices.

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The cantata was preceded by Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 2, Tschaikowsky's Andante Cantabile from his String Quartet, and a Massenet aria. After the cantata the Leonore Overture No. 3 was performed as a closing number, thus giving students the opportunity of comparing the different treatment of the same themes by Beethoven.

The next afternoon the program opened with Paine's overture, "Oedipus Tyrannus," followed by an aria from Rossi's "Mitrane," a Bach suite in D, a Weber aria for baritone, and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. In the evening came a miscellaneous concert with Dvorak's "In der Natur" overture, MacDowell's Indian Suite, Bruch's Violin Concerto, selections from Wagner, and Svendsen's "Kronung's March." Mme. Schumann-Heink added a Mozart Aria, "Die Allmacht" of Schubert and a group of songs, in which she aroused so much enthusiasm that the students were constrained to vent their feelings in the college yell.

The next afternoon presented rather a popular program with the fine theme and variations from Arthur Foote's Suite in D minor, Chadwick's dramatic ballad, "Young Lochinvar" for baritone, as the American contributions. The final concert consisted of Brahm's Tragic Overture and Horatio W. Parker's noble setting of "Hora Novissima." This truly great work, with the assistance of Emma Juch, Isabelle Bouton, Evan Williams and David Bispham, received a very impressive and satisfying rendition. The soloists were at their best and the chorus under Professor Stanley's skillful leadership did fine service. The tone volume was imposing and the great choruses were given with intelligence and force. If one were hypercritical a strengthening in the tenors and altos would be desirable and perhaps a little better quality in the men's voices. But it must be remembered that the average student is a little young to possess a fully developed and ripened voice. On the other hand the careful attention and genuine enthusiasm gave great pleasure, and there was ample evidence of painstaking care on the part of the director. It is a question if it would not have been wise to have added a standard choral work by one of the older masters. As they are not so involved and exacting as modern works they are apt to be more convincing to the inexperienced ear on a single hearing, and they tend to show the capacities of a chorus to better advantage.

If the same agencies were at work in all our larger institutions of learning, backed by the same enthusiasm, skill, and high ideals, a revolution in the attitude of the public towards classical music would take place in a generation or two. As it is the efforts of the University Musical Society of Ann Arbor and its capable and self-sacrificing officials cannot but serve as an incentive to similar institutions to do likewise, so that the good seed sown will not only bear fruit in the good state of Michigan but throughout this broad nation as well.

P. C. LUTKIN.

Northwestern University, Evanston, Chicago.

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A YOUNG SINGER ABROAD.

Mr. Wilson, a promising baritone pupil of Mr. A. D. Duvivier, lately went abroad, in accordance with his teacher's advice, taking letters to Garcia, Henschel, and others—old friends of Mr. Duvivier. Following are some of his experiences:

"As often happens aboard ship a 'grand concert' (?) was given and your humble pupil was asked to sing, which he did, and with quite good success, among other things your 'Moorish Serenade.' I had the pleasure, on the voyage of making the acquaintance of Prof. Carl Zerrahn of Boston, who was for thirty years the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, which is to that city what the Apollo Club is to Chicago. He is a most interesting old gentleman, and I enjoyed many a chat with him upon musical subjects and received many words of advice.

"Upon arriving in London, we went to a boarding house in Russell Square, Bloomsbury. I got a piano and practiced up preparatory to singing for Mr. Garcia. In a few days we took our way to 'Mon Abri' in Cricklewood and I presented your letter of introduction and made an appointment for the following Saturday. Mr. Garcia was busy with a pupil when I called, and he a man of 95 years. Truly a marvelous man! He was quite cordial in his peculiar little modest way, that you doubtless know so well. He asked most kindly after you, and I had the pleasure of telling him of your success with the Thomas Orchestra in March. To be sure he expressed no word of surprise at your success, but took it as a matter of course that your undertaking succeeded. Well, I could have but a few moments at this first call, so left and returned the following Saturday, when as you requested I was to receive his advice with regard to a teacher. On that day I sang for him the song of 'Hybrias, the Cretan,' which you taught me. He told me of my faults, and was kind enough to mention one or two little points of excellence.

"But as to a teacher, he said that he could not name one that he would care to stand for all they taught. He said that there were so many new theories abroad that he could not endorse, that he could not name any teacher. The upshot of the conversation was finally, that while he could name no certain persons, he assured me that I would find good teachers in Paris. Well, after expressing the honor I felt at having had this interview I went to tender him his fee, however I found I had not the money with me, so bade him good-bye promising to send him the fee by post.

"Afterwards I was very glad I sent it by post, because in reply, he wrote me a note in his own hand, over his own signature, acknowledging the receipt of the guinea. Yet in this same note he took occasion to say that he had no claim upon or right to the title of 'Sir' by which I had addressed him, and moreover by which you had addressed him. So it seems that after all he refused the knighthood

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tendered him by the Queen. You may be sure that I treasure this letter from Mr. Garcia as one of my rarest keepsakes.

"In a couple of days I went, armed with your letter, to Mr. Henschel, where I was received into his charming house, in a most cordial and gracious manner. I sang for him and asked his advice about a teacher. He said that in London he knew of but one man and that was a Mr. Bailey, who was his pupil. However, he recommended me, if I went to Paris, to go to Mr. Bouhy for lessons in voice production. Mr. Henschel was kind enough to say that I had a great deal of talent, and that he would be very glad to have me for a pupil in oratorio whenever I could come.

"I met a few musicians in London and enjoyed the season very much. We were in London about five weeks and attended the opera in the evening, and numbers of concerts and recitals in the day time, hearing many of the best artists. We also attended the triennial Handel festival in the Crystal Palace, hearing there the 'Messiah,' 'Israel in Egypt' as well as a large number of selections from various works of Handel. It was a stupendous affair, there being about 4,000 in the chorus, and 500 in the orchestra, with Mr. August Manns as conductor. How they did thunder forth those grand choruses in 'Israel in Egypt!' Never before have I heard such tremendous music. There were many fine artists also. Mr. Santley, who still sings well, Mr. Edw. Lloyd, who is as popular as ever and who is doing his last season he says. Then there was Mr. Andrew Black, a very fine baritone. Among the women were Mme. Albani, Miss Blauvelt, Miss McIntyre, Russell, Brema, Crossley and Clara Butt. It is a wonderful thing how loyal the British people are to their old favorites. Why, Santley, Lloyd and Albani were received with thunders of applause and shouts of pleasure by that great audience of 25,000 souls. If only the people knew how the artists appreciate that. How is it in America? Are the people loyal to the artists who have pleased them? I think that most everybody thinks that an American audience would tire of listening to the Celestial Choirs after a few hearings. Altogether this Handel festival was a great affair, but was rather too big. It was almost American in its bigness.

"I had written to Mr. Bouhy in Paris asking for time with him during the summer. He replied saying that he would be in Spa during July and August. So we came to Spa the 1st of July, and I at once began taking lessons. Much to my convenience he speaks English very well. Mr. Bouhy has no fault to find with my breathing as I learned it from you. I am going right on in the work of eradicating my faults of voice and singing, just as I was doing under your care, and hence I am delighted Mr. Bouhy is a most able musician, being a prize piano graduate of the conservatory at Liege, and a prize singing pupil (graduate) of the Conservatory of Paris. He has a magnificent voice himself, and I feel that I am in safe hands.

"I must not forget to speak of the success in recitals of your pupil,

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Miss Marie Tempest, in London this season. She had very fine success."

SHORT LETTER FROM DR. WILLIAM MASON.

I have just been reading your article in "Music" for April entitled "Symphony in the Nineteenth Century." On page 614 you write, referring to Johann Brahms, "we have seen with what ardor the first compositions of this serious young man were greeted by Schumann and Liszt." So far as Liszt is concerned I wish to say that this statement conveys an impression which is directly opposite to the truth. I have lately been writing an account of the first interview which took place between Brahms and Liszt and at which I was present. This took place on Monday, June 13, 1853, at Liszt's home on the Altenburg at Weimar, and there were present, besides myself, Joachim, Raff, Karl Klindworth, and Dionys Pruckner, Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, who died recently in this country, and at the period referred to was on a concert tour in company with Brahms, their visit to Weimar being in order to make Liszt acquainted with the compositions of the latter and gain his influence.

I have seen several accounts of this interview but none of them are in accordance with the facts, and this experience has always impressed me with the flimsy way in which history is constructed. The affair is very easily described, as the interview was of comparatively short duration. Liszt notified Klindworth and myself, who lived together, of the expected visit of Brahms and Remenyi, and so on the day appointed we went to the Altenburg and found there Raff and Pruckner. Shortly after, Remenyi and Brahms entered, and finally Liszt. After a few words of greeting Liszt asked Brahms to play but the latter, overcome by nervousness, refused and could not be induced to do so. Liszt, seeing that no progress was being made, walked up to the piano on which the Brahms' manuscripts were lying, and taking the topmost, which proved to be the Scherzo, Op. 4, proceeded to the pianoforte and placed it upon the desk. I will note in view of what occurred afterward the fact that previously to Liszt's entrance, I had been turning over the leaves of this manuscript and noting the extreme illegibility of the writing, had said to myself that if I were about studying this piece I would first write it out legibly in order to lighten the labor. Liszt, however, proceeded to play it at sight, and once more astonished us all, as he had done so many times before, by the ease with which he accomplished the feat. He even audibly made criticisms here and there while playing at sight. He afterwards played, in a similar manner, a movement from one of the Sonatas, criticising and commenting aloud upon the composition as he proceeded. We boys were accustomed to this sort of thing, but on every repetition our astonishment seemed to increase in intensity—and Brahms as well as Remenyi were even more demonstrative in their enthusiasm than the rest of us.

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ORIGIN OF THE BACH EDITION.

By Dr. Kretschmar.

When, in the year 1843, the "Neuen Zeitschrift fuer Musik" reported the founding of the Handel Society in London, there was added the complaint that Germany was still without a Bach collection. In a footnote by the editor, however, it was remarked that it might not be much longer before a plan for the Bach edition could be placed before the public. This notice, which came directly from Schumann, made the point that assistance should be given Mendelssohn, who at this time was unusually active in the Bach interests and was at the same time in close association and sympathy with the London Handel Society. This was the first and only press notice which was allowed to foreshadow the subsequent organization. The preparatory steps, the various conferences, the correspondence, and all sorts of necessary preliminaries were veiled in darkness. The promoters observed silence, that they might at the proper time be enabled to bring surprise with a thoroughly established reality.

In all probability we may consider the Bach Society essentially the work of Otto Jahn. His services in establishing it were especially extolled in the first directors' meeting after his death. At all events he was the guiding force in the early years.

Jahn decided on the contents of the first volumes, established the necessary communication all round, overcame difficulties, watched over, advised untiringly, and in case of differences of opinion was the court of last resort. The fact that the third year of the society did not run smoothly is ascribed to Jahn's absence. While he was still in Bonn he instituted a search through the Leipzig University for Bach cantatas, called attention to copies from Bach manuscripts to be found in Bonn, begged Hauptmann not to withdraw from the editorship, praised, blamed, and bestowed praise upon the directory even to the minutest details. The introductory remarks which opened the first year's edition, the by-laws, all the important communications bearing upon the founding of the society were from Jahn's pen. He wrote the confidential circular of July 3, 1850, by which C. F. Becker, Breitkopf & Haertel, M. Hauptmann, O. Jahn, R. Schumann and a number of Bach worshipers announced the plans and purposes of the Bach Society. The circular appeared in the newspapers with the names attached of the gentlemen most closely associated.

Space will not permit the reproduction of this circular nor the report of the ground covered in the forty-nine years required to finish the task the society assumed. We can produce for the present only such portions as indicate the manner of obtaining manuscripts, etc. From a circular of Nov. 20, 1850, to more Leipzig residents the following: "That results from the beginning may prove worthy in every way, it will certainly require great labor and it is hardly necessary to remark that it becomes the duty of each member to exercise the greatest energy in enlarging the number of co-workers. To secure

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the greatest results lying within our own power, we have sent direct requests to all the present rulers, to the musical libraries and musical associations, and finally, have made direct requests for means from a number of music lovers in Germany. We have also endeavored to promote our cause in foreign lands, in England, France, Holland, Belgium and America, so far as our relations could extend to certain qualified persons who could secure co-operation. We hope that results may be reported by the end of this month. We beg of you as well to report the results of your own efforts within the stated time, or at latest, by the middle of next December."

At the time the above circular was sent it had become necessary to effect a still closer organization, so a meeting was thereby called for Dec. 15, 1850. In so far as the by-laws for the society were first adopted at this meeting, the above date is properly to be considered the beginning of the society under regular organization. Kretschmar notes that the work was always planned for but a few volumes in advance, and says that the greater part of all difficulties occurring later were directly traceable to the lack of a comprehensive plan.

Illustrating the various sources through which manuscripts were obtained, it is mentioned that like Schelble and Mosewius, Franz Hauser was a singer in great favor all over the country, and as he visited the various cities in a professional way he made the most painstaking efforts to become acquainted with the Bach compositions. Wherever possible he got possession of valuable manuscripts, among which were the greater part of those used by Schicht in the early years of the century. With amazing industry and in a beautiful hand he copied among others the entire St. Mathew Passion and began at the very earliest to estimate just how much Bach material had ever been written. With the aid of Mendelssohn he made a catalogue, and it would seem from a Mendelssohn letter, that so early as 1833 they thought of publishing such a list. But as additions and corrections were being made continually it was long delayed. When it appeared it was in the following classification:

A. Church music: Cantatas, motettes, masses, oratorios and passions.
B. Secular cantatas.
C. Organ music: (a) Varied chorals.
D. Organ music: (b) Preludes, fugues, toccatas.
E. Piano music: (a) Without accompaniment.
E. Piano music: (b) With accompaniment.
F. Concertos for one, two, three, and four pianos with accompaniment.
G. Concertos for various instruments.
H. Symphonies for orchestra.
I. Music for single instruments.

A total of 672 compositions.

"As the Bach Society began its labors the manuscripts were

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widely scattered. The small number was in the hands of private owners, among whom were Andre, Becker, Breitkopf & Haertel, Fischhof, Fuchs, Griepenkerl, Guhr, Hauser, Count Jugenheim, Loetschau, Mendelssohn's brothers, Moscheles, Mosewius, Mueller, Pistor, von Radowitz, Reichardt, Rust, Schelble-Gleichauf, Spohr and Count Voss, all known by the Hauser Catalogue. Other finding places for Bach manuscripts became known after the work of the society began. The greater share of original manuscripts and valuable copies were preserved by various accessible libraries; in Berlin, the Royal Library, that of the Singakademie and the Joachimsthal Gymnasium; in Leipzig, the St. Thomas School; in Vienna, the Archives of the Musik Verein, and in Brussels, the Library of the Conservatory. A small remaining portion of Bach manuscripts or copies, principally of the piano and organ works, were no longer obtainable, so the compositions had to be reproduced from trustworthy editions of the earlier part of the century."

Kretzschmar goes on to speak of the services of such men as Wilhelm Rust of Berlin, whose grandfather was music director in Dessau, and who like Neefe, belonged to that class who began collecting Bach manuscripts in the eighteenth century. He did more than any other person to establish the chronogoly, the genuineness, the incidents leading to composition, and the traditions bearing upon the interpretation and treatment of the Bach music. Then came the biographer, Philip Spitta, whose life of Bach is something monumental. His research in the field was so extended that the Bach Society could no longer keep pace with him, and in 1874 he was enabled to call their attention to a full dozen autograph cantatas from the master. In this way his influence was a permanent one to the close of the Bach Society's long task. To all of the foregoing the historian has added a chapter on the manner in which the Bach edition was received by the public, and in concluding makes suggestions for the future that show him to be one of the greatest German musical patriots of the present day. At some later time we may translate freely from his suggestions for the German future.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF NORMAL METHODS.

The western session of this summer school for public school teachers of music, writing and drawing, was held in the woman's college Northwestern University, July 17 to Aug. 3. The attendance numbered about sixty in the department of music, fourteen in the department of drawing and twelve in that of writing. The course is under the general direction of Mr. Edgar O. Silver, with Mr. Emory P. Russell in the practical position which on board ship would be rated as navigator. There was an ample board of instruction and the course is a well-organized explanation of the systematic administration of the

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Normal Method in Music, of which the late Mr. John W. Tufts was author. The course occupies three summer sessions, with examinations at the completion of each, a diploma following only upon passing the third examination. Those who have not passed the first year examination are not eligible for the second, no matter what their eminence or experience. The class displayed both talent and interest and the result of this course is to render the supervisors of music taking it completely at home in the normal method, and to the same extent foreign to all other courses. It is due to the care with which the entire musical instruction is evenly apportioned throughout the school years that the disciples of this system have a peculiarly good standing with school principals and supervisors of systematic inclinations.

EDUCATIONAL MUSIC COURSE.

The western session of the Educational Music Course was held under the auspices of the great publishing house of Ginn & Company, in Armour Institute, Chicago, early in July, under the direction of Miss Fleming, assisted by Mr. Frederick E. Chapman, Mrs. Crosby Adams (who gave some delightful talks upon subjects connected with general musical culture), and others—the list having been mislaid at this writing. The work was closely organized and the attendance numbered about one hundred students, the central idea being the proper administration of the "Educational" music course, of which the late Dr. Luther Whiting Mason was original author. This course occupies a place of happy medium between the ultra severe and exact on the one hand and the musically sentimental on the other, the music being well suited for school use and of considerable attractiveness. In fact Dr. Luther Mason is entitled to the credit of having been the first of his generation to follow his predecessor (and distant relative) Dr. Lowell Mason, in bringing into American schools the best of the German music school music. Naturally, in working a generation later, when the German school muse had settled down to her work more perfectly than in Dr. Lowell Mason's time, Dr. Luther Mason had a better chance. His work has been well seconded by his successors, Messrs. McLaughlin and Veazie. The school was admirably situated for work and manifested a great deal of esprit de corps. Addresses were made by many visitors, among them being the editor of MUSIC and its business manager, Miss Blanche Dingley. The former spoke of the relation of the music teacher to the general cultivation in music. He held that the music teacher in the schools has it within his power to promote musical culture by forming the elementary tonal perceptions, opening the young minds to the ideals of music as an art, and leading them to realize the innate expression in the music they sing and hear. The attitude of hearing he held of great importance—meaning mental attitude and not school position of body.

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THE FORESMAN SYMPOSIUM IN SCHOOL MUSIC.

Mr. Robert Foresman's six days' Symposium in the subject of music teaching in the public schools comes just late enough (Aug. 20 to 25) to miss notice in this issue. It will be interesting to notice how wide he opens the doors to a free discussion of opposing principles and to the question whether it is possible, as he holds, to secure at the same time pleasant, profitable and educational musical stimulation from the songs sung, coupled with exact learning in the art of reading music. It is needless to say that in the opinion of the present writer more is to be gained for musical pedagogy by a free handling of all the principles involved than in any discussion of the subject from the restricted standpoint of a single system, with its limitations and inevitable partial solutions. Only unfortunately it happens that there are houses who find a practical object in treating musical pedagogy from a restricted standpoint which they do not see in a more open method. As for pedagogy in general, it appears to have few friends. Perhaps it is like woman in general—a creature to be admired in the abstract and poetically spoken of, but when it comes to warmth of attraction, it is always some particular woman who is in question. So it is here. In school music there is one system. But then it is the same with religion—there is one church right—ours.

HIGH STANDARDS IN COLLEGE MUSIC.

The very interesting summaries of musical lectures given by Prof. B. D. Allen in Beloit College, have brought out a variety of programs from other schools, showing an unexpectedly high standard of instruction in piano music and song. For example:

At the College of Music, Cedar Rapids, programs show some very distinguished selections for violin, such as Paganini's Perpetual Motion, a fantasia by Leonard, and Moszhowsky's Etincelles for piano. Among the songs were the Torreador song from "Carmen," Tschaikowsky's "The Lark," songs by Rubinstein, etc.

Mr. Allen Spencer sends in two admirable programs which he plays at the Bay View Chautauqua. His list embraces a well-chosen variety of classical and modern, ranging from Scarlatti and Bach to Moszkowsky, Schuett and Liszt. Of Brahms he plays the Scherzo in E flat minor, opus 4, the same which Liszt played at first sight from Brahams' badly written manuscript, and from Liszt the Waldesrauchen, Etude in D flat and the Campanella. Mr. Spencer's list is notably weak in Schumann. Otherwise it is well-diversified and entertaining as well as instructive.

Mr. Siegfried Laurin, from Copenhagen, has been playing in Bethany College, Kansas, such programs as the following: Chopin, Fantasie, op. 49; Impromptu, op. 36; Mazurkas, black key study, preludes from op. 28, third Ballade, etc. A second list: Preludes,

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Ballade op. 38, three studies from op. 10, Berceuse, and the Polonaise Fantasie. In other recitals he played of Schumann, the Carnaval, Etudes Symphoniques, Chopin sonata, Schumman sonata op. 22, Beethoven's "moonlight" and appasionata sonatas, Liszt rhapsodies, etc. In short, first-class selections. Mr. Laurin is a player of temperament but somewhat timid before others. He is a good musician and is well worthy a more public position.

From Delaware, Ohio, come four graduating programs in piano and one in vocal. The piano programs show the usual range of first-class schools, having a fairly well diversified list from Bach down. Miss Crane played a Schubert sonata, the first movement of Beethoven's third concerto, and other pleasing numbers. Miss Snodgrass had the Beethoven Pathetique sonata, and part of the Mendelssohn concerto in D minor. Miss Burnett, the "moonlight" sonata, a variety of lyric pieces and part of a concerto by Moscheles. (This was a little passe.) Miss Phillips, the Beethoven sonata in E flat, op. 7, part of the Hummel concerto, etc. The vocal program had a good variety, ranging from Haydn to Meyer-Helmund, Grieg, and Kjerulf.

Mr. Harold B. Adams played at Lima College, Ohio, six excellent programs last year. Among the larger works were the Beethoven "moonlight" and pathetique sonatas, Schumann Etudes Symphoniques, Forest Scenes, some Novellettes, good representations of Chopin, Liszt, a little Brahms, and modern. Also the Chopin sonata in B minor. The composition of the programs implies a wide range of ability on the part of Mr. Adams.

Miss Byington (member of Mr. Mathews' summer class of 1898) sends some interesting programs from the Kamehameha School for Girls, in Honolulu, programs which naturally are more miscellaneous and less specialized than those in our older neighborhoods. The piano selections run to songs without words, four hand arrangements, and the like, implying as yet poorly developed executive capacity; but the song selections are admirable, and there was a Schubert program in which some of the best songs were given, and the "Erl King" among them, with accompaniment of piano and organ. A program of the commencement exercises (the fourth annual commencement) accompanied the others, and among the exhibits were sewing, lace-making and weaving, indicating the practical bent given the instruction in this important educational center.

There is a graduating recital from Mount Union College, in Ohio, Mr. L. F. Brown director. The piano solo work consisted of the first movement of the Beethoven first concerto, and there were the moonlight sonata, etc. There were a variety of pices for two pianos. The course of study in this school occupies four years, graduation taking place at the close of the third year. The specification calls for selections from the Schumann Album for the young, Beethoven op. 14, and selections from the Peters Chopin Album. The fourth year goes on to entire programs for recital work. It would seem that this course has been unduly shortened, except for very talented pupils

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who have had a good deal of preliminary experience. But at least it indicates high intentions.

Many illustrations have been given of the standard prevailing at the Faelten piano school in Boston, and just now comes notice of the graduating exercises at which seven pupils received diplomas—which in this case means attainments of distinction.

Doane College, Nebraska, has often been mentioned. The programs show a good all-around intention, rarely, however, reaching the highest degree of difficulty.

From the Gottschalk school, in Chicago, comes a curious program of compositions by Mr. Charles F. Carlson, a composer from Salt Lake, Utah, for two years pupil of Mr. E. W. Chaffee in composition. Among the sketches were three songs, "In Memory," "Calm as the Night," and a recitative and aria from "Julius Caesar," which are mentioned as of unusual excellence. This is a kind of work which is too rare. When the late unfortunate Chicago Conservatory was in its full tide of success with all departments in running order, why did it not think to give a program from one of Mr. Gleason's operas, since the composer was one of its most distinguished teachers? Why, indeed, but that Mr. Gleason had the misfortune to be born in America.

Many good programs have been received from various Chicago schools where highly competent instructors are now the rule all along the line. At the closing exercises of the Sherwood school, for instance, there was a program of twelve numbers closing with the Grieg concerto, and including many important selections, most of them, curiously enough, played from notes. The circumstance is worth noting considering the magnitude of Mr. Sherwood's personal repertory. The best work was in the Grieg concerto, played by Miss Margaret Duffy, formerly a pupil of Balatka. The concert was extremely long. Among the better players, several pupils of Mr. Walton Perkins were noteworthy.

ILLINOIS MUSIC TEACHERS.

The Illinois Music Teachers met at Springfield, June 22-24. A number of papers were read and a variety of concerts given, Mr. Allen Spencer's piano recital being the most important in this line. Mr. Emil Liebling played at the closing concert. No report of the papers has reached this office, but Mr. William D. Armstrong of Quincy was re-elected president, Mr. Allen Spencer vice-president, and Mr. C. W. Weeks of Ottawa secretary. The next meeting will be held at Springfield.

MR. W. H. FAIRBANKS AND HIS FESTIVALS.

Among the notable musical doings of Chicago, few are pleasanter to the eye or more attractive than the May festivals which Mr. W. H.

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Fairbanks has conducted for several years, the choir composed of singers from the different Sunday schools of Chicago. The entire auditorium stage was covered with the chorus of girls, a thousand in number, mostly in white, and a very taking array it was. The singing was sweet and effective and the program as a whole varied. The conductor's command over this large throng showed him in a most favorable light, and gives a clue to the influence which has now appointed him supervisor of the music in all the Chicago schools, in place of his teaching in the high schools alone, as formerly. A representative of MUSIC paid several visits to Mr. Fairbanks' classes last season and his admiration was freely expressed in these columns.

Speaking of the Chicago public school music, a tendency is noted to systematize the work throughout the schools from the lowest grades to the top, instead of having the departments independent and often contradictory as formerly. All of this looks as if Mr. Fairbanks had finally overcome the political "pull" which for several years has been set in favor of German superintendence only.

NEW SCHOOL OF METHODS.

The teacher in search of stimulation along various departments of work will find in the diversified advantages offered by the New School of Methods (Hingham, Mass., July 16-27, and Chicago, Aug. 20-31, Mr. C. C. Birchard, manager) something worthy of their attention. The list of instructors is long and includes very distinguished names of wide affiliations. Among the musicians promised for the Chicago session are Messrs. Ripley and Tapper, of the Natural Course; Mr. W. H. Neidlinger, Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, Mrs. Emma Thomas, etc. Among the lecturers upon pedagogy and allied branches are Rabbi Hirsch (one lecture), Dr. Arnold Tompkins, Edward Howard Griggs, etc. The standpoint of the school is given in following quotations from the circular:

"The purpose of the New School of Methods is to present to thoughtful educators the most important principles and ideals of education.

"The thought underlying the instruction at the school is that the end of education is the development of the spiritual nature of man.

"This end is to be accomplished by vitalizing education, by making it an actual part of life and a social force, in which pleasure is to be found in improvement, through the exercise of self-control in every sphere of man's activity.

"Since all life is essentially related in the life that is one and infinite, all the details of education, in order to be vital, must be studied with reference to this great fundamental truth or cause.

"In this development of man's true personality, it is necessary that all that is great and worthy, and all that is calculated to bring abiding peace, tranquility, and brotherhood to humanity, should be recognized and continually followed."

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MINOR MENTION.

At the sixth concert of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, Professor H. W. Parker, director, the program consisted of the Haydn symphony in G major, No. 13, B. & H., the Saint-Saens concerto for violin and orchestra, played by Mr. Timothee Adamsowsky, and Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley's "Aladdin," or Chinese Suite, conducted by the composer. The concert closed with the overture to "Euryanthe." According to the schedule of players, the New Haven Symphony Orchestra consists of ten first violins, ten seconds, four violas, six 'cellos, four basses, and the usual appointment of wood-wind, brass, and percussion including (dear me!) two mandolins—the first mention of mandolins in a symphony orchestra known to the present writer. They must add vastly to the larger scores such as the Tschaikowsky fifth and sixth symphonies. The guitar, comb, accordion and concertina are still to be heard from.

* * *

At a recent recital in the studio of Mr. Ad. M. Foerster of Pittsburg, no less than twenty-five songs by Mr. Foerster were sung from manuscript. Following are the titles:

"Forester's Song," "The Ring," "Beside a Crystal Spring," Miss Purdy; "Proposal," "Fair Irmingard," "An Evening in Greece," "Aria, Hero and Leander," "Fruehling," "Vorschlag," "Waldhornklaenge," Miss Semmelrock; "Sterne ueberall," "In Meiner Hand," "Im Walde," "Staendchen," "Jaegerlied," "Was die Sonne glueht," "Traumerie," Miss Klarner; "Twilight," "The Silent Sea," "Fairest of the Rural Maids," "A Sleeping Child," "Night in the Desert," Miss Rodgers; "The Ocean," "Solitude," "Unfathomable Sea," Miss Minick.

* * *

At the fourth piano lecture by Mr. Emil Leibling in Milwaukee he was assisted by Miss Myrtle Fisher, one of his best pupils, who played the first movement of the Tschaikowsky concerto; Mr. Leibling played a variety of pleasing selections, culminating with the Moszkowsky concerto, and Miss Maud Jennings played the Liszt 12th Rhapsody.

* * *

Creditable recitals are reported from the pupils of Miss Elizabeth Westgate and Mr. Alex. T. Stewart, in Alameda, California. The program must have been very enjoyable. It closed with the Bach-Gounod Ave Marie.

* * *

The Chicago Musical College outdid itself this year in its commencement exercises, occupying and entirely filling the Chicago auditorium. The program was long and honorable.

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The post graduate class of the musical college this year numbered nineteen; the graduating class, seventy, and the teachers' certificate class, somewhere about one hundred and twenty.

* * *

The 1,000th concert of the Detroit conservatory of music was given June 15. Mr. Constantine von Sternberg was present and made some remarks suitable to the occasion, after which he played a concert study of MacDowell.

* * *

At the closing concert of the Chicago National College of Music several pupils played creditable selections, including the Weber concert piece, by a pupil of Mr. Waugh Lauder.

* * *

The Chicago Apollo Club announces the following program for its season, 1900 and 1901: December 3rd, St. Paul—Mendelsohn; December 20th, Messiah—Handel; February 18th, Part Songs; April 15th, Hiawatha's Wedding Feast—H. Coleridge-Taylor, Te Deum—Berlioz. The Te Deum was given here in 1888, and calls for a full chorus, a boys' chorus of 100, and an orchestra of 120 pieces. St. Paul was last given here in 1883. Hiawatha's Wedding Feast has never been given in Chicago and is creating quite a furore both in England and in this country.

Mr. Harrison M. Wild has been re-engaged as Musical Director.

* * *

At a concert of the Drake Violin School the Saint-Saens Septet for piano, strings and trumpet, was played with Miss Maud Jennings as pianist, and Beethoven quartet for piano and strings, opus 16, with Miss Sara Elizabeth Wildman as pianist.

* * *

The rural proof reader sometimes loses his bearings when he strays too far into musical fields. A program of the Sickner conservatory at Wichita, Kansas, lately gave the closing number of a young pianist as the "Earl King," by Schubert-Liszt. What's in a title? The same pianist had preceded this piece with the Spinning Song from the "Flying Dutchman" and a Chopin waltz. A good standard.

* * *

The program of the closing exercises of the class of Miss Katherine V. Dickinson of Alton, Ill., presented a wide range of songs and part songs—an unusually wide range. It is too long to quote.

* * *

Speaking of student orchestras, there is one in progress at the Vilim Violin School in Chicago, which lately played at a public concert the entire second symphony of Beethoven, as well as various accompaniments. The club numbers forty-five.

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At the commencement concert of the Watts Piano School the Schumann sonata for violin and piano was played, opus 105. The violin part was by one of the teachers in the school; the piano part by a pupil.

* * *

Mr. Wilson G. Smith of Cleveland presents most creditable programs at his pupils recitals.

* * *

With reference to the concerts in connection with the exposition at Paris, Mrs. Clarence Eddy writes: "These exposition concerts are for the exposition of French musicians. It is a world's exposition from which the world is excluded—strangers are neither invited nor allowed to participate except at the box office. There is one member of this family who is sufficiently enthusiastic and broad minded musically to attend these concerts; there is another who loves not the narrowness of spirit manifested and who does not participate at the box office very much."

* * *

Several interesting programs have reached this office from the Joseffy Musical Club at Seattle, Washington. The range of music is fine and the selections indicate taste and spirit. Later on it is intended to publish certain of the programs entire.

* * *

The standard of music at the Presbyterian College for Women at Columbia, S. C., continues to be fine, to judge from some programs at hand from the director, Mr. H. F. J. Mayser. For instance, a young pianist, Miss Calhoun, played Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, No. 2 (1st movt.) the Schubert Impromptu, op. 142, No. 3, Henselt's "If I Were a Bird," and Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor, Nocturne in G, and Valse Brilliant, op. 42. Another pupil, Miss Griffiths, played the Bach Saint-Saens Gavotte in B minor, the air and variations from Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Weber Polacca (Liszt), besides several pieces from Schumann and Liszt.

* * *

A convention of supervisors of school music will be held at New Haven, August 12. The object is to discuss principles of teaching and the best processes for securing success, independent of any particular system.

* * *

Among Americans visiting Europe this year were three from Salt Lake City. Mr. Joseph Daynes, for thirty years organist at the tabernacle; Mr. E. Stephens, director of the tabernacle choir, and Mr. Willard Christopherson, director of the male chorus in Salt Lake City. Thirty years—think of it.

* * *

Speaking of fine programs, the Spiering Violin School is entitled

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to a prominent place. At a concert June 7, the list included the Mendelssohn octet, a concerto by Vieuxtemps, Mendelssohn concerto, and a concert piece by Hans Sitt.

* * *

A conservatory of music in the east offers $1,000 in prizes for new works. One must be a choral work with solo and orchestra, the other a symphonic work.

* * *

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett is doing some fine musical work in connection with the Monteagle summer school.

* * *

At the closing recitals of the College of Music of Lincoln university (Ill.) very long programs were given, including many important pieces and an overture by the professor in charge, Mr. Alexander S. Thompson.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MRS. EMMA THOMAS.

Question: In our schedule of work we have but twelve minutes allowed for music. Would you take any rote singing? I have the first year pupils.

Answer: Rote singing and songs form a very important element in primary-school instruction. It should be practiced freely every day and as many times a day as occasion serves, but the time spent in learning new songs has to be taken from the twelve minutes allowed for music, that is, the plan my teachers are obliged to follow here. Of course I would prefer to have the time spent entirely on the drill work; but if that cannot be done then I think half the time should be devoted to rote songs and singing and half to the drill work. Of course it will shorten the time to have twelve minutes divided, but having it each day for forty weeks considerable may be accomplished. We should be careful not to lose a moment of the music period. Certain definite results must be accomplished and certain definite powers should be developed and the child should be sent forward to the next grade with an equipment in music as well understood as is his equipment in reading, writing and numbers. Select, if possible, songs which are already familiar to some of the pupils, thus securing the assistance of the pupils in the work. There are a great many good books of primary songs. If you wish for a list of books and songs I should be pleased to give it to you next month.

Question: We have no supervisor of music and as I have the music in the seventh and eighth grades and High School I should like a few suggestions regarding the work. We have not had music taught before. Also give me an idea how to get the key from the pitch pipe. I have just C. Is there one with all the keys?

Answer: In the upper grade where music is new I would select the most familiar songs for the first lessons, using the melody alone. I would briefly touch on the names of the characters, etc., but would wait until a few weeks before proceeding to give the lessons in regular order. Teach simple songs by note at first. When singing chord exercises, give each tone of the chord in succession several times before sounding together; thus: C—E—G, then all together.

When the first chord is well sustained, practice the second one, thus: Do, Fa, La. Then the chords may be combined, singing first the Do chord, then the Fa chord, and then Do. When we first begin part singing the pupils notice the volume of tone is reduced and so try to sing too loudly. To remedy this have them sing very softly at first. They will then hear the pure harmony. Their interest is aroused and I find they enjoy this work immensely and sing the songs much better by having these chord exercises. To save time I would get a chromatic pitch pipe. You can get the keys, however, from C, thus:

Key of C. C=8, sing 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1=C.
Key of G. C=8, sing 8, 7, 6, 5=G.
Key of D. C=8, sing 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2=D.
Key of A. C=8, sing 8, 7, 6=A.

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Key of E. C=8, sing 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3=E.
Key of F. C=5, sing 5, 4, 3, 2, 1=F.
Key of B flat. C=2, sing 2, 1=B flat.
Key of E flat. C=6, sing 6, 7, 8=E flat.
Key of A flat. C=3, sing 3, 2, 1=A flat.

Question: As this is my first year as supervisor will you kindly give me a few suggestions that will help me in beginning my work. I feel I am well prepared but rather dread the work.

Answer: The first important move after becoming acquainted with the children and teachers and having them sing for you is to have the pupils acquire a good position in sitting or standing. Take time to have them understand what you mean by saying "sitting position," "standing position." See all pupils at once. Learn to govern with your eye. Not with the gimlet eye but with the kind, firm eye. That will make the pupils wish to mind. It is not enough that you are well prepared for your work; you must be earnest and must love your pupils. You must enter into true sympathy with them in their work. It is of great importance that the singing disposition be cultivated from the beginning of your work. Special attention should be given to pupils who have defective hearing and sight, as well as to those whose speech is imperfect. In the entering class particularly, see that children who are imperfect in any way are placed in the most favorable positions.

Question: Would you encourage pupils to beat time? Do you think children acquire time as easily as they do tune?

Answer: I believe time is fully as important as tune. I find many teachers are very particular in regard to tune but not as fair in regard to time. Many children in following a band of music will keep step to the music even if they have to lengthen their steps, or the boy with his clappers will keep perfect time with the well-defined rhythm of one of the popular two-steps. This without any knowledge of music as a science only showing the latent sense of rhythm that is in him. But all children are not alike and so we must develop the sense of time as well as tune. I have my pupils beat time with the chart work and also with the exercises and songs in the book. After they have learned the songs I have them sit in erect position and sing without beating. I remember reading the report of Dr. John Hullah, inspector of music, in his report on the examination of music of the students of training schools in Great Britain for the year 1872. He said: "If I were to point out any single shortcoming which in the course of those examinations has struck me more frequently than any other, it would not be in what is called 'a feeling' for tune but for time. I attribute this in a great measure to the insufficient attention given to 'beating time.'" The indisposition of students to do this, and their clumsiness in doing it are the best tributes to the usefulness.

Question: Would you advise me to study drawing while taking the music course, even if I do not intend to teach it?

Answer: I will answer with a quotation from Schumann: "A cultivated musician may study Raphael's Madonnas with as much profit as a painter may study Mozart's symphonies."

Question: I find it hard to interest my babies. I use the ladder but they get tired of that. When they go in the next class they will have the chart but now they are too young.

Answer: Make the ladder with colored chalk. Use the colors the same way you do with colored balls, or put a little flower or bird on each round of the ladder. Some day put a bright little bow on the pointer. Draw the musical family on the ladder. A little man in red on Do, a little girl in orange on Ra, etc. I am sure if you think you will find many ways of interesting your children.

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NEW WORKS BY MR. WILSON G. SMITH.

PRELIMINARY STUDIES IN OCTAVE PLAYING. Op. 81. By W. G. Smith. (Presser.)

SILHOUETTES ON AN ORIGINAL THEME. By W. G. Smith. (John Church Co.)

The nineteen pages of preliminary octave studies above mentioned (dedicated to the Editor of MUSIC) are in the form of variations upon a certain formula, which is carried out in a great variety of ways, beginning with the easiest possible octave successions and progressing gradually up to quite brilliant bravoura effects. The pieces are exercises, pure and simple, and wisely planned and will be found very useful indeed. The directions concerning the manner of playing are not in all cases quite clear. One of these is in ex. 44, where it is not clear to the reviewer whether the fourth eighth note of last quarter of later measures is to be played in the manner indicated in the first measure: i. e., is it "r.h." or "l.h"? The value of the exercises aside from the great variety of octaves given lies in the chromatic treatment which affords practice in a variety of keys, where many black keys occur.

The Silhouettes consist of an original theme, followed by six pieces made from it: Alla Berceuse, Valse Rubato, Alla Prelude, Romanza, Alla Minuetto, Alla Mazurka. All these pieces, which are of moderate difficulty (fourth grade or so) are useful for practice, the Prelude particularly so. The great objection in the mind of the reviewer is the same which has been mentioned in several of the preceding works of Mr. Smith, namely, the monotony of the tonality. The prelude is in G minor all the others in G major. They will be more useful, therefore, if taken at intervals rather than in succession. They might be used as object lessons in musical structure, showing what transformations the same theme easily receives from figuration and modification of rythm.

* * *

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. Studies in the Science of Religion. By Geo. A. Coe, Ph. D., John Evans, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the Northwestern University. Cincinnati; Curts and Jennings.

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In this work Professor Coe has endeavored to reduce to psycholgical intelligibility the phenomena of religious awakening and transition which commonly accompany adolescence, in order that too much may not be made of the doubts and struggles, and that the religious guide may know how to deal more understandingly with each case as it arises. The book is primarily intended for clergymen and divinity students, and for others who are interested in tracing mental currents to their origins. Professor Coe is himself a clergyman, as well as professor and a modern psychologist. As such he naturally felt disinclined either to ignore religious psychology on the one hand, or to leave it still in the domain of the miraculous on the other. The present studies are the result. His work is to be commended as that of a new-comer in an important and interesting province.

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FRANK VAN DER STUCKER, CONDUCTOR.

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MUSIC.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

HOW TO LISTEN TO PIANO MUSIC.

BY BELLE SQUIRE.

"Ears have they and hear not, neither do they understand."

The piano is the most popular and the most abused of instruments. One of our greatest pianists says, "It is at once the easiest of instruments to begin with, and the most difficult to master." Its real name is "Pianoforte," which literally means the soft, loud instrument. We call it now the piano, meaning soft, but alas! with many players it is not a piano at all, but always a forte.

One writer comments on the value of the piano thus: *"It is the visible sign of culture in every gentle household; the indispensable companion of teacher and composer; the intermediary between all the various branches of music. Into the study of the orchestral conductor it brings a translation of all the multitudinous voices of the band; to the choirmaster it represents the chorus of singers in the church-loft or on the concert platform; with its aid the opera director fills his imagination with the people, passions and pageantry of the lyric drama long before the singers have received their parts, or the costumer, stage manager and scene painter have begun their work. * * * It surpasses all its rivals save the organ, in its capacity for publishing the grand harmonies of the masters, for uttering their 'sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.'"

So great are the possibilities of this soft, loud instrument that since its perfection in Beethoven's time our greatest

*"How to Listen to Music." Krehbiel. P. 157-158.

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composers have written some of their best works for it. It can represent all the degrees of sound from the tinkle like dropping waters to the thunder of a mighty chorus. It is so well adapted for brilliancy of execution that many pianists have become athletes and gymnasts of the keyboard, giving tests of unusual strength and endurance; yet, under the hands of a master, this same instrument can be made to sing softly, sadly or triumphantly all the emotions of the human heart.

Although musical instruments in rude form have existed from earliest times, yet vocal music was developed artistically before instrumental music for obvious reasons, the voices were ready while the instruments were not. With the growing perfection of instruments, composers naturally used for them the art acquired in writing for the voice and so tried to make them sing or pattern after the human voice.

Now, since the pausing for breath is one of the conditions of speech or song, the writers of both vocal and instrumental music adopted a system of punctuation. We are all familiar with this phrasing or punctuation in speech, dropping our voices naturally at a period and pausing at a comma for breath. Now, words set to music are subject to the same conditions, and so of course composers grouped their notes into these same divisions, imitating spoken language by pausing slightly in places and breaking off completely at the end of a sentence. When they came to purely instrumental music they naturally brought the same idea into the new work, and a system of what we call phrasing has resulted. This phrasing is nothing more nor less than an imitation of spoken language or song, and the phrases easily resolve themselves into paragraphs, sentences, phrases and exclamations.

Along with the singing part or melody in instrumental music, they developed for the sake of contrast and beauty the possibilities of the instrument for brilliancy, and so as accompaniment to the song part we have chords, octaves, arpeggios and all manner of runs.

There are three essentials in music—rhythm, melody and harmony. The rhythm is like your pulse, throbbing, throbbing all the time. It is the life and motion of music. The melody is like the story part, that which says something and

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stands out clearly, the most important part. The harmony is the accompaniment, the filling in, the richness and fullness of sound.

The essential parts of rhythm are meter, accent and tempo. By meter is meant that division of notes into groups, each containing the same value of half, quarter or eighth notes. It is expressed by figures as 4-4, 6-8, etc. In these metrical groups or measures the first note receives an accent; or if the measure is longer there are two and sometimes three accents.

This accent occurring at regular intervals is the fundamental part of rhythm and makes the life of the music. There is another accent, called melodic accent, that is often quite independent of the meter accent. I explained before how the music was punctuated, as it were, in imitation of spoken language, the melody being divided into groups of various lengths, sometimes consisting of only two notes, these groups being variously named, as slurs, phrases and sentences or periods. The longer phrases might be likened to the large ocean waves and the meter groups within to the ripples on its surface.

A sentence in instrumental music is like a sentence in language: it is a complete thought. As in our spoken language we always drop our voices at a period and pause, thus aiding the ear by mechanical means, so in music we have a device for aiding the ear, in that the first note of a new sentence or phrase or slur always receives an accent, not always loud, and at the end of a sentence there is a distinct break, the tones in such a sentence being blended together like the colors in a painting.

Tempo or time in music is only rate of speed, and is always denoted by written words, such as andante, allegretto, allegro, presto. These words in English are only rather slow, somewhat cheerful, fast, very fast, and there are many more terms to express this idea of time or rate of speed. These terms meter and time are not interchangeable, for any meter can be played in any time, and vice versa.

A melody consists of but a few tones used over and over again with a certain rhythm. Indeed, so woven together, so dependent on each other are they that to change the rhythm

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would be to change the tune effectually. So completely also is harmony connected with these two that the tune of Yankee Doodle, for example, can be made into a good old-fashioned hymn by changing the accent slightly and altering the harmony.

Harmony is the third essential in music. The system of chords, with all its wonderful laws of building up, of progressions and modulations, with rules and exceptions, has filled books and taxed the minds of our greatest musicians. These three things then are essential to music: rhythm, melody and harmony.

Imagine, if you can, peeping through a little hole at some swiftly moving pictures, beautiful and brilliant, each picture related to the one before and after, and led by one that gives the clue to the whole procession. Swiftly they move, and from your little hole you can scarcely see them all, so quickly they are carried by; you are bewildered by the members, yet fascinated by the gorgeous colors; but the first one, the leader, haunts you, its beauty entangles you. Faster and faster they follow. Your eye cannot take them all in, your mind is dazed. You long to see not many pictures but only a few of that swiftly fleeting throng, the most of all that first one, the solution to the whole procession, the one that haunts you. It and its few beautiful companions you want to see again and again, that each new time you might take in the whole beauty and the rich colors, and solve again the wonderful meaning of it all.

Music is such a panorama, only beautiful tones in melody and harmony, hurried on by pulsing rhythm, take the place of swiftly moving pictures in wonderful colors. A flourish of sound, and a simple melody, throbbing and beautiful, dressed in exquisite harmony, floats by. You start to catch it, but even as you start it is gone. On moves the harmony and the rhythm, another snatch of song, and hark! again that beautiful melody, a little higher up, or lower down, perhaps, but still a likeness to the first. Again and again with delight you hear it and its few companions, now fantastically dressed, now masquerading in another key, now sad, now joyous, now full of life and beauty—that is what we call music.

In this simple comparison I have tried to make it plain,

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that, owing to the fleeting character of music, its elusiveness, it is necessary to hear the same melody, rhythm and harmony again and again, and so we come upon another necessary element in music, repetition. To the cultured ear this repetition is one of the chief charms of music, as to the children and the uneducated it is sometimes the chief drawback. They want everything different, they want a succession of strangers, not content to see the beauty of a few related ideas, while the music lover finds one of his greatest delights in hearing the few and recognizing them time and again no matter how they are dressed or how cleverly they are masked.

Those old experimenters in music, the early composers, discovered the necessity of this element of repetition and in their study of its proper distribution they invented form. Form, that something unintelligible to most of us, dry as dust to the student, but that to which the elect bow down and worship. What is it and what does it mean?

A glance at the history of music may serve to make this difficult subject plainer. Rhythm seems to be an elementary part of us, for the dance in some form is found in the rudest and lowest savage tribes. The love of song or melody, too, stretches far back into those misty regions of history, from whence mankind came; and song in the form of rude chants exists among all the tribes of the earth. Whether the dance or the song existed first who can tell? But long ago, so long that we have forgotten, melody and rhythm in rude form were wedded together for all time. The rude chant and the ruder dance of primitive man are the ancestors of what today we call music. Who can tell how many ages this elementary music was indeed a universal language?

Music is only a series of inventions and discoveries: a study in evolution. In the wailing for the dead, accompanied by the rhythmic motions of the mourners, the primitive people expressed their sorrow. The war dance and the wild, weird chanting of heroic deeds inflamed them to deeds of horror called war. With the growth of religion rhythm and melody became sacred to the great Father and thus grew the song of praise.

In the picturesque language of bygone days, music became personified into a beautiful maiden, the gift of the gods,

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a visitor from heaven, and many and beautiful are the legends concerning the invention of the reed or wind instruments and of the harp or stringed instruments, while the drum and the gong used for marching the rhythm of the dance and song are as ancient as history.

Centuries rolled by. Nations arose and fell; kings came and went; language, spoken and written, evolved; civilization spread; arts grew and flourished; philosophers lived and died; literature was produced at which today our greatest thinkers marvel, and still music, the divine, was wrapped in swaddling clothes, an infant nearly as old as mankind, the oldest and yet the youngest of the arts.

Since earliest times music has been used as a part of religious worship. With the growth of Christianity, the art of singing was cultivated, and for centuries the hymns consisted of one tune, in which the men sang an octave below the women.

Perhaps to the monastic orders we are indebted more than to any other cause for the evolution of music, which early became the handmaid of the church. During the dark ages, as is well known, the monasteries treasured all the learning, and one day one of the old monks made a great discovery; he found that two different tones could be struck or sung together with pleasing effect. So for a long time their choirs delighted the worshipers with what are called consecutive fifths, barbarous, and entirely wrong to our cultivated ears.

Later on they discovered that three tones could be sounded together and so harmony was born, centuries after the birth of Him who sought to harmonize man with his Maker. I cannot trace all this intricate history, telling of repeated trials, experiments and inventions that have made our music possible. But most important of all was that device of ingenious musicians, who took a short tune, repeated it on different parts of the staff, turned it upside down and every possible way, until it became a veritable mathematical problem or puzzle. Then having discovered harmony, they wrote one tune for four voices on four staves, arranging it with such ingenuity, by repeating with other voices at regular intervals what one voice had sung, that the result was actually harmony.

Not content with this, they worked their way through four

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different tunes at the same time, making these four tunes so come together that the result was harmony all the time, this latter proving the simplest problem of the three. This is the history of music for several centuries. Indeed, for a hundred years musicians spent their whole time in developing this wonderful new idea of working with one tune and setting it against itself, thus forming its own harmonies, or putting several tunes together and making them always harmonize.

And thus form came into music, born out of their labors and experiments, the results of which are not always music to us, but out of which grew the laws and rules that today govern our music. This form then is only the framework or skeleton of music, the system or systems of repetition. As architecture conveys to us an idea of all the various structures, each conforming to a certain type and style of beauty, so form in music conveys the idea of the various molds in which music can be cast, each composition conforming to a certain type. A symphony or grand sonata has been likened to a magnificent cathedral, with its thousands of details, yet grand simplicity, while the sonatina or the smaller sonatas are the chapels or churches of music, less complicated, but yet the same form. And so the various forms of music might be likened to the various structures of the architect, some useful, some ornamental, some fanciful, some grand and yet all being an expression of the beautiful. Strange to say, the most complicated and difficult form, the polyphonic or many voiced form, was invented first, while the simple song, the monephonic or one-voiced form, with an accompaniment, was the last to be invented.

To resume the history: The culmination of all this was one man. There was a family in Germany that for 200 years followed music as a profession, and at the end of that time gave to the world a veritable giant in music. Working in a modest home, performing arduous duties at a meager salary, he gathered up all the musical material that had gone before, keeping that which was good and rejecting the bad, arranging all our scales and chords, changing the methods of playing, and creating some of the mightiest works of music. Through the labors of this musical Hercules, John Sebastian Bach, Music, the divine, cast off the garments of her infancy

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and childhood, and stood arrayed in all the glorious beauty of her maidenhood, the wonderful creation that we now know.

After this discussion of music and its development the reader will be ready to listen to music intelligently, for so many concert-goers and listeners are like that misguided diamond seeker in the old story, who lost his life searching for the gem he did not even know by sight. They would hear music, "but having ears they hear not, neither do they understand." They seek music, but they do not know what it is or how it was made or whence it came. Hearing that it appeals to the intellect, they try so hard to understand it that a concert audience often looks like a funeral assembly. They are trying to understand when they should also enjoy, for music speaks as much to the heart as to the intellect of those who hear. The play of fancy, the flash of humor, the wail of despair, and the climax and intensity of human emotions expressed in music, have no meaning for those who do not listen with the heart as well.

A few simple comparisons may serve to throw some light on "How to Listen to Piano Music," if we remember that the piano as a solo instrument is capable of reproducing the music of the song, the chorus, the opera or orchestra, as well as its own, which is often a minature or copy of these other compositions.

Music is like painting and the tones are like the colors. See how the colors in a painting shade together in some places, so you cannot tell where one color begins and another ends, so skillfully are they blended. So in music in a certain style of playing the tones seem to flow into each other or blend together. This style is called legato playing. When we wish to express or depict form in painting we have abrupt changes of color to make the object stand out in bold relief. So in music we have certain tones or parts standing out clearly, each tone detached from the other, and this style we call staccato.

Again, music may be likened to a picture by comparing the heavy fortissimo or very loud passages to the darkest colors in a picture, all the various degrees of sound being likened to the shading of the colors, while the pianissimo or

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very soft passages may be said to correspond to the most delicate tinting of color in the scene.

A musical composition is like a poem in form. If you could see it written in regular lines as a poem is, you would at once see the striking resemblance. The melody is often divided off into measures—groups of four, and, what is more, you will often find that the last note of a measure group will rhyme or chord with the last note of the measure group that goes with it. In some such way as the following you can trace the likeness between a poem and a piece of music; you might find

4 measures
4 measures
then 8 measures
4 measures
4 measures
then 8 measures

and so on through the piece, the metrical accents corresponding to the metrical feet in poetry, the groups of four measures rhyming, and the groups of eight measures being alike, or suggesting ideas that rhyme.

In listening to a lecture or oration, what do you hear? A few rambling remarks, or perhaps a bright story—something, anything to catch your attention, an introduction, as it were, for the wise orator reserves his theme until he has aroused your interest. Now the speaker begins to play upon your emotions, his voice now loud, now soft, now rapid and now slow. A pathetic incident is relieved by a ridiculous one and so on from one extreme to another the orator carries you up to his climax and shakes your innermost being. Now each part of this oration depends for its effectiveness upon its being brought into sharp contrast with that which follows and that which has gone before.

Almost without exception each piece of music, while not always reaching the dignity of comparison to an oration, has in it this element of abrupt change called contrast. Contrast in tempo, meter, key, in degrees of force, from smooth-flowing tones to sharp, decisive ones; now the music stirs the heart, now it soothes, then rushing up to a climax and falling again it may end in rest, in sorrow or in triumph, according to

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its character. Effective contrast is the last necessity in our music of today. The heavy fortissimo brings out in clear relief the delicacy of the softer passages, and the listener gladly welcomes the quickening tempo with well-marked rhythm after a slow, dignified movement, enjoying each change as it comes as a relief from sameness.

To sum up briefly all that has been said: Music is a series of inventions and discoveries, and a study in evolution. It has three primary elements—rhythm, melody and harmony. Owing to its fleeting character, it is necessary to hear the same rhythm, melody and harmony again and again, and we call this repetition. The study of the proper distribution of repetition led composers to invent form, and, contradictory as it may seem, a necessary element in form is effective contrast.

A piece of music may be like a painting or a poem. Not every piece rises to the dignity of an oration, yet the effective contrast is usually there. Music may and sometimes does suggest mental scenes from nature, but the most it can do is to suggest first the moods that such scenes would excite. Being a creation of the mind, it has no analogy in the natural world. It has a dual nature: on one side it is rigid, exact and scientific; on the other spiritual and unbounded. It is first and last an expression of emotion, a language of the soul growing out of the elementary longing of mankind to express itself and its feelings in motion and in sound.

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A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE OLD CHURCH CHORALS.

BY W. P. BIGELOW.

For the proper appreciation and understanding of church chorals such as "A mighty fortress is our God" and "O sacred head now wounded" a knowledge of the old church modes is indispensable. The tone system of our time—i. e., the major and minor scales—has been slowly evolved out of an old and much more complicated system, commonly known as the church modes. This system consisted of six principal and six secondary or collateral modes, and each one of these in turn was made up of a certain definite tone series, by which the character of any particular mode was determined. The six principal or authentic modes and their tone series were as follows:

1. D-ef-g-a-hc-D. Dorian mode.
2. Ef-g-a-hc-d-E. Phrygian mode.
3. F-g-a-hc-d-eF. Lydian mode.
4. G-a-hc-d-ef-G. Mixolydian mode.
5. A-hc-d-ef-g-A. Aeolian mode.
6. C-d-ef-g-a-hC. Ionian mode.

The above modes were called authentic—that is, genuine, original—because they were in reality the first series of eight tones ever in use which determined in an authoritative and accurate way the nature of any musical composition. The names are those of the old Greek modes, and these names were transferred to the church modes by a certain Loritus, otherwise named Glarean, a contemporary of Luther's, a somewhat doubtful proceeding, inasmuch as the older Greek system differed quite markedly from the church modes. The first four of the above tone-series were originally called "Ambrosian modes," because they were invented, or at least first used, by Bishop Abrosius of Milan.

A little study of these scale-like tone successions reveals at once two points of immediate interest to us, first, that they are all practically octaves of white keys on the piano, and second

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or perhaps consequently, in each mode the half-steps occur twice and the remaining intervals are whole steps. The remaining half-tones, which for convenience sake might be represented by the black keys on the piano, were at that time not in use, and were only introduced gradually, along with piano and organ-building. Further, it can be seen at a glance that only two of them, the Lydian and the Ionian, contained a natural leading tone. The latter corresponds exactly to our major scale, as does the former, with the exception of the fourth tone, which was H instead of Bb. The H was originally B, upon which no series was formed because of the diminished fifth, H-F, and the augmented fourth, F-H, which would result, which interval even in those early times were distasteful to the musicians.

In view of the fact that each one of these six modes contains exactly the same tones as the other five, it would seem at first thought that each series must very closely resemble the others. We find, however, on examination that each mode receives a peculiar and distinctive character from the succession of whole and half steps, or in other words, from the position of the half steps. Compare, for instance, the Dorian mode with the half steps between 2-3 and 6-7 and the Ionian with the half steps between 3-4 and 7-8. This comparison reveals to us also a general classification of the whole six modes in terms of our modern system—namely, the Dorian, Phrygian and Aeolian modes (D-E-A), with their small thirds and sixes, are minor, while the Lydian, Mixolydian and Ionian (F-G-C), with their large thirds and sixes, are major. After a while it was found that a melody now and then did not seem to belong to anyone of the authentic series: it went too high or too low, or, if it remained within the compass of the octave, it was manifestly of a different color. To meet this situation, six secondary or collateral modes were added to the foregoing, and were designated by the word "Hypo"—i. e., Hypodorian, Hypophrygian, etc. Thus—

Hypodorian—a-h-c-D-e-f-g-a.
Hypophrygian—h-c-d-E-f-g-a-h.
Hypolydian—c-d-e-F-g-a-h-c.
Hypomixolydian—d-e-f-G-a-h-c-d.
Hypoaeolian—e-f-g-A-h-c-d-e.

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Hypoionian—g-a-h-C-d-e-f-g.

The above group as a whole was named the plagal series, because they were evolved (plagiarized) from the authentic. The characteristic thing about them is that each mode begins a fourth below the real fundamental (the fundamentals of these series are in each case identical with the fundamentals of the authentic modes), and extends the distance of an octave upward—or to a fifth above the fundamental—and thus the two portions of the mode, the fourth and the fifth, lie on both sides of the fundamental, which serves as a middle note or pivot. Thus, in the new modes the fifth is above and the fourth below, while in the old modes the fourth is above and the fifth below.

There were also "Hyper" scales, which, as the name would indicate, began on the fifth of the authentic and extended to the fourth above, as follows:

1. Dorian. D-EF-G-A-HC-D. Authentic.
2. Hypodorian. a-hc-D-ef-g-a. Plagal.
3. Phrygian. EF-G-A-HC-D-E. Authentic.
4. Hypophrygian. hc-d-Ef-g-a-h. Plagal.
5. Lydian. F-G-A-HC-D-EF. Authentic.
6. Hypolydian. c-d-eF-g-a-hc. Plagal.
7. Mixolydian. G-A-HC-D-EF-G. Authentic.
8. Hypomixolydian. d-ef-G-a-hc-d. Plagal.
9. Aeolian. A-HC-D-EF-G-A. Authentic.
10. Hypoaeolian. ef-g-A-hc-d-e. Plagal.
11. Ionian. C-D-EF-G-A-HC. Authentic.
12. Hypoionian. g-a-hC-d-ef-g. Plagal.

Although it may involve some repetition, a brief historical sketch of the development of these modes may assist to a better understanding of the same. In the religious services of the early Christians there slowly developed itself a sort of an irregular, formless natural species of music, monophonic without time or rhythm, although before long certain accents began to appear during the execution of a melody. By frequent hearing of these melodies—notes had not then been invented—the congregations gradually became accustomed to them, learned them, taught them to others, and thus this form of music became established in the church. But as the

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congregations increased in size, and Christianity became spread abroad, gradually the original character of the melodies became less and less evident, and threatened to become lost altogether.

In the fourth century, when the church was first divided into dioceses, with bishops at the head of each, these prelates undertook to restore and classify the old original melodies, thereby not only benefiting the church but rendering a great service for all time to the cause of music. The most distinguished among these bishops was Ambrosius (333-398), who was born at Trier, and was for twenty years bishop of Milan. He established the four following authentic scales and gave to each tone the name of a letter from the alphabet. Thus:

D-EF-G-A-BC-D.
EF-G-A-BC-D-E.
F-G-A-BC-D-EF.
G-A-BC-D-EF-G.

These series were called, after their author or inventor, the Ambrosian modes. It was Ambrosius also who restored the lost art of congregational singing, and introduced antiphonal choirs. He also composed many hymns and spiritual songs and enriched in many ways the music of the early Christians. To him also is attributed the first Te Deum. Generally speaking the expression "Ambrosian music may be applied to all church music as practiced during his life and times.

From 540-604 Christian music received new impulse and inspiration through the efforts of Pope Gregory the Great. Appreciating the limitations of the authentic scales already referred to, he added four plagal modes to the musical system, which are named after him, just as the authentic modes were named after their founder. The Greek names, Dorian, Aeolian, Phrygian, etc., were not used then, nor in fact until about the sixteenth century. Pope Gregory edited the melodies already in use, increased the number of the same, and introduced them into the entire church. To this collection, for which the church owes Gregory eternal gratitude, he gave the name of "Antiphonarium," and deposited for safe keeping a copy of the same in St. Peter's at Rome. The melodies in this book were monophonic and without rhythm, resembling

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to some extent the German chorals as sung in German churches today.

The expression "Gregorian church song" may be applied to the church music as practiced and sung in the time of Gregory, or, in other words, the old Roman Liturgy. For notation he introduced or at least authorized the system of so-called Neumes, a kind of notation which probably had its origin in the accents of the Greek written language.

These neumes consisted of hooks, points, lines, short strokes, etc., which were placed over the different syllables of the words of the text. Originally there were no staff lines in this system of notation, though somewhat later two lines came into general use. After Gregory's time, musical practice and theory suffered a relapse and threatened to become altogether extinct. The Gregorian church song became completely forgotten.

The renaissance of Christian church music occurred about 900 after Christ. From that time on we may note the beginnings of modern music, for it was in 930 that the learned monk Hucbald made the first crude attempt in harmony, by combining several parts with one principal voice, mostly, however, intervals of fifths and octaves. About one hundred years later Guido made bolder attempts in that line and also very much improved the system of notation, notably in that he added more staff lines to the two already in use and made use of the spaces.

With the invention of measurable notes (notes having different time values) a fresh impetus was given to harmonic development, and the first attempts at counterpoint begin to show themselves. This new feature in music assumed a continually increasing importance, and there followed quite naturally a further development on harmonic lines. The old church-song served this new art, in that the counterpointist used the old Gregorian melodies, even in secular compositions, as a cantus firmus, usually in the tenor, and thus incidentally preserved these old modes from the possible fate of being forgotten.

The reformation and the revival of the Christian faith generally, had a powerful and uplifting effect upon the church music. It was in these times that Palestrina of the Catholic

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church and Dr. Martin Luther of the Protestant church, taking the old Gregorian melodies as models, brought the music of the church to an undreamed of perfection. In 1524 Luther edited the first Protestant hymnal, containing thirty-eight German and four Latin hymns, which were set to four voices; the melody lay in the third voice, the tenor; not until after Luther's time did it become customary to give the melody to the upper voice. Contemporaneous with Luther was a musician named Loritus or Glarian, who added to the already existing Ambrosian and Gregorian modes two new authentic modes and their plagals, those in A and C.

Aeolian—A-BC-D-EF-G-A.
ef-g-A-bC-D-E.
Ionian—C-D-EF-G-A-BC.
g-a-bC-d-ef-g.

Corresponding modern scale: A-bc-d-ef-g sharp-a; e-f sharp-g-a-bc-d sharp-e; C-D-EF-G-A-BC; G-A-BC-D-E-F sharp-G.

He gave to them the names "Aeolian" and "Ionian," and they are remarkable in that they are actually the bridge from the old modes to our modern tone-system, the major and minor scales. They came into common use and soon prevailed everywhere, driving the other modes out of the field. Most of the chorals and spiritual songs of that time were written in one of these two modes. Most of Martin Luther's compositions were written in the Ionian mode.

That it is the duty of choristers to preserve these antique chorals for the church service, the writer firmly believes. For in their characteristic originality and especially in their inherent strength and solemn dignity and majesty, they possess that which cannot be supplied by our modern melodies and hymns. One has only to recall to memory such hymns as "A mighty fortress is our God," "O sacred head now wounded" and "Old Hundred," etc., to subscribe to this opinion. They are the documents of an important long-ago epoch in the development of church music; for this reason and by their own merit they have a claim to our eternal remembrance.

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CONCERNING THE SLOW MOVEMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

In the works of every great master are to be found many touches betokening his unusual powers in one way or another. Thus, in Bach, we find it not alone in the mastery with which the different voices of the fugue are treated, the individuality which is imparted to each, but still more in the manner in which he builds up an emotional climax from instruments apparently so inelastic. With Handel there is certain diatonic dignity which in his best moments no writer has surpassed, and at times he rises to the sublime. In Mozart, the characteristic touches are mainly an exquisitely beautiful singing melody, and an almost equally fine melodic treatment of all the subordinate parts, so that the air of the entire piece is that of great sweetness and very perfect formal beauty, quickening now and then to mirthfulness and a playful element, but very seldom taking the opposite direction of despondency or tragic feeling. It is evident throughout the works of Mozart that the beautiful as such, and the musical as such, were the two motives upon which everything turned.

In a master so many sided as Beethoven, and covering so wide a range of musical expression, there are many points in which he excelled all those who came before him and most of those who have come since. For example, in his scherzo movements there is a rollicking mirthfulness and a certain momentum in the speed which we hardly ever find in any other writer. He is the inventor of a passionately turned allegro in minor mode, where the soul seems full of turmoil and strife, such as we find in the allegro of the Sonata Pathetique, in the finale of the so-called Moonlight sonata, and in many other places.

But the greatest of all to my mind are the slow movements in Beethoven. It is so dreadfully easy to be tedious in a slow movement, but this never happens in the works of Beethoven,

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although a great variety of manners are illustrated in the course of his voluminous works. Sometimes his movements are simple and tender, having the sweetness of a people's song, and with only a few touches raising them into the higher plane. As other times a simple musical idea is taken, apparently promising no important results, but by the treatment and development becoming raised into a very beautiful art form. In this way several of his slow movements are airs and variations in which the digressions from the original key and mood are necessarily very limited, since once in at least sixteen measures (upon completion of the theme or form) the composer has to come back and take a fresh start with a new variation, and in Beethoven's time this start had always to be in the original key or at least in the minor mode of the same key.

There is another type, however, of slow movement where much more important results are reached, as we shall see later on. It is the object of this paper to present a few of the most important types of the slow movements of Beethoven and to trace the manner of their development and to point out the character of the impression finally produced.

(Note—Before beginning the detailed discussion of these movements a few observations are necessary in regard to the manner of numbering the measures. At whatever place in the measure the melody begins the measure is counted from the first principal accent. That is to say, in a melody beginning on the last beat of the measure as soon as we reach the one, we call this the first measure and reckon from that point. When the movement contains parts which are repeated, indicated by a double bar, and the first and second ending, the first ending being so varied as to lead back easily to the beginning, in numbering the measures we omit the first ending and count the second ending only, so that in a period of eight measures which, if properly repeated as directed, would amount to sixteen measures, we here count eight only, thus a movement extending fifty-four measures on the paper, in playing would extend to very nearly twice that distance. In the continuous movements in which no repeats occur, of course there is no difficulty if the student once understands that the counting begins with the first full accent.)

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We begin with the minuetto from the sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3. This piece is in the form known as song form, with trio, and as the parts are separated by double bars the structural relations are entirely easy to be made out. The first eight measures are very simple and delightfully expressive, with little if any more musical elaboration than the folk song. But with the second period in the ninth measure, on the chord of D flat, the soprano has C flat, a very appealing dissonance. This occurs again two measures later and this little touch imparts to the second period of this minuet an expressive and appealing quality which would not have been anticipated from the beginning. The trio extends to twenty-two measures, of which the beginning of the second period measures 9 to 14 and a pedal point on the dominant. Then the principal motive resumes. At the end of the trio, the minuetto begins again and is gone through, after which there is a coda in which the appealing dissonance from the second period of the theme is suggested in the melody, which goes from E to F flat. Simple as this movement is it is more songlike and definite in its impression than almost any of the slow movements of the masters before Beethoven's time.

Our second example is a very lovely little air and variations from the Andante movement of the sonata in G, Op. 14, No. 2. The theme is given out in staccato chords, but in the second period there is some very nice legato work and later on in the seventeenth and eighteenth measures some strong syncopations, which give the theme as a whole a more vigorous character than it promised at the start. In measure twenty-one the first variation begins, the melody lying in the tenor and the right hand part consisting of nothing but filling notes brought in a half beat later, so as to give the whole what musicians call an eighth note motion. In the forty-first measure the second variation begins, the melody now lying in the soprano, and the whole effect very much broken up, but the rhythmic motion is still of eighth notes. In measure sixty-one an interlude of four measures begins, a pedal point on the dominant of the principal key. In measure sixty-five the third variation begins with a new melody in the bass very much such a one as might be written for the 'cellos; the real melody of the theme nevertheless is still

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in the soprano voice, but as the motion is now in sixteenth notes and this melody comes in on the half beat, the student might easily overlook it. It should not be materially accented, only the player should know that it is there, in which case it will receive a very slight recognition sufficient to assist the ear in following it. This variation concludes in measure eighty-four and in eighty-five a little coda of six measures begins. The impression of the whole is quiet and interesting, without being at all exciting.

In order more properly to understand the selections just gone over, and the two next following, it is necessary to consider for a moment something about the art of variations. A musical theme consists of three elements, a rhythm, a succession of chords, and a melody. When we speak of the melody in general terms, we include all three of these elements, since a melody without rhythm and a melody not supported upon an explanatory harmony is something which from a musical standpoint is inconceivable. There are two radically different modes of varying a theme. In the first mode, called formal variations, the harmony remains unchanged throughout all the variations, and the original rhythm of the melody in the best examples is also unchanged. That is to say, if the melody remain in quarter notes in its first appearance whatever variation may be applied to the different phrases of the melody, the rhythmic length of each phrase will remain precisely the same as in the first instance, being neither lengthened nor shortened. The diversification may consist of bringing in the melody a half beat later than formerly, or in giving it a more animated accompaniment, or in surrounding each melody note with more or less accessory tones in the way of appoggiaturas and passing notes such as we find very fully illustrated in the variations of Mozart. In a formal variation, therefore, the essential expression of the theme is never materially changed.

A somewhat different proceeding from this is that of the so-called character variation, in which the harmony is sometimes modified, if not changed. That is to say, a melodic phrase standing originally in the major mode may be repeated in the variation in the minor of the same key, as from A flat major to A flat minor. In some instances, especially

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in the recent writers, an absolute change of key takes place and a new tonic. Particularly do we find this in the orchestral variations of Brahms and Dvorak. The musical results, therefore, of the character variation are very much more marked than those of the formal variation. In the formal variation only an elegant treatment of the theme is possible, and as already noticed the characteristic expression of the theme is not at all changed. But in the character variation the theme takes on a new character or individuality or mode with each new treatment. This we shall see later on, but first we have a second example of formal variation.

We take now the Andante from the sonata Appassionata, Op. 57. This sonata, as is well known, is of a very noble and beautiful character and very much more elaborate than most of the sonatas of Beethoven, standing about midway between the effect of a symphony for piano and a concerto, in which the piano and orchestra work together, the two forms cited here being practically equal in elaboration, but the concerto carrying with it a certain tendency to display and of gracious effect in order to commend the performer. This sonata appassionata of Beethoven has quite a good deal of the concerto effect in it, while, at the same time, it is a very noble tone poem. The second movement is as remarkable for its simplicity as the first and last movements are for elaboration. It consists of a theme of two periods, sixteen measures, beginning with a certain amen effect composed of the plagal cadence, tonic to sub-dominant and back. This amen effect occurs again in the fifth and sixth and at corresponding places throughout all the variation. In measure seventeen the first variation begins; the chords of the theme are now played in eighth notes instead of legato quarters as in the first instance and each chord is followed by a rest. The bass meanwhile comes in a half beat late, giving rise in this manner to dissonances, as the right hand takes the new chord while the left is still holding the old bass. In this manner we arrive at the thirty-second measure and in the thirty-third the right hand takes the position an octave higher than the original giving out of the theme and the same chords are cut up into sixteenth notes, the effect being to give more animation, but at the same time the melody remains suggested

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in the upper notes of the right hand and the whole effect is very pleasing indeed. In measure forty-nine a still more animated diversification begins; the left hand now takes up a movement in thirty-second notes consisting of arpeggios upon the original chords, while the right hand brings in the melody still an octave higher than in the last instance and a half beat behind time. In the fifty-second measure the positions are reversed and the left takes the melody in the medium range of the piano while the right hand plays repeated notes above. This work continues until the eightieth measure, where it runs out in a descending scale diminuendo and in measure eighty-one the theme is taken up again in its original form with a new change of position from one octave to the other, and so at length the end is reached in the ninety-sixth measure, the ninety-seventh being a repetition of the same chord. This is a diminished chord and is intended to lead into the following allegro which is to be continued without any delay. When the slow movement is played by itself in place of the diminished chord in measure ninety-six a chord of D flat should be played, the soprano in the same position.

For an example of character variations, I select the well-known air and variations from the sonata, Op. 26, in A flat. This movement is not, properly speaking, the slow movement of the sonata, that place being occupied by the famous funeral march; but for the repose of the theme and the beauty of the theme, as well as for the sake of illustrating the different results attained by character variations, we take it up here.

In this case no numbering of measures is necessary, since the variations are separated from each other and indicated in the notes and the form of every variation follows, measure by measure, that of the theme. The theme itself consists of three periods of which the second opens with the last beat of measure sixteen with the syncopated note F in the left hand. The original motive resumes again in measure twenty-seven. In the first variation very little modification is made in the harmonic treatment, but a considerable amplification sometimes in one hand and sometimes in the other of arpeggio work and occasional passing tones. In the second variation the melody is in the bass in octaves for part of the

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time and always in the upper notes of the left hand part. The effect of this is very broken and much more impassioned than that of the original theme. The impression of earnestness is continued by the third variation, which now is transferred to the key of A flat minor, and is treated in syncopated counterpoint, which has to be played quite slowly and earnestly throughout.

The fourth variation is a complete contrast to this, being practically a scherzo in which a quick movement is taken and the hands are rapidly transferred from one octave to another, while the original harmony of the theme is very little changed. In the fifth variation for eight measures the theme does not appear, but is suggested in the upper notes, the motion being that of sixteenth notes in triplets. This leads in the ninth measure to a still more rapid accompaniment figure in thirty-second notes and the melody comes in its original form as a middle voice. In the thirty-fifth measure a coda begins, a very lovely little melody which presently brings to the close of the whole movement. Those who would care to investigate the development of character variations farther will find material in some of the last sonatas of Beethoven, particularly in the Op. 109, and those who wish to ascertain the farthest point which has been reached in this direction as yet will find it in the Brahms variations upon an air of Handel, the two books of Brahms variations upon the air of Paganini, and in the Grieg ballad in D flat.

We now come to a slow movement of the type peculiar to Beethoven. I mean the adagio cantabile from the sonata pathetique, Op. 13. The theme consists of sixteen measures, of which the second eight repeat the first an octave higher and with a fuller covering of the chords. The melody is slow and very earnest and is placed characteristically in the middle range of the piano where the singing is best. The impression of sustained singing tone is intensified by the accompaniment which is in sixteenth notes, four of which come to each quarter of the melody. The melody itself is very strong and reposeful. In measure sixteen a second subject begins in the key of F minor, and ends in measure twenty-three, although the cadence is prolonged to measure twenty-eight. And in measure twenty-nine the original subject begins again,

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the same as at the beginning, but it is not repeated. In measure thirty-seven a third melodic subject begins in A flat minor, having the form of a dialogue between the soprano and bass. This idea is carried out into many unexpected keys and is treated with considerable force, especially where it goes into the key of E major in measure forty-two. Presently, however, in measure fifty-one, we are back again and ready for the original subject, which here enters in the same form as at first, except the accompaniment which is now in triplets, six to each quarter note of the melody. This treatment is continued through the second eight measures of the theme an octave higher than the first, the same as in the beginning, ending at measure sixty-six. In measure sixty-seven the coda begins and the entire movement ends in measure seventy-three.

This beautiful tone poem has a character of great repose, seriousness and nobility and the works of all composers before Beethoven will be searched in vain to find anything like it. The first eight measures of the theme are very nearly approached at times by Mozart, but the movement as a whole has no prototype in the works of the older master.

Our sixth example is the largo from the second sonata of Beethoven, Op. 2, No. 2, in D major. In this the characteristic Beethoven note of deep seriousness is very strongly marked. He begins with sustained chords while low in the bass there is a moving voice in staccato eighth notes, having the character of the pizzicato of the double bass. The entire subject in this movement extends to nineteen measures and it has always seemed to me that the material in the ninth and tenth and eleventh measures was hardly worthy the place it occupies. But of the noble subject itself, measures one to eight, and measures thirteen to nineteen, it would be impossible to speak in too high terms. This seriousness is relieved by the entrance of the second subject in the twentieth measure, a counter theme as it might be called, which only lasts for six measures, when still another new idea comes on the table and occupies attention for four measures. In measure thirty-two the theme is resumed in its original form, completing itself at measure fifty without any modification whatever. Here begins a very beautiful farther development

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which, practically speaking, is the coda of the entire movement; a lovely dialogue between the soprano and alto enters in measures fifty and fifty-one and this melodic idea is maintained down to measure fifty-eight, where the original theme enters again in very heavy chords and in the key of D minor instead of D major. This presently modulates to B flat and is carried out with immense power to a climax which reaches its greatest intensity at the accent of the sixty-third measure, after which there is a little pedal point upon A and in measure sixty-eight the theme is taken up again in D major, an octave higher than the first appearance, with a very charming sixteenth note motion in the alto. This period completes itself in measure seventy-five and the following five measures are merely prolonged to the cadence, and so we reach the end.

A still more marked illustration of Beethoven's powers in this direction is afforded by the largo in the sonata in D major, Op. 10, No. 3. This movement is of a much more dramatic and strongly contrasted character than either of those that we have examined up to this time. The movement preceding, with which this largo is expected to contrast, is a very light and charming presto in D major, the second subject being a very charming cantalina in B minor. After all this lightness and melodiousness then comes this largo which is written in 6-8 measure and in the original form of the theme the melodic idea lies in the middle range of the piano and is supported upon very full chords though two octaves below, held an entire measure, each one. The first impression therefore is one of very great seriousness and repose, since the eight notes go at the rate of seventy-two of the metronome. In measure nine a second idea begins and the bass is now more animated, the time being filled up with a sixteenth note motion. This ends in measure seventeen on the key of C major and is followed by some very dramatic and strongly contrasted interlude work which practically amounts to a coda, ending in measure twenty-nine. In measure thirty a new subject begins in F minor. This also starts out very seriously and with a great deal of strength, since the melody is doubled in octaves by the left hand and the contrasts are very strong indeed, especially in measures thirty-five, thirty-

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six, thirty-seven and thirty-eight. All this excitement dies down in measures forty-one, forty-two and forty-three and in measure forty-four the first idea is taken up again with a little more movement in the bass than in the first instance, but the theme is carried out differently and in the fifth measure a modulation begins leading to materially different results from those reached in the first instance. This ends in measure sixty-five, where the coda of the entire movement begins, the theme now lying low in the bass and this works up to a very great climax in the seventy-first and seventy-second measures, afterwards subsiding to repose in measure seventy-five, the whole movement ending at measure eighty-six.

A very curious and genial illustration of Beethoven's power in cantabile movements is afforded by the second movement of the sonata in E minor, Op. 90. This movement is in fact a rondo in E major, and the phrases are long and the periods are long and so also is the entire movement. The principal subject is of two periods, closing in measure thirty-two and in measure thirty-three begins a certain amount of contrasting material leading to a second idea in measure forty-one, characterized by a sort of trill with the upper notes of the left hand part. This practically ends in measure fifty-six when, after a little preliminary work a new idea begins of a reposeful character in measure sixty, a melody in B major upon an accompaniment of triplets. Then in measure seventy the original theme begins again and instead of completing itself legitimately, in measure one hundred and two it has already begun to modulate and in measure one hundred and fourteen we come to the same melody as that in measure sixty, but this time in the key of C. Then in measure one hundred and thirty-nine the original theme begins again and goes quite through and completes itself in measure one hundred and seventy, after which the interlude work comes, the same as in measure thirty-three. In measure one hundred and eighty we have the same matter as originally given in measure forty-one, but this time in E major. Then in one hundred and ninety-nine we have our old friend from measure sixty, but now in E major. Then in measure two hundred and twenty-nine the theme is again taken up, but the melody is in the

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tenor for four measures. This time it is very much shortened, or rather at measure two hundred and fifty-one it digresses for the sake of developing a coda and then in measure two hundred and seventy-five the original subject comes again in the simplest possible form, of eight measures, ending on measure two hundred and eighty-two, after which a few measures of cadence and the whole movement ends in measure two hundred and eighty-nine.

This movement is very much in the tone of a movement in one of the sonatas for piano and violin, Op. 30, in G major. It is also in the tone which is very nearly approximated by Schubert in a number of cases. Nevertheless, the Beethoven seriousness is almost as characteristic of this as of the deeply impassioned movements immediately preceding it in this paper.

This art of developing slow movements, having deep seriousness and a certain amount of dramatic power upon the foundation of a melodic cantabile, was peculiar to Beethoven and none of the masters since his time possesses it in anything like the same degree. Brahms alone of the more recent writers is able to maintain a similar pace of sustained poetic effect in a slow movement, but his manner of doing it differs somewhat since he usually works with a shorter motive and this necessarily gives the resulting movement more of a thematic character, although with Brahms the lyric type is much more nearly attained than it was with writers like Schumann, who was never able to maintain a lyric effect for more than eight measures at a time. I have dealt at this length upon these very sympathetic and beautiful movements of the Beethoven sonatas, because they all have their foundation in the folk song and in my opinion are more immediately apprehensible by those who are not habituated in listening to classical music than any of the livelier movements which, in spite of the rhythmic symmetry sometimes exhibited, are nevertheless built up thematically and require for their proper understanding a certain amount of training in following musical discourse. But these beautiful melodies of the slow movements appear to me to appeal to all who are capable of a serious sentiment in music and they reward the student more than almost any other compositions that can be mentioned.

(Read before the Philharmonic Club of Belleville, June 2, 1900.)

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OLD SONGS THAT LIVE.

BY LUE VERNON.

During these days of popular songs one almost forgets our dear old ballads which were so popular long years ago, but which even yet, when one recalls them to mind, bring back many memories of the past. Perhaps these memories may be ones of sorrow to many, while to others they may be the scenes of joyous days that have faded and passed away never to return again.

There is not one of the old-fashioned ballads that has not played a part in the past lives of the "lad and lassie," who took those soft moonlight strolls underneath a star-studded sky with nothing but their wedding day in view, twenty-five or thirty years ago. But we seldom hear them now. This great, busy and progressive world is up-to-date in all things nowadays and the line of song making is no exception.

In place of "In the Evening by the Moonlight" or "Old Uncle Ned," we now have the great and successful hit of the popular songs of the day, if we believe the title page of the publishers of such musical trash.

People nowadays in the mad rush for the golden treasure do not care to hear some one sing "Old Hundred" or "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." They want the "latest" song as badly as they want the latest Sunday issue of new journalism.

Someone has said that "memory is a tyrant which often forces itself upon us unbidden."

In nothing is this more true than in music. How often do the beautiful songs, some of them love ballads, we learned in years long past, come back to us. In memory we love to listen to them once more, if not in reality.

There are some readers of this magazine who no doubt have a personal recollection of "Adolphus Morning Glory" and "The Big Sunflower," two very popular negro songs and dances. It was the latter song that made Billy Emerson, the minstrel, famous throughout the world. I chuckle now as I write this, when I think of him.

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Then there was "Joseph Orange Blossom," "Not For Joe," "I Hope I Live Forever," and "I Ain't Going To Tell." The chorus of the last named song was this:

"She was sweeter dan the sweetest,
She was neater dan de neatest,
You may talk about your fashion,
But she really was de belle;
But where she lives or what's her name
I ain't a-going to tell."

This old song had a large sale and every old-time minstrel had it in his budget of songs. But it did not live long, and passed away almost as rapidly as it came; still it blazed the way for other popular songs, which at this late day seem of somewhat principal character.

All of the afore-named negro songs, I hold, are responsible for the so-called "coon song" of today. And I must confess that I am disgustingly tired of them. You hear them on every corner, at every theater, the organ-grinder and even the Chinaman tries to pick it on his unbearable and ear-splitting "fiddle."

Then we had the "Grecian Bend," a design thought at the time to be very graceful, having had its origin, it is said, in Brooklyn, and having been the subject of a very popular song in its day—a song explanatory as well as melodious. Here is the first verse. I would give it all—three verses—but it would take up too much space:

"The ladies wanting something new,
As women are so prone to do,
Wear lofty heels upon their shoes
To give them the Grecian bend;
With foot so short and heel so high
They can't stand plumb if they would try,
And so they think to catch the eye
By means of a Grecian bend."

It was about this period that the first gymnasts were seen in professional acts outside of the circus. They made their appearance in regular theaters following the introduction of specialties in the "Black Crook."

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A song popular in that day was the "Flying Trapeze," the subject of which was such a performer. I give the first verse:

"Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat, that is tattered and torn,
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn,
Betrayed by a girl in her teens.
The girl that I loved she was handsome;
I tried all I knew how to please,
But it was not one-quarter as well as
That man on the flying trapeze."

The chorus of this piece was very descriptive.

Then came "Shoo Fly" and "Dem Golden Slippers." They each made a hit and no comedian of those days was without these two pieces in his song album.

And the old sweetheart songs. I cannot forget them. They were so pretty, with their liquid and bewitching harmonies and their sweet verses of endearment. "Mollie Darling," "Nellie Gray," "Bessie Lee," "Ella Ree" and "Kittie Wells." How I wish that the minstrel companies would revive them again. In England they are reviving the old sweetheart songs that were popular in the last century and they are meeting with great favor.

The sweetheart song has been sung since the beginning of the world, and will be heard until the end of time. It is frequently the same thing over again; for although the words may be different the sentiment is generally the same. For instance, who can listen to the old, yet pretty, ballad of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" without thanking in one's heart the author for giving us such a beautiful sweetheart song. Of course, I repeat, the old songs are the best, and this is one of the songs of the long ago that causes me to say so. The sweetheart song is the most popular form of song in existence, and although we have heard its sentiment expressed in a thousand ways, we never tire of "Love's Old Sweet Song." It seems to be the only kind of song which appeals to all, for we hear it sung by persons of every age and class.

And when one has a song which one terms a favorite it is

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nearly always a little ballad about a sweetheart. "Daisy Dean" was a great favorite years ago, because it told in verse and song what many a faint-hearted lover would have whispered in the ear of his own sweetheart, if he had only possessed the courage, and had dared.

Youth is generally brightened by the companionship of a little girl or young woman who makes roses appear to bloom among the dreary stubbles of everyday life. It is the indulgence in, the yearning for, or the recollection of, the old songs and faces which gives the old-time love ballads their greatest charm.

More than two-thirds of the successful up-to-date compositions find their inspiration and subject in the prepossessing young woman. Nowadays a satirical or topical song may make a so-called hit, but its sale is never great and it does not last long. The public soon tires of such clap-trap. The old songs of the long past years will live on and on forever. But the sweetheart song—well, we find great pleasure in buying it, and we are not ashamed to leave it open on the piano.

Do you ever tire listening to that old negro song, "Old Black Joe?" Of course not. You like to hear it; you know you do. It will always be sung as long as there are people on earth.

No one will claim that "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie" or "My Dear Savannah Home," either in poetry or music, suggests a master mind, yet it is quite as absurd to call it silly drivel, or to class it as a weariness and affliction. Such songs are a fair type of our American folk-song. They are found in some very good collections of American poetry, but even if this were not the case, it would not follow that they do not possess a certain charm which is not to be denied.

It may be safely contended that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred sentiment and association go through life with people, however their musical tastes may have been broadened and cultivated. Because a man has spent a decade in studying out the meaning harmonies of Wagner, it does not follow that he is not moved by the simple pathos of "Annie Laurie." Because a woman in a foreign conservatory has learned all there is to know in the sphere of vocalization it is not true that she will turn with weariness from a favorite

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humble ballad of her childhood. And in a how much less degree may the technical failings of these simple memories show themselves to the great preponderance of people to whom music is a mere recreation and a sentimental pleasure.

The revival of the folk-songs in foreign countries and the commentaries thereon by distinguished critics show an awakening everywhere in the melodies of the people. The old songs of the American homes did not have the flavor of foreign antiquity, but they are worthy of honorable place in musical annals. The ballads which the middle-aged man of to-day heard in the home of his childhood may be the sweeter for tender associations; but is it not true that what was simple and pleasing then has in itself the same attributes now?

There was the "Annie" group, so to speak—"Annie Laurie," "Annie of the Vale," "Gentle Annie." They are not often heard in the cities nowadays, for perhaps the same reason that city folk rarely essay at this time the prison duet from "Il Trovatore." Take the old song, "My Old Kentucky Home." It recalls the scenes of boyhood days as nothing else can—the far-away farm house, with its commodious hallways, the dark cellar beneath, and its mirth-giving vintage; the spacious pantry, overloaded with good things; the dark garret and its barrel of old Bourbon; the big front yard with its primitive forestry; the deep, cool well with its time-worn bucket; the weather-beaten barn, sheltering the blue ribbon horses, its big lot adjoining full of cackling fat fowls and the close-by orchard, laden with ripe, juicy apples. Have you ever listened to this grand old song, as rendered by Sousa's band? If so you will understand why I claim that the old songs are the best. I give the chorus:

> "Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day;
> We'll sing you one song of the old Kentucky home;
> For our old Kentucky home far away."

The old tunes and songs have been held for years in derision. An invitation to spend the evening singing or playing old tunes has been spurned by many of our up-to-date vocalists. They are dreadful. Who cares for them? Very good for a sleepy crowd of old people, but to think any musical person would condescend to sing one for the pleasure of the

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thing augurs an ignorance as deplorable as profound, so the young miss said—of the singing society—as she turned with a sniff of her pretty heavenly-tending nose, to her "Motets" and "Anthems."

"Vanitas vanitatum," said a lover of the old songs, "they know not what they say."

We will admit that there is much that is novel and striking in the up-to-date songs, but the beauty of the old songs is still there, and just a little spark would set them into popular flame.

The dignity of the so-called higher class of music is not compromised by the popularity of the old songs of the people. No musician with a real love for his art and a proper conception of the true musical feeling will fail to recognize what is good and worthy of approbation in the melodies of rural and provincial life. And every musician knows that many of the most famous compositions are borrowed largely from themes that were the simple melodies of the people.

We all know that cherished memories of home and friends are ours with such enduring vividness that the record can never be effaced. But in all reminiscences of days gone by there is nothing that so haunts our lives as the old songs that we were accustomed to in the days of our childhood. The sweet tones of a mother's voice, as she hummed "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," will live and speak in the heart long after the voice has been hushed to silence. We may cross oceans, and wander in foreign climes; the erect frame may be bowed with the weight of years, and raven ringlets may be changed to locks of snowy whiteness; but the old songs heard in the distance in the still morning, or sung by ourselves in some calm hour of reflection, on a winter's evening, will bring around us the friends and the scenes of other days and far-off lands, and while the dim eye of age sparkles with unwonted brilliancy, the heart will beat with the buoyancy of early youth.

Take the "Suwanee River," a song that has been sung in every part of the inhabited globe, a simple ballad that the greatest vocal artists in the world have been proud to sing; can you mention a song that will ever take its place in the hearts of our people? I do not think you can; and had some

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old master written it, it would have been held no dearer by the people than it is to-day.

But as time rolls by no doubt we shall do better and learn to give the old songs of the long ago the high position they surely deserve. American national life is far better for its songs—its old songs. It is better for the associations which the old-time songs awaken. The negroisms of the "Suwanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home," with their beautiful, bewitching and soul-entrancing melodies, will lie in the hearts of the people until the end of time.

The world moves on; the masters educate us; the geniuses dazzle us, but regularly the old songs come back and the world seems really brighter and the past a little dearer that we knew them long ago and have not ceased to love them.

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MENTAL ATTITUDE OF TEACHER AND PUPIL.

BY F. ROENA MEDINI.

A teacher of teachers must have natural psychological gifts that can scarcely be put into analytical speech.

It is never safe to assume anything where mind is concerned, especially that a point can be passed over because familiar to every day life, for the complexities of the brain are mercurial and altogther perplexing, and often fail to respond to anything like reason or to the analysis of the simplest problems of life. The gift of teaching is largely dependent upon the psychological intuitions that lead one to comprehend the sensibilities of a student, that has disarmed himself, as it were, and stands a target of strict discipline and criticism. If this mental condition has not been unconsciously assumed by the student, the teacher must bring about, with all the charm of an eager and sincere enthusiast, the proper mental attitude of student versus teacher. Only through a harmonious beginning can thought answer to thought.

Never was anything accomplished where the architect conceived a temple and the mason builded the foundation of a bridge. And in no line of work is this mental poise more absolutely imperative than in vocal culture. Without it all work is thrown away, and worse than wasted.

Nothing is more depressing to a teacher, whose greatest wish is to unfold to a student an understanding of himself and his powers, than to find time wasted by unconscious antagonism, obliged to override obstacles that ought not exist, and which, happily, are not frequent. This non-receptive state does not always appear in the aggressive contradictory or antagonistic nature, but is reached by undue anxiety on the part of the student, whose self-examination develops the idea that strive and strife are snyonymous. It sometimes comes from professional criticism following unrest that has led a pupil to start upon an investigating tour of his own, and has listened to criticisms and opinions which seem diametrically opposed. Not schooled or experienced enough to compre-

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hend that there is a difference between criticisms that are a "matter of opinion" and art-knowledge, he suffers much as did Lot's wife and his backward looks leave him, if not a pillar of salt, in a chaotic state of mind that is quite as unstable should a cloud burst over his head. And no student escapes the gloomy, discouraging days when ideals travel faster than accomplishment.

If, as occasionally happens, the mental attitude is non-receptive for constitutional or habitual reasons, and neither the powers of the teacher or the willingness of the student can harmonize the unfortunate conditions except through constant effort and frequent friction, the pupil should be dismissed and inspirations devoted to a better cause than merely the vanity of subjugating mind to mind rather than turning it to the subject matter in hand, i. e., vocal art.

There is, however, even a greater and more subtle enemy to the unobservant teacher who is doing conscientious and heroic work and fancies the apparently receptive attitude of the student is all that could be desired. And this is when the teacher suddenly discovers, after months of labor, that the rich treasures of an enthusiastic mind have been poured into deaf ears and the student who seemed drinking in a store of useful knowledge has been dumbly passive and wholly unthinking. Such a nature is generally willing, and will be found to possess deeply buried beneath a calm exterior a strong sympathetic, even emotional, nature.

Such a nature requires development of the imagination. It must learn to assimilate thought and expression; it must be awakened to emotion that will respond to the quick, for they have never learned that there is any relation between singing and feeling; between musical expression and thought. Asked to define singing it would never occur to them to answer that it was the breathing of an emotion through the mechanism of sound, nor asked which was more important in song, mind or muscles, would it occur to them that the question was as misleading as an attempt to answer it would be invaluable to art.

The teacher student has two attitudes to study, one the passive, the other the active; and that which is desirable as a student seems weakness in a teacher; in other words, the

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student who obtains from a teacher the greatest good is the one who comes to confess his sins, known and unknown, and seeks their remedy, but the student in turn becoming the teacher must readjust the attitude from receiver to giver, and the mark of interrogation drops its shepherd crook to form a decisive period, if not to the imperative mood.

Where the student has wandered, tearfully and pleadingly, the teacher gives forth hopefully, smilingly, confidently, for he will commit a crime if he oversteps by a hair the boundary of the known. Experiments must be practiced upon himself alone.

There are stages of study when the student must be led to throw off the passively receptive condition for the advancing and retreating of mind waves between teacher and pupil are to be equalized, and while the teacher is giving ideas to the pupil the latter receives nothing that is not returned by application, no matter how imperfectly, until in time, the mind is adjusted to the return of the perfected thought in tones and expression which speak glad and perfect victory for teacher and pupil.

Singing is spoken of as the outcome of a joyousness of heart, and indeed the thoughtless, wordless song of the housewife moving about in the performance of her duties or the farmer lad who merrily drives the cows to pasture indicate the bubbling over of a cheerful mind, yet the same people will sing when suffering keen annoyance or disappointment and, while the throat aches from the near approach to tears, there is small difference to the casual listener if somewhat more subdued. Strange as it may seem, on the other hand, few joyous songs are considered of artistic value in vocal development, other than in the development of fioratura, and the songs that appeal to the human heart, or that receive the greatest artistic attention are those which picture some deep grief, grand purpose or glorious victory not leaving out dainty song pictures with a golden thread of pathos to color it.

At any rate, even the joyousness of music is the empty babble and noise of the idiot or fool, that has not been subjected to the evoluting process of somber picture drawing as its foundation, this because the clearest, sparkling water

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comes from the deepest well, and the artist learns to draw from it.

A half knowledge works great injury to the world, and teachers deny themselves manna of heaven when the necessity of teaching arising, they reason that further study will lower their standard. The standard set for themselves should always be higher than the one attained and to assume the unattained is charlatanism, and this last has been rampant too long to be tolerated by an enlightened community. Life is short and art is long, sometimes she becomes footsore and bedraggled by the pressure of necessities and consequent discouragements, but she will certainly desert the man or woman who turns away with a frown from progressive research.

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EDWARD LLOYD.

BY JOHN DE MORGAN.

A hundred thousand people had gathered in the Crystal Palace, near London, to participate in the great musical festival devoted to the works of Handel. All the greatest of England's vocalists were expected to be present. A chorus of three thousand voices was to render the magnificent harmonies of the great composer. The program was arranged with such care that scarcely a hitch occurred. A leading tenor was expected to sing certain solos, but as the oratorio proceeded he was not in his place. The audience was disappointed at not seeing his face and some audible mutterings of discontent were indulged in, for the public is a hard master to please, and seldom accepts an excuse, however good it may be. But no excuse was offered, the solo was reached, and a clear, beautiful, though youthful voice rang through the immense auditorium. The people were spellbound. The youthfulness of the singer, added to the strength of the voice, was a revelation to those who imagined that only the celebrated tenor, who was temporarily absent, could please them.

The astonishment was the greater when it became known that the soloist was a chorus boy, but one who had sang solos in Westminster Abbey.

Everyone wanted to know his name, but it was not until the papers, some days later, mentioned the name of Edward Lloyd, that the name was made public. From that time the name of Lloyd became popular in the music world.

A few years prior to that time four boys stood on the cricket field excitedly talking, not on their future careers, but on the more entrancing subject of cricket, the national game of England. Had anyone possessed a camera and taken a snap-shot of that group, the picture would have been famous, but alas, that was before the days of kodaks.

The group consisted of John Stainer, senior boy in St. Paul's Cathedral choir; Arthur Sullivan and Alfred Cellier, choristers at the Chapel Royal, and Edward Lloyd, of West-

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minster Abbey. Cellier has passed away, leaving a name to be honored; Sir Arthur Sullivan lives to still charm the people with his music; Stainer became organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, from which college he graduated with the degree of doctor of music, and later became organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, knighted by his Queen, while the fourth member of that cricketing group is the famous tenor, Edward Lloyd.

Lloyd was only seven when he was asked to join the choir at the Abbey, the organist, Mr. Turle, being a friend of the family. At first his parents objected on account of his youth, but the organist won the day and the child joined the ranks of those who, in their surplices, looking as pure as angels, raise their youthful voices in glad songs of praise to the Great Creator.

Mr. Turle was very patient and kind to the young students and they looked forward to the choir practice with pleasure. It was the custom to give each probationer two shillings (fifty cents), a glass of port wine and a small sweet currant bun as a reward for his Sunday work.

Each choir had its own fraternal society and the principal choirs used to meet together at the rooms of the Madrigal Society, where games, pleasant conversation to stimulate the wits were indulged in and arrangements made for out-door sports, the principal of which was cricket.

Mr. Lloyd, in conversation about those early days, said: "I loved cricket and I am proud to remember that the Westminster team always won; but we had pleasant and stout opponents in Sullivan and Cellier. Cellier, poor fellow, was especially gay and good-humored; he was the life and soul of the cricket field, and the rascal once bowled me out."

When young Lloyd received his first two shillings he was so proud that he seemed to be walking on air and before he reached home he had so magnified it that he imagined he was the richest boy in town, and the two shillings, represented to him many castles in Spain.

After a year as a probationer at the Abbey, he was received into fellowship as a full chorister, and in less than six months he was promoted to be one of the first four boys, a high honor for one so young. Full of ambition he studied hard and soon

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become first boy but not until he had earned laurels elsewhere, for he had been selected to sing, with others, at city dinners, for which he received five shillings as a minimum, and he also joined the chorus of the Handel Association, which gave the great festivals at the Crystal Palace. By the time he was promoted to the proud position of head boy he was receiving about $200 a year, of which only $65 came from the Abbey.

He left the Abbey when he was fifteen and entered a private school in Southwark, kept by an eccentric but able man named Gray. He only stayed with Gray twelve months and then went to Cheltenham to live with his mother.

For four years he stayed in the little fashionable town of Cheltenham, wondering what profession he would adopt, for he was too modest to believe that he could make a living by singing. He was always humming, always singing, always going where he could hear music, and it seemed that he could not bring his mind to the practical things of life. He returned to London and lived with his aunt and was soon offered the position as soloist at a church near by at the salary of $150 a year. He then began to think that singing was his one forte, and he sought engagements outside the church.

He sang at concerts and dinners, at private houses and church entertainments and was beginning to make a fair living when an offer was made him to sing at a benefit given in a theater. He accepted and the next day he found himself locally famous, but alas, he was summoned before the church authorities and told that he had sinned greatly in entering a theater, that he had no right to use his voice in such a place and that unless he promised never again to sing in a theater he must resign his position in the church choir. In other words, said the old Pharisee, "You must choose between God and Mammon." Lloyd was indignant at the bigotry and, being on his dignity, answered that he preferred Mammon to such narrow-minded religion.

From that day his lot was cast in pleasant places. He became famous, critics declared that he had a clearer voice than any other tenor before the public. He sang with Patti, Nilsson, Albani and all the greatest stars of the musical world.

The English people are strongly conservative and they

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closed their eyes to the purity of Lloyd's voice and still gave first place to one whose day had passed.

Still the world was large enough for two tenors and Lloyd had his own adherents. Sir Arthur Sullivan looked upon him as one of the greatest tenors of the age, and everywhere music-lovers were charmed with him.

He married young and has lived a calm domestic life, finding his greatest indoor pleasure by his own fireside. He is fond of outdoor life, walks a great deal, plays tennis, golf and cricket and loves to lie down under the shady trees on a summer day with his pipe as his companion, watching the children play their games, and recalling his own early days.

He believes in plenty of fresh air and never wore a muffler round his throat, he says, but once, and then he caught such a cold that nothing could induce him to try the experiment again.

When he has to sing in the evening he dines at 2 o'clock, and does not touch anything save a little whisky and egg, which he takes immediately before singing, until he returns home from the concert, when he partakes of a light supper and hurries to bed.

He has a pretty country home in Sussex, the house being nearly three hundred years old. He loves farming and is looking forward to his retirement, which he has fixed for 1900, after which he will devote himself to a purely pastoral life, living amid his cows and horses and poultry, a model farmer as he has been a model professional.

He was recently asked to give some advice to those who were aspiring to a public career. He told his questioner that the secret of success was work. "The young singers must put their art above and before all things; they must sacrifice everything to it. It is hard but it is necessary. I work nearly as hard now in some respects as I ever did; I practice every day; I never allow my work to leave me, and on days of important engagements I am so absorbed that I am afraid I am forgetful; I know I am irritable and fretful, and I want to be left entirely alone."

Such is Edward Lloyd, one of the purest tenors on the concert hall stage to-day.

West New Brighton, N. Y.

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THE VISION OF THE POLONAISE.

BY K. CHER.

On a winter evening in Villeburg, south Texas, five citizens met in conclave—druggist, doctor, general storekeeper, butcher and blacksmith. All were from the same locality in New England, irreproachably forced out by the high pressure of a dense population. This Texas colony had given them immediate relief from the pressure, and for awhile they were exhilarant. Then they discovered that they had taken too much relief and realized the other extreme. There was more elbow room in the world than they had thought.

Their plans had been fairly sound. They had at least suspected the coming lonesomeness before they started, and counted on valuable relief and entertainment from a string trio composed of two violins and 'cello, played by grocer, doctor and druggist. Before they had been there a year the worth of this string trio rose far beyond any of their calculations. Within hearing of its classic renditions, their lonesomeness was forgotten for the time being, and they were back in the northeast (if they chose to be) under exclusively pleasant conditions. With one good concert a week they found they could endure the almost supernatural stillness.

While they were in this somewhat strained condition, the first violinist's endurance failed. He sold his stock of groceries to the dry goods merchant for a song, seceded from the colony and went back to the land of codfish and baked beans as fast as the railroads would carry him.

The string trio was broken! Between grief at the loss of their concerts and rage at their leader's cowardly faithlessness, the remaining yankees were scarcely rational for a week. Yet in their case, the pride which had been instrumental in severing the ties of early and long association in New England was strong enough to forbid empty-handed return.

While they were endeavoring to cope with this dead weight now on their endurance, a queer old Mexican came from afar over the plains, attracted by reports of the trio's ability, and

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handed the doctor the manuscript of a polonaise, saying:

"You play heem, and you see t'ings."

The doctor sorrowfully informed him that the trio was broken by loss of their leader. He pondered, then said:

"You keep a de polonaise. Maybe da violin come back. If come back, you play, and you see t'ings."

A couple of days later the doctor, who was second violin, was abstractedly endeavoring to get over the first violin part of the polonaise, which was beyond his ability, when, accidentally striking an odd phrase with tolerable accuracy, a wierd thrill ran through him with such distinctness that he recalled the old Mexican's words, "You see t'ings," and wondered what diabolical emanation from wizard's brain he had come upon. He told the 'cellist about it, who experienced a similar sensation in playing his own part alone. But it was all unintelligible without the first violin.

Under these dismal circumstances this winter evening the conclave met in the concert hall over the drug store.

The general storekeeper somewhat formally rehearsed how the colony had been planned in New England, how accurate had been their calculations, the unexpected conditions they had found on arrival, the ability to endure everything cheerfully while they had their weekly concert, the increasing unbearableness of the monotony without it, and pathetically concluded by inquiring what they were going to do.

There was a knock. A flushed messenger entered with the news that a strolling vagabondish sort of fellow, with a violin, had stopped at a neighbor's for the night, on his way through the section, and had been found to be a fine violinist. "Every inch a musician," the messenger had been particularly instructed to say.

"I make a motion," hastily proposed the 'cellist, "that we adjourn to go and hear this violinist."

"Carried!" announced the speaker, without waiting for either ayes or nays.

The formality of the meeting was thereupon smashed to smithereens, and as they hastily put out the lights and closed the hall, the 'cellist declared that if he really were a fine violinist he would give him a half interest in his business to stay; the doctor said he should have medical attendance gratis,

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and the butcher capped the climax by offering to give him his daughter for a wife—all without any of them yet having even seen the man.

They knocked at the neighbor's door. Admitted, they entered with a peculiarly guilty air, casting furtive glances What reality lacks our fancy strives to dictate and make good. In art this fancy takes possession of reality and idealizes it according to the psychic impulse. She idealizes the least material existence, tone, color, form, all those affinities between things and living beings.

With external matters music is the least related. The emotional forms its working material. For no other art has tones for its means, and herein lies its emotional power: that changing of the pitch, power and harmony.

What a wonderful and powerful work it is to be able to see the beauty in those sublime compositions of Bach and Beethoven, two of the world's greatest writers. Each so different yet each equally as great. Bach is the poet who has built his constructions on established opinions and principles. So his works show it. They are staid, firmly knit, statue-like in form; very intense and are certainly sublime. Beethoven's moods are creations of the spheres of eternity, with melancholy and sadness. Yet humor has a large place beside this melancholy mood, as though he saw the ridiculousness of all things earthly and laughed at them.

Thus it is the work, or rather the duty, of the player to penetrate into all the different moods, and so to understand them that others may feel the same warm enthusiasm for the whole. And this can only be done by being able to receive these impressions inwardly. In searching for these highest ideals we must not forget the other spheres of literature. The sensuous beauty is also a factor. That pearling element of tone is a distinct charm which the pianoforte alone possesses. From it can be obtained that charmful delicacy of tones, a kind of ideality to which the orchestra does not arise.

We must imagine living affinities. Compositions are poems, and their moods can best be suggested by poetical comparison—musical ideas represented allegorically. But we around in search of the violinist.

He was sitting by the fireside calmly puffing at a long slim

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pipe, with his violin in its old worn case at his elbow.

A few conventional nothings were spoken with due gravity and deliberation, to avoid the appearance of haste, and afford the opportunity for a short surreptitious summarizing of the stranger; then the host diffidently asked him to play again, mentioning that he had musical people for an audience now. At this the violinist looked the late-comers over again in a glance of more interest and slowly took out his violin.

They watched his movements critically and had begun to form an opinion before he produced a note. He, oblivious to all but the violin, from the minute he took hold of it, touched the strings faintly, found them still true, and began a composition for violin alone.

For awhile the eyes of the musical part of his audience never moved from him, and it really seemed as though their ears rose and expanded to meet the sounds. At last they relaxed and interchanged significant looks and slight nods, while the violinist played on. When he stopped, there was an audible sigh.

Now the violinist, flushed with enthusiasm, looked about from one to another, thinking it time for somebody else to break the silence.

At last the druggist spoke.

"We'd be glad to have you spend to-morrow with us," he said, and there was a tremor of anxiety in his voice, "and a few days longer if you are in no hurry. We will treat you well and give you an opportunity to rest up from your travels."

That "rest up" was such a rank irony, since they had found what it was to rest up there year after year that the others privately shook their heads at the druggist, but he took no heed.

"Certainly; he would be pleased to remain in their company a few days."

The conclave heaved a sigh of relief in chorus. Then, in good spirits, bade him rest well, and departed, with an appointment for next morning.

Out at the gate the conclave shook hands all around and performed such antics of elation as would be unadvisable to

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tell of to any reader but one who was a musician himself, and thereby capable of appreciating the situation.

At three the next afternoon the old classic trios were ringing out over the "city" and suburbs of Villeburg again. The second violin and 'cellist were as happy as bobolinks, and the entire population, with inconsiderable exceptions, was gathered around, indoors and out, for the winter weather was not that of New England. The violinist was better than their old leader—was all that could be desired.

In a lull the druggist, recollecting the Mexican's manuscript, hunted it up and placed it on the racks.

Once more the fiddlers three scattered harmony abroad on the desert, but this time in a different movement. It was a wild, wierd, bold, bad, intricate composition that might have come from the shades, but it held both audience and players from the start. Before the trio had played three strains they were gazing at their parts with a trance-like expression, and playing mechanically. When they reached the end they began it over again. They were far away in spirit, and not amid calm scenes either; their hair was bristling.

This is what they saw:

A temple with a front of bright gold, and a great golden idol, both facing the sunrise. Ten yards away was a round stone very like the upper runner of an old-fashioned grist-mill, without any hole through it. Ending at this stone was a column of bound men four miles long, guarded on both sides all the way. At the stone were six richly appareled men, of powerful build. Two of them would seize a man from the column and throw him on his back on this round topped stone. Then two held his arms, two held his legs, a fifth pressed down his shoulders and produced a tension over the chest, a sixth slashed a great keen-edged knife between the ribs of the left chest, relieving the tension, causing the chest to gap open and show the victim's heart palpitating in the sight of day. Then the heart was plucked out, cut loose and flung at the feet of the idol; then together they flung the body without a heart over a cliff near by, and returned to the next.

It was a scene from centuries gone by, among the sun-worshipers of Peru. The six priests handled the victims with wonderful speed and skill till they were exhausted, when

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a fresh six were ready to relieve them. The work was to proceed interruptedly till that whole column was sacrificed.

A child overturned the leader's music rack, but the music was now in his memory and he went right on. Then the child knocked over the other two racks. They all played right on, with a fixed expression, gazing into vacancy.

The audience itself was helpless, enthralled by a horror it could not understand, and enchantment had its grip on the entire scene when the queer old Mexican broke into their midst, with a string of Mexican exclamations:

"Pulque! Pulque! Weeskie!" he cried.

The druggist's clerk, galvanized out of his enchantment brought bottle and glass. The Mexican poured out a dram bent back the first violinist's head and dropped it in his mouth.

That stopped the music.

The half-strangled violinist quit his lead, and without him the others came to a stop as naturally as a wagon deprived of its horse, and gazed vacantly around. All three were in a perspiration. It took the entire bottle of whisky to bring them to rights.

"Noa, noa!" said the old Mexican, earnestly. "I not go to do disaway. I never hear dat polonaise play like dat. I hear some Mexicanos try play heem, and make us feel queer all, but I not know dis! Noa, noa!"

"Here, take your polonaise and burn it," said the druggist. "If we thought you were to blame we would hang you. But that thing was devised by a more diabolical brain than you possess."

It was too much for the new violinist; he departed on the next train.

As the conclave stood disconsolately on the depot platform watching the train diminish on the desert the butcher said:

"Well, we wanted a violinist, but we got too good a one."

Then they thoughtfully dispersed.

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SOME MUSICAL PERSONALITIES.

MR. FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN.

The fine face of the great conductor, Mr. Frank Van Der Stucken, forms a becoming frontispiece to the present issue

MR. M. L. BARTLETT, MUS. DOC.
VICE-PRES. M. T. N. A.

of MUSIC. As the head of the Cincinnati College of Music, one of the few endowed American institutions for the higher

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education in music, Mr. Van Der Stucken is favorably placed for exercising an important influence upon progress. His

MR. WERTHER.

qualities as conductor have been mentioned in these pages several times, and are such that his national and international eminence are only questions of time and opportunity.

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MR. M. L. BARTLETT, MUS. DOC.

Dr. M. L. Bartlett of Des Moines, Ia., is now vice-president of the National Association of Music Teachers, and

MR. HENRY RUIFROCK, PIANIST AND COMPOSER.

would have been president if an opportunity had been given the voters present at the election to vote for him, who so well

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deserved the honor by his splendid work at Des Moines. Dr. Bartlett has been a hard-working musician and director and as leader of a fine chorus and head of an important music school is in position to make his work felt.

MR. EMIL ENNA, COMPOSER AND PIANIST.

MR. WERTHER.

Mr. Werther, head of a music school in Cincinnati, was the hard-working secretary of the M. T. N. A. for the last year or two and had much to do with the pleasure of the meeting at Des Moines.

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MR. RUIFROCK.

Mr. Ruifrock of Des Moines is one of those thoroughly instructed and conscientious artists who fortunately are much

MR. WILLIAM D. ARMSTRONG, COMPOSER.

more numerous in the smaller cities of this country than twenty years ago. He was a pupil of Gade, and is an accomplished and sincere artist.

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MR. RUDOLPH GANZ.

MR. EMIL ENNA.

Mr. Emil Enna is head of a music school in Des Moines, Ia. Mr. Enna is of Danish origin, his family being noted for its musical talent. It is believed that he is related to the well-

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known Danish composer, Mr. August Enna. Mr. Enna is a sincere teacher and a practical pianist. He also has ambition as composer, but a list of his compositions is not just now at hand.

MR. KLUM.

MR. W. D. ARMSTRONG.

Mr. W. D. Armstrong will be recognized by those well informed in current events as the president of the Illinois Association of Music Teachers. Mr. Armstrong is a composer as well as teacher, his published works numbering scores, in

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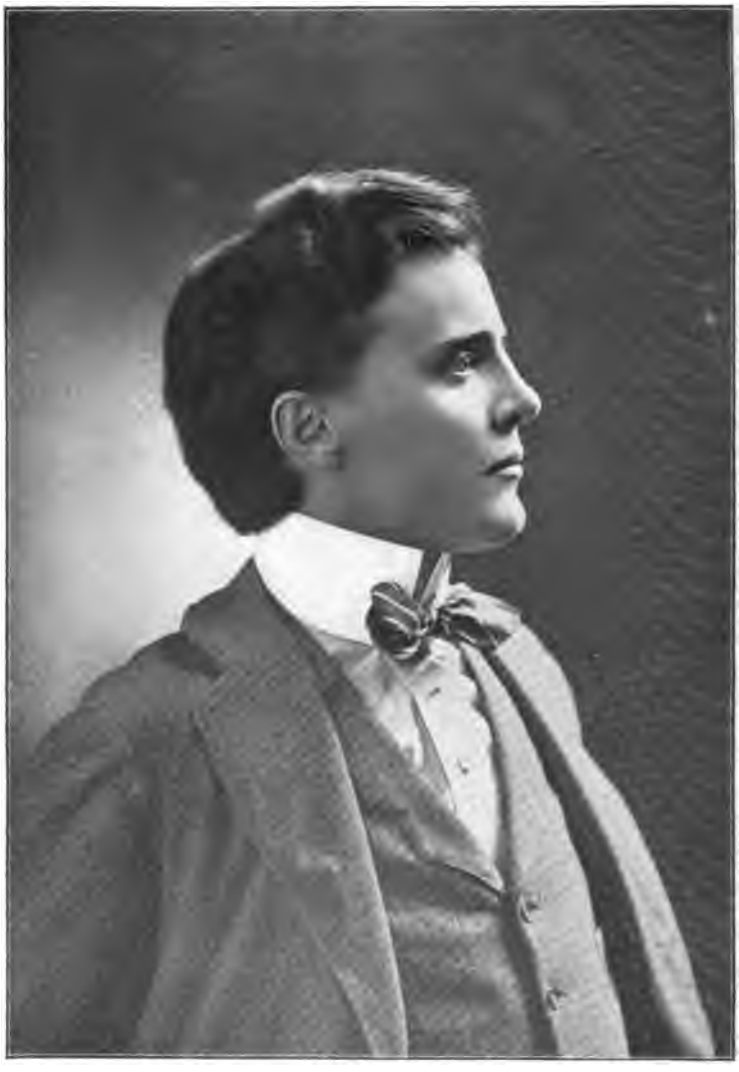
various styles. He resides at Quincy, Ill., where his work commands the respect of all who understand and follow it.



MR. HENRY P. EAMES.

MR. RUDOLPH GANZ.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, a native of Zurich, Switzerland, is the same whose symphonic poem was mentioned so favorably

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in the resume of Swiss music, printed in the preceding issue of this magazine. He has been located in Berlin, where he has held a high position as pianist and virtuoso but, like so many during the past thirty years, he has succumbed to the pleasing solicitations of Dr. Ziegfeld and his name now adorns the list of the faculty of the Chicago Musical College. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Ganz will form a valuable accession to the musical forces of this city.

MR. HERMANN KLUM.

Mr. Klum is a young pianist from Vienna, who is now added to the faculty of the Chicago Musical College. He has his reputation to establish and his future will be watched with care.

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PRACTICAL AESTHETICISM IN MUSIC.

BY MABEL JOSEPHINE COATS.

To present in full the entire realm of the beautiful in music is within neither the power of song nor of any single instrument. Song was, of course, the original source of all musical ideas and emotions, and all instrumental music has had to take that for its base to work upon. But our imaginations demanded more, something with more compass, volume and greater variety than the human voice could give. So instruments supply what the voice lacks in range and variety of figuration, and must have their own individual timber. The various instruments by themselves are inadequate to produce artistic performances. Consequently the keyed instruments are capable of more range and the pianoforte does more to satisfy the artistic sense within wider limits than any other instrument. And as that is the most common and familiar instrument, one can be no better repaid than seeking for the beautiful in its music and literature.

The development of our aesthetic natures is a gradual growth. When we first begin the study of music it is generally the jingling dance tunes that seem to satisfy and give us more pleasure. In the works of the masters we see no meaning, they certainly seem devoid of "beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed." But as we advance there comes the time when be begin to investigate music, from not only a practical, but a theoretical standpoint, and as we progress, all interest in what for a time seemed to satisfy, has disappeared. It has ceased to be a pleasure, and we seem to be and live in an entirely new world, so different are our thoughts and ambitions.

Could there be a person who has studied music who has not been made happier? One cannot help becoming more observing and more appreciative. The character must necessarily become more strengthened and views broadened. It is a life in itself and by itself. It makes us think nobler

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thoughts, lifts us above the petty annoyances of life. And if we think better and are better, then our music will be better and others will understand it as such.

Music is not seen but felt. We should therefore be more than anxious to develop our aesthetic natures, for as we feel so will we make others feel. In our study we must work, work constantly. Not only physically but mentally. Physically, not for technic alone, for much time and energy are wasted in the practice of studies and mechanical exercises which have the form but not the substance. Technic, however, is necessary, perhaps the chiefest necessity, still it is the means, not the end. The finest technic in the hands of the highest ideal is a requisite of art, and is to be sought after by pianoforte virtuosi as one of the loftiest aims.

But that conception which recognizes the beautiful only in that one lofty aim should not be promoted. A continual parade of this aim leads one to fancy art as merely idealized morality. This conception may be true from an ethical standpoint, but we are discussing the right artistic sense. Even the beauty that finds its greatest expression in sensuous charms is within the scope of the pianoforte, and I think we can justly repel the views of many theoretists who take Beethoven as an early example and are unfriendly to the technic of our modern times.

Our pianoforte has innumerable grades of beauty and it seems like a forcible invasion of the rights of the science of beauty to ignore or neglect the latter day grades for the sake of the highest.

It may be a little hard to distinguish between aesthetical life in theory and that in practice. We must trace out the general laws of the science of beauty in their application to the material subject matter, which make it possible.

Thus we find that pianoforte playing finds its sphere of action chiefly in the demands for the realization of the ideal subject, and assuming a correct conception of it. We must begin with the first rudiments of art, and follow the workings of the will, as influenced by the imagination, step by step. New ideas will emanate from the subject worked up, until at last the whole conception is reached in its entirety. Universal aesthetics may be more fascinating, owing to its philo-

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sophical charm, for it deals mainly with theories, but we must study the beautiful in its material and actual details, if we make our cultivation of it practical.

As we know, our mechanical training must be perfect in order to make others feel and understand the beautiful thoughts, thus it remains with our fingers whether those thoughts shall be transmitted beautifully or not. When the slightest defect is perceived the effect of the whole is marred, often spoiled. A man who hesitates, stammers, and cannot speak, is no more an orator, it matters not how fine his words or ideas may be, than is a musician a good exponent who has a just, true and high comprehension of all compositions if his technic is deficient. The slightest jar hinders the full development of the ideal. It stops with a most unpleasing feeling the flight of thought that may be just awakening the finest inspiration of feeling.

The ideal must be perfection in all its forms, for the ideal is quite as much material reality as the reflection of it in the mind. The material reality, being the technic, must be subject to our will entirely. All mechanical art is dead unless it be enriched with the musical spirit. Music will effect mankind according to its purpose, quicker, and will leave a deeper and more lasting impression than any of the arts. No matter what its subject, emotion inevitably moves. Of course he who is not moved or fired at heart by the melody which he plays cannot, no matter how much technic he has, acquire the idealized tone color which must characterize a truly artistic rendition and make it be felt by his hearers. For instance, who could play the finale of the E minor sonata, Op. 90, by Beethoven to affect others without himself feeling the intensity and tenderness as must have been in the creative artist?

The thoroughness of a good technical training shows its usefulness when the conception is fired by ideal life. Music is not a pure ideal, for it has its material side as well. But it makes a difference whether this material side be merely brilliantly cold and shining, or whether we may discover in its beauty a deeper and more thoughtful meaning.

To interpret beautifully one must take in the composition as a whole, for the beautiful is unity in diversity. The whole

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must be understood first. In this respect music and painting are analogous. In the artist's picture the general scheme of color and impression to be given are always uppermost in the creator's mind. So should it be with a pianist. Unity must be the guiding thought, while the wealth of separate shading is diffused throughout.

And as the painter chooses certain colors for certain themes, so do the composers choose different keys for their different styles and ideas. As for instance, the majors are usually used for bright animated music, though not always, and the minors for seriousness, sadness and intense longing.

How strange it is that deep down in every human heart there is a discontentment. We dislike dissonances. We want them all to be resolved, resolved to a major keynote. must never forget that this is only the suggestion, that the real meaning lies deeper. The compositions must be penetrated in thought as well as in feeling. Feeling will be the lovelier the more it is spiritualized by thought. Let us not be content to leave everything to blind emotional instinct, for in everything there dwells a law of beauty which can only be discovered by thought and meditation.

A player must be able to distinguish whether a composition is meant to display the sensuous power of a fine technic, where the beauty of the mechanical art is its only charm, or whether there are deeper thoughts beneath the surface. The great creations of a Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and the like have this same beauty, yet their real essence lies deeper.

To be able to distinguish then is the student's task. Study and research, study, not merely as a whole, but in its minutest detail. Although the playing of the pianoforte is a reproductive art yet to interpret its music requires the highest degree of education on the part of the interpreter.

To cultivate our aesthetical natures then we must, beside studying pianoforte music, study the whole domain of music. Also the sciences, as many as are possible, and above all aesthetics and psychology.

Never cease the study of poetry. If we always keep our ideals and strivings the highest we cannot help but receive our reward, and that reward will be the best.

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July 26 Mr. Leopold Godowsky sailed for Paris and Berlin, intending to remain in Europe until some time in January, 1901. His concert work in America will begin about Feb. 1. It has been my opinion for two years that the sooner he plays in Europe the better it will be; and this not because I care so very much for a European seal upon his reputation but because I regard him as making a very curious personal progress in pianism in a direction more likely to retard a European success than to advance it.

When I first had the pleasure of hearing this great pianist, four years ago or more, he was already practically at the top of his repertory; during about two years more he continued to improve and to bring up one after another of the great works which he had already played while still a youth—some of them while a boy. In all these interpretations, whether of Bach, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Brahms, or in the sensational works of the extreme modern school (Balakireff, for instance), he manifested a curious assemblage of great qualities. First of all a consummate technique—a technique so great as to enable him to take up such exacting works as the Paganini variations of Brahms or the Liszt "Tannhauser" overture after a year's neglect and still play them magnificently with little or no preparation. I cannot better illustrate this astonishing handiness with the great things of the repertory of the modern pianist than to mention a circumstance which took place in the summer of 1899, in connection with my summer class. Mr. Godowsky took considerable interest in this class, recognizing its fundamental intention of enlarging and clearing up their ideas of what belonged to the higher art of the piano, to the end that the early steps might be ordered with reference to all sorts of

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these later demands. So it happened one day that I wrote him a note saying that, as the class was near its close, if he happened to be in a mood to play the Brahms Handel variations a day later it would be an immense pleasure to hear him. In response, he appeared upon the morning in question, one of the hottest of the season, and played the following:

Brahms, Variations upon a Handel Theme.
Balakireff, Islamey.
Chopin-Godowsky, Black Key Study.
Study in C major, No. 1.
Study in D major (MSS.).
Badinage.
Liszt, Concert Studies in D flat and F minor.
Overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser."

The playing was great. It was done with the good will and simplicity of a master, but with intense spirit. The effect upon the class was electrical. Everybody felt that for once at least they had heard some real piano playing and had seen genuine virtuosity.

* * *

The peculiar fineness of Godowsky's interpretations of great works is due to his combining qualities which very rarely appear at all, and still more rarely in the same person. His astounding technique, for instance, while the natural consequence of his enormous practice for years and years, nevertheless turns upon certain mental and musical traits, which the virtuoso as such rarely possesses. He not only plays what the author has written, but he brings out a multitude of inner suggestions, accents, delicate suggestions of secondary voices, refined relations of harmony, clear and illuminative rhythms, which in reading the work the very good player would not find there; but when once they have been brought out, everybody who knows the works sees at once that they are there. In this way his interpretations of the Grieg Ballade, the Brahms Handel and Paganini variations, Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, Kreisleriana, Fantasia in C, Carnival, and particularly the Davidsbuendlertanze, the Chopin sonatas, Schumann sonatas, the Liszt Ballade and Sonata, the Liszt studies, and everything of Brahms (the first

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concerto, for example) were one and all epoch-marking readings, as remarkable for the completeness with which they unfolded the innermost meaning of the several authors as for the masterly technique which so completely concealed the enormous practice which had originally gone into them.

From a purely external point of view Godowsky's playing is remarkable. It is a virtuosity of a true sort, with dizzy speed, unrivaled delicacy, enormous power and reserve force, the capacity for most exacting stretches of loud and difficult playing, and a genuine virtuoso delight in overcoming difficulties without allowing it to be seen that they are difficulties. Moreover, Godowsky excels most players—all, in fact, that I have heard—in always keeping in touch with the well-sounding. His ear for pianistic effect and his instinct for the well-sounding are exquisite, so that the nuances, in compositions which completely illustrate these qualities of the best writing for the pianoforte, are most wonderful. I am of opinion, therefore, that if he plays in Europe under proper auspices, such as will bring out a public of those who understand, his position as a great master will be conceded and established almost at a bound. I do not see how it can be otherwise.

* * *

The reason I am anxious for Godowsky to be heard as soon as possible in Europe, is found in his curious growth during the past two years. Since he turned loose upon his long-cherished idea of arranging and rewriting the Chopin studies with reference to the left hand, he has undergone a very curious psychological development. The first ten studies, issued by the house of Schirmer last year, are clever works and undoubtedly give the left hand work to do which is epoch-marking in its scope; but they are bagatelles to the thirty additional studies he has composed within the last year. During his summer at Willmette, in 1899, he wrote some fifteen new paraphrases of the Chopin studies, and later has added fifteen more. Upon leaving for Europe he delivered to his publisher nineteen of these, intending to finish more during the voyage—i. e., to add fingering and pedal marks. As he told the publisher in the beginning, the practicability of these novel tasks turns very much upon the

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adoption of his fingerings, which are novel, ingenious and occasionally tricky. (For instance, his habit of sliding from a black key to the next white one.)

I have had the pleasure of hearing these studies many and many times during the whole course of their development; often from the moment when a few lines had been written until the final finish, a half-dozen hearings. I do not consider them by any means of equal excellence. Some of them are veritable inspirations, full of music, and as senuously beautiful as they are complicated and subtle. There is one in D major, founded upon the study opus 10, No. 10, which is a dream in its quiet beauty.

I have often wondered what the oncoming young virtuoso will think of these studies in which the difficulties are so cleverly concealed. One of this sort is the "Feu Follet" in A minor, in which the cantus fermus consists of the chromatic scale of the second study in opus 10, here placed for the thumb and second finger of the left hand, the harmonic notes being touched in with the lower fingers of the same hand, exactly as they are in the original by the right hand. Over this delicate suggestion to the left hand to awaken itself, he has placed a 12-8 Scherzo, and the effect is delightful—marvelous. But all the glory of the left hand is as thoroughly concealed as if it were playing merely chords; for the effect turns upon this running work in even sixteenths being played delicately and evasively, like ornamental voices in the middle fabric of an orchestral score, where they are not distinctly heard as voices, but add an elusive and evasive richness to the total effect. This kind of thing is new with Godowsky. And in some of these studies he has added enrichments of suggested voices, rhythms on the half and quarter beat, which give the total composition an almost overwrought effect, like the elaborate masterpieces of one of the old goldsmiths, such as Benvenuto Cellini. In fact, I think the tendency to overornamentation is very perceptible.

A practical acquaintance with some of these studies, as they lie for hands of young players, shows that they are by no means so impossible as they sound. Godowsky's theory that the left hand, so far from being too weak to play the piano, is in fact better situated for playing than the right

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hand, approves itself as soon as the left hand is given a fair chance. And hence I am looking for an appreciable effect upon the younger generation of players through the more expanded conception of pianoforte technics. I have already referred to this as a possible factor in the interpretations of great master works later on.

I think it will lead to a finer appreciation of the less obvious traits of all the best masterworks of the pianist's repertory.

Mr. Godowsky's playing, and still more his affiliations for certain works long regarded as impossible of effective public performance, is another evidence that I am right. The Grieg Ballade, for instance, and especially the Davidsbuendlertaenze of Schumann—what have these for a player of the quality of the generation which used the Liszt Hungarian rhapsodies as their war horses?

And, speaking of the rhapsodies, has it been observed how infinitely worse were the operatic fantasies with which Liszt himself used to electrify his audiences? I have before me as I write his version of Bellini's "Sonnambula," and it is what the boys call a "daisy" with a circumflex accent. It contains, naturally, the chief airs of the opera, arranged with regard to difficulties, especially in the finale, where he combines two airs—the whole, while having a good many tenths to be played square, like octaves, is not difficult at all in the light of these modern things. It is the same with his "Don Juan"—an empty, trashy piece, justifiable only through its long kept up reputation of difficulty. It was with these Liszt used to stir up enthusiasm, just as Gottschalk used to do with his "Bamboula" and his four-hand arrangement of the overture to Rossini's "William Tell," the author playing the difficult first part against the best local amateur obtainable in the comparatively easy second part.

It is conceivable that the last sonatas of Beethoven may yet take on a sensuous beauty not foreseen, through the delicate enlightenment of these later technics.

* * *

One reason why I have thought it advisable for Mr. Godowsky to be heard in Europe as soon as possible is found in his growing tendency to bring out inner voices, and occasionally

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to make them the main idea, especially in repetitions of the main theme. This kind of thing in moderation is excellent, but in Europe criticism is executed by men who as a class have strict ideals of the letter of the law. The old dispensation stands represented in them and they stand there like so many Shylocks for the letter of the bond. When one of these hears the unexpected melodies in the Liszt concert study in F minor, for example, he is liable to arise and reason vitriolically with the artist. The German critic is nothing if not frank—nay, brutal. Moreover such a tendency is liable to be carried too far, and in the pleasure of deluding his hearers and himself in finding unexpected suggestions of melody and idea, one is liable to lose sight of the main idea itself.

* * *

Up to the present there is one pleasant circumstance in the development of Godowsky; it is his continuing to derive pleasure from refined musical relations rather than from mere brutal mass. This has preserved him from such noisy brutalities as the Tschaikowsky sonata, which sounds like a Massenet procession of Amazons, with its drums and cymbals, its triangle, and its brutal rhythm.

* * *

In being heard in Europe Mr. Godowsky will naturally be measured against the great representatives of pianism—D'Albert, Busoni, Rosenthal, and the young giant Dohnanyi and Gabrielovitch perhaps. But the young fellows have quite a long road to travel before reaching the maturity of such artists as the four older ones. Rosenthal we all have heard—and great artist he is; Busoni is said to have a colossal technique and to be very clear in leading of voices, but perhaps a little wanting in delicacy of tone color. D'Albert did not show great qualities in this country. Paderewski does not belong to this class. He is a more sentimental player, but he has not the technique. Therefore, this new entry, if made, will lend interest to the progress of piano playing, an interest which European centers are sure to feel, no matter which way the laurel may fall. And if Mr. Godowsky should find himself famous as a player, as he already is in Europe as a composer of these new things, it will be at least a nut to

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those who fancy that there is no possibility of achieving success as a concert pianist without lessons from Leschetizky. Mr. Godowsky's playing is self-developed entirely.

* * *

Speaking of musical scholars, I had an interesting evening not long ago with Mr. Frederic Horace Clarke. I place a period after his name because there are too many reasons for taking an interest in him to include them in a single paragraph. Clarke is mentioned in Miss Amy Fay's "Music Study Abroad," because he was one of the original crowd of Kullak pupils who discovered Deppe and went over to him. Among the pupils of Deppe was Anna Steiniger, his best player, a woman of charming nature and pure ideals. She was famous for her refined and sensitive playing of Mozart, but she was equal to the larger and more modern repertory. Clarke had originally made his way to Germany at the age of sixteen, upon a capital of fifty dollars, starting from Pittsburg, Pa., and losing a fortnight in New York. He landed in Leipsic with about five dollars left, expecting to be taken in with open arms by the conservatory for the sake of his talent. His fascinating and childlike confidence got hold of the rather strict German mind of the conservatory and after some delay he actually was received as a free pupil. He studied there some time and returned to America, where he had good success as a teacher. Having saved up money, he was now in Berlin upon his second pilgrimage to the Jerusalem of musical light and strength. Here he soon married Miss Steiniger and they came together to Boston, where Clarke at once entered into a highly congenial circle of the literary people, who like a musician all the better if he has a certain flavor of the unworldly about him, as Clarke always had.

The scholarship of Mr. Clarke is prodigious, and it is not the theoretical scholarship of the German pedant, but a good right down reliability at the keyboard. With his own right hand and his nervy arm (to parody the words of the psalmist) he is able to play at call practically the whole of the thirty-two sonatas of Beethoven, with an especial leaning towards those of the last period; pretty much all the great piano works of Schumann, Chopin and many of those of Liszt.

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All of this playing is characterized by the intelligence of a man who feels every note and understands exactly whither the tonal web is momentarily tending, its texture of inner voices, its psychological significance and a poetic intention of story attached or semi-attached. In short, there are very few pianists anywhere able to quote at call a larger chapter of the best literature of the piano.

I scarcely know precisely where Mr. Clarke falls something short of being a superior performing virtuoso, for virtuoso in some degree he surely is. No man has a purer faith in music; none a surer discrimination between that which means and that which does not. Yet, while it is playing to respect, to admire, it is also to criticize. He is often too loud and his finger work is rather under done. On the other hand, he has great breadth and earnestness. I imagine that his peculiarities of technique are his own, due to a rather superlative reaction against what he calls the German "finger-knocking system," meaning thereby the German method of regarding finger action as the be-all and end-all of the pianist.

But whatever his peculiarities, any artist able to speak at call upon so large a chapter of the musical literature, is a man to know with respect. But Clarke is something more; he is a man to be loved. A more childlike man has rarely lived. The simplicity which carried him on foot from Leipsic to Weimar, Halle, Eisenach, and Switzerland upon his solitary five dollars while waiting for the letter destined as he feared to call him home from the very doors of the Leipsic sanctuary, abides with him since, despite the hard knocks of adversity, the loss of the gifted Steiniger, and his own double responsibilities as acting mother to a brood of small children. And so it was at the home of this man, the one so delightfully praised by Bettina Walker in her book, that I spent a very pleasant evening. We had music. It was by the children and the wife, as well as by Mr. Clarke himself.

The present Mrs. Clarke was his pupil. At the age of sixteen, with the self-abnegation of the American woman, she gave herself up to the career of mother for these three small children of Anna Steiniger; and to these she now adds three of her own. She has a beautiful hand and plays with great taste and appreciation. The oldest daughter,

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quite the image of her mother in countenance, bids fair to be a pianist like her mother, Anna Steiniger. She has a lovely hand, a clear head, and already quite a large repertory. Then the boy, also a son of Anna Steiniger, about ten years old, plays well.

Mr. Clarke holds a custom which does not appeal to me so forcibly as it seems to appeal to him. He has the habit of playing the solos of his wife and children with them, at a second piano. In this way we heard the Polonaise in E by Liszt, the Scherzo in B flat minor by Chopin, and a variety of other pieces, all played upon two pianos in unison. He even gave a concert in this way before the Chicago University. It is a case where a very satisfactory unity prevails in the ensemble; but all the same it seems to me to be the father who forms the ensemble. The children seem to me merely to accompany. I hold this for a wrong habit. They ought to learn independence as soon as possible.

That there is a useful training in this double playing I admit; it gives the young player the step, the cadence, the feeling of the great work. But I do not find that the piece comes with this firm assurance when the piano of the father is silent. Nevertheless, how many households are there where this spirit of family affection and sympathy prevail? I have seen very few—if any. And as Miss Clarke is still less than fourteen, there is quite time for her to add to her knowledge of the great masterworks she plays the firmness which is the quality she as yet lacks.

Mr. Clarke has once again located in Chicago, although still keeping up his work at the large normal school in Valpariaso, Indiana. He already has a number of recital engagements for the coming season.

* * *

What a wonderful change in the musical status of Chicago during the past five years! I doubt whether few cities can show as marked an advance. When Mr. William H. Sherwood came here he found at the head of our piano teaching Mr. Emil Liebling, Mr. Hyllested, and Mr. Seeboeck. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler lived here, but her work was mostly elsewhere, Chicago having a proverbially poor welcome for prophets in their own country. After Sherwood came Mr.

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Godowsky; after him Mr. Von Schiller, Mr. Knupfer, and Arthur Friedheim. This year adds to our resources Mr. Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss composer and pianist, Mr. Klum, and others. Mr. Glenn Dillard Gunn comes to the American Conservatory, where he finds Mr. Allen Spencer, a recital pianist of large practice, as well as several other capable masters. In singers the advance has been nearly as great. In fact, for piano playing there are few cities in the world able to offer better work than is done in Chicago.

* * *

From all I hear, Mr. Sherwood must be doing a great work at Chautauqua. For years he has worked there, every summer, always giving about eight recitals and lectures, and teaching the throngs of pupils who gather there to refresh themselves from this fountain of the advanced and the authoritative in music. I hear that his business this season is likely to be larger than ever before.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

TAXES AND LABOR IN FRANCE.

In his interesting letters to Presto, Mr. Frank D. Abbott takes occasion to mention the very heavy taxes which the French workman has to pay upon his food supplies, especially everything which can be classed as a luxury. He says:

"Chambre meublee a louer, 166 rue du L——." Such was a little advertisement, carefully and legibly written out by hand, that appeared before me when I purchased my paper this morning. It seems that the stubby little "marchand des journaux" has a beautiful room to rent. This is all right but it did not attract my attention because I wished a room; it was the 10 centimes stamp (2 cents) pasted on the left hand corner that caught my eye. This is one of the things that are taxed: this little advertisement. I inclose herewith an "affiche," which is a placard in the musical instrument section at the exposition, on which is printed the program and announcement of the concert which took place last night in the United States pavilion. On all the advertisements placed around there is pasted a stamp of 10 and 2-10 centimes, the additional 2-10 centimes being required on account of this one being a larger poster than the usual size. I have given you heretofore some of the mediums of taxation, how everything brought into the city of Paris is taxed, that is, made to pay the "octroi." This is why the Parisian must pay Frs. 5.00 ($1) for an ordinary chicken; Frs. 0.30 (60 cents) for a pound of butter; Frs. 0.50 (10 cents) for a pound of butter; Frs. 0.50 (10 cents) for a pound of sugar; Frs. 4.00 (80 cents) for a pound of coffee, and everything else in proportion. This is why so many of the workmen and so many Parisians in ordinary circumstances sit out at their noonday meal and make their "dejeuner" of bread and wine. This is all right, but it has a bearing on labor. The question resolves itself, "what should be the wages of the workmen obliged to pay these prices?" Although he cannot daily indulge in these so-called "luxuries," he must, nevertheless, pay good prices or prices proportionate for what he does eat. If the ordinary laborer in a piano factory, we will say, received $15 a week (and $15 a week in Paris is not equal to more than half that amount in Germany and other European countries), what must be the final cost of the instruments upon which he is working? If the wages of workmen are as much in Paris as in the United States, and the ex-

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pense of material higher, as a rule, especially in the matter of lumber and metal, how does the French manufacturer stand in the matter of competing in the world's market in the sale of pianos? That it costs more to manufacture pianos in France than in other European countries goes without saying, and hand labor is a very important consideration in all lines of manufacture in Paris where everything, as far as can be, is done by hand, adding to the expense of production. This fact of so much hand production, so much hand work in case making to the exclusion of machinery, makes a good showing in the number of workmen in piano factories, but it is expensive. However, machinery is being more and more adopted in all lines of manufacture here—piano as well as others—but the amount of hand labor as against the work of machinery is yet very great.

A most interesting feature of the exposition, and one which shows how carefully European manufacturers in all lines are making it the basis of study, is the great number of workmen being sent here to visit the fair grounds. Almost daily delegations of artisans from different parts of Europe arrive in Paris. These artisan excursions seem to have been begun by the Sunlight Soap manufacturers, Birmingham, England, who sent over about 500 employes the latter part of May. Since then their example has been followed by numerous others.

A noticeable feature of the Baldwin concert last night was the free and unrestrained distribution of programs—something that struck the average Frenchman, Londoner and Berliner with no small amount of astonishment, accustomed as they are to seeing programs sold and not given away. Mr. Somlyo has carried out the American idea in these concerts, one of which is to give away as many programs as possible, instead of the European practice of giving away as few, making them scarce and obtainable only at so much for each.

LETTER FROM STUTTGART.

August 11, 1900.

We had a beautiful and smooth voyage across. Mr. Weischinger and myself arranged a concert on board the steamer "Phoenicia" for the benefit of the Bremen Lloyd fire survivors, from which the nice little sum of $135 was realized. Arrived in Hamburg July 20, and here July 24, after a two days' stay in Berlin. Have been on the go ever since, making and receiving visits and attending garden concerts; one of these, on July 25, was given here in the large Liederkranz Garden, by our genial countryman, Mr. Sousa (whom I cordially greeted), with great success. Every number on the program was recalled, and usually two encores were given, making the music continual from 8 to 11 o'clock, with only ten minutes' intermission. The most interesting historical military concert that I have ever heard,

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was given here August 5 by the band of the Duke of Baden (Karlsrhue), Capellmaster A. Boettge, beginning with the 14th and ending with the 19th century. This orchestra of seventy-five artists surpasses all others to my knowledge in tone color, perfect intonation, whim, expression, characteristic accents, and harmonious blending. The first four nuumbers were performed with brass and wood wind instruments, including two double basses, and the balance of program mixed instruments with the exception of Wagner's "Parsifal" and Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," which were played heavenly. The last number was performed most beautifully with a Vienna dash by stringed instruments, including a xilophone and a monster accordeon. In some of the numbers the musicians sang like a well-trained singing society, and also showed their diverse talent by whistling. They had a great variety of curious instruments, trombones and English horns of unusual size—from eight to nine feet long. The pieces were progressively arranged. Tickets with reserved seat only 25 cents, admission 18 cents, and 2½ cents extra for programs.

My pupil, Bessie Silberfeld, is now in Weimar studying with Busoni (who is very much interested in her) until October 1; will see and hear her play on my return. She writes me that a very fine concert was given at Weimar August 7 at the "Tempelhurn House" in remembrance of Liszt's death (fourteenth anniversary). Busoni and Vianna la Motta, a great artist and court pianist of Lisbon, played duos and each several solos. The first number was Faust Symphony for two pianos, arranged by Liszt; then came various solos by both artists. The last number was Beethoven's 9th Symphony transcribed by Liszt for two pianos, etc. I shall be back in New York by October 1. Yours sincerely, WM. M. SEMNACHER.

—American Art Journal.

PAREPA ROSA.

Memories are our happiness, our treasures, our hopes. They outlive the lapse of time, they defy decay, grow brighter and greener with age, leaving their sweet fragrance behind them amid the shifting scenes in the drama of life, that come and go like the many colored figures of a kaleidoscope, one great embodiment of all the noblest virtues, beauties of character and gifts of artistic excellencies, stands forth pre-eminently great. It seems only yesternight, that I beheld her as she trod the stage with the majestic, yet graceful step of a queen, with her beautiful poised head, lips half parted, face wreathed in smiles, form and features of a seraph, bosom rising and swelling with strong emotion, pouring forth those thrilling tones of marvelous power and beauty.

Tonight, as Leonore in "Fidelio," Beethoven's masterpiece, demanding the exercise of the highest lyric and histrionic gifts, and on

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the following evening, with equal fidelity and success taking the part of the piquant, coquettish, vivacious Zerlina, Auber's heroine in "Fra Diavolo." In either character, so faultless was her impersonation, dramatically and vocally, as to disarm censure, while she wooed and won the ecstatic approval of the most critical.

Whether she sang, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" or "Coming Trough the Rye," she was the same glorious Parepa.

But not alone as an artist did she shine with undiminished luster. In many ways she endeared herself to those who knew her, and to whom was accorded the gratifying privilege of observing those qualities of mind and body which made the world better and gave additional proof that the Hand that made us is divine.

It was in one of the many beautiful cities of which our prolific West can boast. We had arrived after a long, tedious journey by rail; but a good night's rest, and together with a thoroughly enjoyed breakfast, had refreshed us and we appeared at the opera house, ready for a long rehearsal of the opera "Faust."

The day dawned bright and beautiful, not a cloud dimmed the sky. The air was soft and balmy. Promptly, at the hour of 10, the time designated in the call, Parepa appeared on the stage, her face beaming and rosy, and as she passed the members of the chorus made room for her, bowing as if she were royalty itself, she greeting us with a hearty, "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen."

Making the way to the footlights, where sat the little Rosa, with baton in hand, surrounded by the orchestra, ready for work, she sweetly said: "Mr. Rosa, we can run over the salient points of the opera, which will occupy about twenty minutes. The day is so fine and the weather so inviting, the boys and girls would like to see the town, while I am sure they will sing all the better at night, for this kind and timely respite from the fatigues of yesterday's travel." You can rest assured that the cheer that followed this sweet and beautiful speech only faintly echoed the love and esteem we all entertained for this paragon of loveliness and queen of song.

It must have assured her of our readiness, at all times, to do our best to make her tour eminently successful financially as well as artistically.

Before we were dismissed, Carl Rosa said: "Boys, remember the soldier chorus tonight; we must get a big encore. If you get one, you will find a keg of beer and plenty of sandwiches down-stairs as a reward." Need I add that the day was thoroughly enjoyed, and at night, before a crowded house, we received, not one, but three recalls. The smile on the leader's face was more eloquent than words. It seemed to me that it could not have been sung better. All the power vocally and the enthusiasm physically we could exert, we gave.

At the close of the chorus, before the last notes of the orchestra died away, the index finger of Mr. Rosa's left hand pointed significantly towards the dressing room under the stage, the meaning and

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eloquence of which we thoroughly comprehended, as well as heartily appreciated. I am sure no artist ever trod the stage who possessed a kinder heart, and to whom the happiness of the chorus was dearer, than Parepa Rosa.

There is one more incident which will illustrate more vividly the human side of this glorious woman, which I will relate.

Parepa had a lady friend to whom she was greatly attached, and upon whom she called one cold, frosty morning. Upon her entering the house, she was requested to amuse herself while her friend made a call of charity, one too long neglected.

"No," said Parepa, "I will go with you." Together they entered the carriage and soon reached the humble abode of the poor. Ascending the rickety stairway, in response to a knock they were ushered into a room, in which were assembled a few friends and neighbors, who had lent their presence as a token of respect to the mortal remains of a friend.

The mother lay in the coffin, the little children were crying, and the minister had already begun the burial service. The remarks of the holy man were very mal apropos. The children could not understand why their mother should have been taken away from them. The only one they loved, and who loved them, lay cold and lifeless in yonder box. The minister had done. The sextion was about to close the coffin lid, Parepa rose and with bowed head approached the coffin.

Placing one hand upon the marble forehead of the dead, with her eyes liquid with pity's tears, while her bosom heaved with emotions she could scarcely suppress, in tones of exquisite tenderness and pathos sang that marvelously beautiful aria, "Angels ever bright and fair." As the last notes died away, she bowed her face and kissed the cold lips of the mother and friend.

This act was simply Christ-like. No wonder that all loved her!

MORETTI'S STATUE OF STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Foster melodies are to be sung at the dedication of the Stephen C. Foster monument in Pittsburg on the 12th of September. The erection of the monument in Highland Park is a long delayed tribute to a Pittsburger who was without honor in his own country long after "Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Dog Tray," and other like compositions had been received elsewhere and their author given recognition of his ability. On the principle, it is supposed, that it is never too late to do well, the monument is now to be erected and all of Pittsburg will be given an opportunity to attend the dedicatory exercises and thus show appreciation of the poet and musician. The monument was purchased by the "Press" Memorial Fund and is made from a design made by Signor Moretti of New York. On the day of the unveiling of the monument all the school

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children in Pittsburg will be given a holiday and the occasion will be made one which every one will likely remember for years to come.

READING AT SIGHT.

I believe attention is due the subject of public school music and sight-singing by music teachers' associations, not because there has been such a development in this branch of music as to command recognition, but because its votaries have accomplished so little by themselves that it seems high time for a discussion of the subject among thinking musicians generally.

When we say that teachers of sight-singing and music in the public schools, as a class, are and have ever been unfitted for their work in the most important of its fundaments, we make mental reservation for individual exceptions; but the charge holds good as a generality. Musicians in other branches—especially teachers of the singing voice—have regarded the school music teacher with a certain lofty contempt, not incomprehensible, but certainly narrow. On the other hand, the sight-singing teachers, conscious of their ability to swing through the staff and added lines on that buoyant trapeze, the "movable do," with a dizzy rapidity that the average voice teacher could not hope to emulate, have held aloof from the men and women who simply know enough to teach "voice placing." And so, at all conventions, the voice teachers have huddled together in their little sectional meeting and vented their sarcasm on the public school music teachers who acquire their education in a ten weeks' summer normal course, and who allow the voices of children under their care to be ruined; and in another room the public school music teachers have swarmed together and applauded the stings of their king bee as he told how the pupils of noted voice teachers came to him utterly unable to read a hymn at sight or to indicate the tonic in a scale with the signature of one sharp.

Under these conditions, it is obvious that the widening chasm between teachers of sight-singing and teachers of the voice could never be bridged. Mutual suspicion and contempt have reigned where there should have been, from the start, mutual interest and sympathy. The voice teachers, instead of recognizing their personal interests in the methods of instructing school children from among whom their future pupils were to come, have dismissed the whole subject with a contemptuous wave of the hand. "Public school music teaching is a farce," they have said; and in most cases they were right. But they made no effort to correct the abuses. Furthermore, they have for the most part utterly failed to recognize the importance of sight-reading among their own pupils, and have, as is charged by the sight-singing teachers, turned out soloists who are unable to read a hymn at sight.

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It is not patent that, had there been co-operation between the voice teacher and the teacher of sight-singing, each branch would have become welded into such close relation with the other that voice-training would imply the ability to read music, and sight-singing the ability to properly use voice. And who will say that this should not be the conditions of things?

Realizing the clannishness that has heretofore kept the voice teachers in one section of the music teachers' conventions, and the teachers of sight-singing in another, it seems that a public session for school music, where discussion will be open to musicians of all branches, will provide the common ground upon which understanding may eventually be brought out of chaos. In all probability the discussion will, at first, be somewhat partisan; but the sense of equity which is sure to dominate any and all open conventions in this land of free speech and thought will finally assert itself and the fittest will survive. When things shall finally have become adjusted in their proper relations, we will demand that every teacher of sight-singing be thoroughly grounded in the fundaments of voice production, and that every vocalist shall be a sight-reader of music.—The Concert-Goer.

THE ESTATE OF BRAHMS.

The inventory of Brahms' effects, says an exchange, shows that he left about $80,000 in the bank. He had no jewelry, not even a ring. He had a gold watch and chain, an old silver watch, some snuff-boxes and cigarette cases, some crowns of laurel in silver, goblets in gold or silver, etc., that had been given to him. He did not own a piano. Streicher, a manufacturer of Vienna, lent him one and took it back after the death of Brahms. There were portraits of Bach, Handel, Cherubini, Mendelssohn in his workroom; and on his bureau was a picture of Robert and Clara Schumann, with an autograph-dedication. Portraits of Schumann and Shakespeare, and some modern engravings of famous pictures by old masters were in his bedroom. A bust and a statuette of Beethoven and a bust of Haydn were in front of the piano. He owned a number of drawings, water-colors, and modern engravings, among them the original sketches of Max Klinger for his illustrations of songs by Brahms, and a fine proof of the original engraving by Durer, "The Virgin Seated with the Child Under a Tree." There were modern honorary medals of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and the medal struck by Scharff in honor of Brahms, who owned the unique proof in gold. His library was of 488 volumes, which for the most part treated of music, 1,419 musical publications of all sorts, among them the complete works of the classic composers, and twenty or more diplomas concerning Brahms. There were many letters of contemporary composers and virtuosos, some autograph letters of Goethe, Schiller, Korner, Schopenhauer,

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and a scheme for an opera-book by Turgeneff. Brahms also had one hundred and eighty-two musical autographs of great value; several autographs of Beethoven, copies of scores corrected by him, and a "conversation leaf," on which visitors wrote for the benefit—or to the distress—of the deaf master; a dozen of Mozart's compositions and some letters of Leopold Mozart with autograph P. S. of the young son to his mother; a series of autographs of Schubert and Schumann, with a letter written by the latter to the father of Brahms; autographic fragments of "Tristan" and "Rheingold," with twenty letters of Wagner to Brahms; six lieder by Weber, with an autograph letter to Spohr; autographic compositions by Haydn, Cherubini, Berlioz, Chopin, Donizetti, Liszt, Rubenstein, Spohr; the autographic score of Johann Straus' "Ritter Pazman." The number of Brahms' own manuscript scores does not exceed thirty-three.

TRAITS OF MME. WAGNER.

The two women were trying to make the long wait pass quickly. One appeared early in the first act, then sat in her dressing-room for two hours and a half before she was seen again by the public. The other appeared more frequently, but her role was unimportant, and she had merely given her name to strengthen the ensemble. The first woman, to whose dressing-room the other had gone for a chat in the interval, is the most famous singer in her field now before the public. The two women congratulated each other on the fact that they would never be called on again during the season to sing two such uninteresting roles, for it was the last performance of the work. One spoke to the other about her recent success in a Wagnerian role which was in some particulars quite out of her line..

"It was so much like Bayreuth, I am told," she began, "that I wondered if you had been there to study it. But I decided that you would never go to Bayreuth."

"But I did go there," answered the other, who had gained her great fame in other than Wagnerian roles. "I spent two weeks there with the stage manager, and found him wonderful in his ability to coach one in the dramatic and musical phases of the roles. He is especially capable in the dramatic features of the work. I got along excellently with him. It was only with Mme. Cosima Wagner that I had any disputes. As I was not to sing at Bayreuth, her suggestions made no difference to me, and I paid no attention to them. But I could not help feeling a profound pity for those poor singers who are compelled to do what she tells them."

"Poor Mme. Wagner!" said the first woman, with a smile. "I had the same sort of experience with her at the outset. She has many very fantastic and impossible ideas, and it is usually necessary only to be firm with her. I discovered soon after I got there that Bayreuth

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is a court in one important particular, with Mme. Wagner as its queen. Nobody ever tells her the truth. Visitors lie to her and flatter her, singers lie to her, and musicians tell her only what they think she wants to hear. It is, of course, impossible for her under the circumstances to know what is necessary for the best results in the festival performances there. I was more fortunate than most of the other singers in my position there last summer, being the only woman she could get at the time to sing my roles. That made me in a measure independent. But I believe that I should have got along with her anyhow, for I made a stand at our first interview. She told me of the attitudes she expected me to take and of the gestures she considered appropriate. They were absurd. She wanted me to crawl over the floor in a fashion that would have made me look ridiculous. So I decided to find out in the beginning if it were possible for us to get along together. So I told her frankly that it would be out of the question for me to try anything of the kind she proposed. I explained why, and found she was perfectly tractable. She adopted my suggestions, and agreed with me that her plan was a mistake. After what I had heard of Mme. Cosima, this astonished me. But I found that the same plan could always be made successful.

"After that there will be no trouble until it comes from the daughters. They are responsible for most of the absurdities suggested by their mother, who labors under the disadvantage of seeing very little. She is so near-sighted that she has to depend for her knowledge of visual effects on what her daughters tell her. It is not Mme. Wagner who makes the difficulties with which every artist must contend at Bayreuth. It is the children."

"I had some indication of that when I was there studying Eva," said the other woman. "Mme. Wagner was away, and one of the daughters insisted that I must come to Wahnfried and meet at one of the soirees there the blue blood of Bayreuth. This is composed of a few petty nobles, civil officers, and the prosperous bourgeoisie of the little Bavarian town. I declined, but ultimately gave in, for I saw that struggle would be useless. I was introduced to the group gathered in the saloon, and everything passed off successfully enough until I began to scent a disposition to ask me to sing. That I was determined not to do. The downright request came finally, and I refused it with the same directness. There was some polite urging, but I was firm. Then it was a surprise to see the change in the demeanor of the daughters. It was inconceivable to them that anybody should decline the privilege of singing at Wahnfried. Even the local courtiers seemed scandalized by such temerity, but I stuck to my point.

"Mme. Wagner gave me several suggestions as to the way in which she thought certain scenes ought to be acted and sung. Nearly all her ideas are founded on the conditions that exist at the Bayreuth Theater and in some of the German opera houses. Of such auditoriums as one finds in this country she has no conception. For that

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reason it was amusing to me that she should presume to advise me as to the best way of singing certain parts of the music piano. It might have been heard at Bayreuth, but never anywhere else, and yet I flatter myself that I can sing piano. I would never have allowed her, under any circumstances, to give me advice about singing. One day she said to me: 'My dear, you must try to forget all about the Italian operas when you are singing Wagner's. They are not all the same.' My reply was: 'Nobody will ever confuse them. One must know how to sing to give the Italian works.' "

The Bayreuth school of opera singers, which has produced Herr Burgstaller, Frau von Mildenburg, and one or two others, was suggested by this reference to singing as the art is revealed at Bayreuth. The two women, one of them especially distinguished by her preeminence in the art, agreed on this subject. Their opinion was not very flattering to the school founded by Mme. Wagner to carry out her ideas as to the way in which the great Richard's operas should be acted and sung in the future.

"It is one thing to recognize a good vocal method," said one of the women, "and quite another to be able to teach one well a method. For us who go to Bayreuth to sing or learn a certain role there is no danger in what is taught us there. But I do feel sorry for the young people learning there the first they are to know of their art. I have heard some of them sing, and I assure you they gave no evidence of a vocal training that would develop their voices in the least, or enable them to sing more than a few years. With the first strain on the voice they would be ruined. It was perfectly plain, from the way in which they were being taught, that they would never survive on the operatic stage long enough to make a reputation. Even the way in which they are taught to act lacks all spontaneity and spirit. One tenor had been so methodically and carefully taught to act Siegfrid that he seemed more like a piece of clockwork than a man. He had been minutely coached as to the way in which he should stand, with his feet only a certain distance apart, and he is naturally never able to forget all these instructions. It will be very interesting to observe the outcome of the Bayreuth school. The two most famous graduates of Mme. Wagner's teaching, although they can scarcely be said to have been in the school, as it was founded after their appearance at Bayreuth, have already begun to show the bad effects of what passed there for singing. One is a baritone, who, after four years of singing, is distinctly inferior to what he was when he began, and the other is a soprano, whose abuse of her voice has already begun to show the most discouraging results."

"It is easy to understand, however," answered the other woman, "that she should make so many devoted adherents to her principles. Her personal magnetism is undeniable, her immense enthusiasm is contagious, and nobody connected with Bayreuth is so industrious as she. When preparations for the performance are in progress, Mme.

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Wagner spends all her days at the theater and most of the nights at her desk. Every detail of the Bayreuth theater passes under her control. Such zeal in a woman of her age is astonishing. The whole Bayreuth apparatus is wonderful in its way. There are features in it that are unsatisfactory, but when one considers the whole scheme, it is remarkable. And Mme. Wagner is today the life and spirit of the whole thing. She appears at her best at the Wahnfried receptions, when the performances are in progress. Then she stands in the middle of the drawing-room, a wonderfully distinguished figure, with her white hair, her splendid profile very strongly resembling her father, Liszt, in his later years, and wonderfully erect."

"Yes, and yet I have seen her almost disappear before a title," said the singer, whose views of Mme. Wagner were not altogether so flattering. "One night at Bayreuth, Mme. Wagner was in the midst of all the glory of a Wahnfried reception. She was in the center of the room, and about her were gathered the customary cluster of notabilities. She was receiving them, chatting with them, and dominating the scene with her accustomed distinction. Suddenly a little red-faced woman, fat and badly dressed, entered the room. Isolde whispered to her mother, who, in spite of her glasses, could not see the visitor: 'The Crown Princess Beatrice of Pumpernichel-Einstein.' Immediately Mme. Wagner became an insignificant feature in the scene. She was so profoundly impressed by the appearance of this modest sprig of royalty that she lost all her personal dignity and impressiveness in the attempt to show how obsequiously polite she could be. Mme. Wagner was never the same woman during the rest of the evening. The Wagners have, of course, every reason to be grateful to kings. But it seemed to me that she had overdone the politeness. I left before the fat princess, and all the time I remained Mme. Wagner never recovered her customary importance. It was the most perfect eclipse I ever saw, and for such an unimportant person Mme. Wagner, who is quite the reverse, disappeared into the background."—New York Sun.

WAGNER AS THE EXPONENT OF PASSION.

James Huneker writes: All that may be urged against Wagner's ways I am, perforce, compelled to acknowledge. He is all that his musical enemies say, and much more; but how your theories wither in the full current of this tropical simoon! I have steeled myself repeatedly when about to listen to "Tristan and Isolde" and summoned up all my prejudices, bade my feeble faculties to perform their task of analysis, but I am breathless, supine, routed, and vanquished before the curtain rises.

Call it what pretty titles you may, wreathe the theme with the garlands of poetic fancy, the great naked fact stares at you—a strong, brutal, phallic fact. It is the man and the woman, nothing more,

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nothing less. The love potion does but unloosen their tongues, for both were mute lovers before Bragane juggled with the fatal brew. This distinction must be conferred upon Wagner: he is the greatest poet of passion the world has yet encountered. As fiercely erratic as Swineburne, with Swineburne's matchless art, he has a more eloquent, a more potent instrument than words; he has the orchestra that thunders, surges, and searches out the very heart of love. A mighty master, but a dangerous guide.

I am not an ardent admirer of all the Wagnerian play-books. There is much that is puerile, much that is formless, and many scenes are too long. It was Louis Ehlert who said that nothing but the sword would suffice, and an heroic sword, to lop off superfluities. To the argument that much lovely music is bound to be sacrificed by such a summary proceeding, let the answer be—sacrifice it. "The play's the thing;" dramatic form must come first, else the whole Wagnerian framework topples groundward. But there is enough music in the first act of "Tristan and Isolde" to furnish forth a composer with ten operas. This act is the most perfect. Not one note of it could be changed without absolute damage to its syymmetrical structure. Not so, however, with the second and third acts.

If you consider, you will discover that Tristan is not the protagonist of this fiery soul drama. Isolde is the more absorbing figure. It is her enormous passion that breaks the barricades of knightly honor and reserve. She it is who extinguishes the torch that signals Tristan. She summons him with her scarf; she meets him more than half way; she dares all, loses and gains all.

She is not timid, nor does she believe in prudent measures. Shakespeare in "Juliet," Ibsen in "Hedda Gabler," never went such lengths. I think that to Wagner must be awarded the honor of discovering the new woman.

It requires strong nerves to sit out "Tristan and Isolde" with unflagging interest; not because it bores, but because it literally drains you of your physical and psychical powers. The world seems drab after this huge draught that Wagner proffers you in an exquisitely carved and chased chalice, but one far too large for average human capacity. He has raised many degrees the pitch of passion, and this work, which I think is his most perfect flowering, sets the key for all future composers.

Let Nordau call us degenerates and our geniuses mattoids, we can endure it. We are the slaves of our age, and we adore Wagner because he moves us, thrills and thralls us. His may not be highest, purest art; but it is the most completely fascinating.

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MINOR MENTION.

All the Chicago music schools are out with elaborate announcements, denominated catalogues, although the full list of undergraduates is not given. That of the Chicago Musical College naturally stands at the head in point of compass and variety of material. It appears that the faculty list of the college numbers no less than fifty professors and instructors, among whom are at least more than twenty of the professional grade whose names would bear the adornments of an A. M. or Ph. D. in any literary institution of like standing. In the vocal department there is the name of William Castle, who has not only known upwards of eighty roles in opera, but sung them with distinction for years; also that of Mr. Charles Gauthier, the magnificent dramatic tenor of the New Orleans French company—an artist of commanding merits. Among the younger members of the force is Mr. Vernon D'Arnalle, a baritone of admirable lyric quality; also Mr. John Ortengren, a Swedish opera singer of much experience.

The American Conservatory has a catalogue of like proportions, although naturally not quite so extensive. It shows a most commendable enterprise, and the presence of a large number of good American names, Mr. Haettstaedt being himself sufficiently near being a foreigner for the European halo to appear less enticing than it does to many. Such teachers as Allen Spencer, Victor Garwood, Harrison Wild, Karleton Hackett, Mr. Miner, and the like, are in the main American pure and simple. All are good scholars and useful teachers.

The Chicago Piano College, of which Mr. Charles E. Watt is director, shows a faculty list of about thirty—indicating a healthy growth since the time when Mr. Watt was the beginning and end of his school.

The late Chicago Conservatory seems to have gone to that dread bourne whence no school returns; and the worst of it is that the mourners are not able to say whereabouts the corpse has been concealed. In other words it has no stockholders to pay the bills. Hinc illae lachrymae.

* * *

The Castle Square Opera Company (light opera section) opens in Chicago in September. The light section is much less objectionable than that devoted to heavy opera.

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At the commencement concert of Mr. Emil Enna's conservatory in Des Moines, the evening program contained such selections as the first five of the Schumann Kreisleriana played by one pupil, the Beet-

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hoven sonata appassionata, the Schumann Theme with variations for two pianos, and last of all a sonata by the composer himself, Mr. Enna, opus 5, No. 1—a particularity of enumeration indicating the possibility of more to follow.

* * *

Some newspapers from Russia indicate that the distinguished conductor, Mr. H. L. Hlavatsch, gave some time ago a hstorical concert at the place where he is conducting summer concerts, near St. Petersburg. The program opened with the "Hymn to Apollo," alleged to be from about 278 B. C., and included representations of all sorts of composers down to Tschaikowsky. This happened at the Kursaal of Sfestrorezk. At another concert he gave representations of Russian and French composers. Upon another occasion Mr. Hlavatsch played upon the harmonium, an instrument upon which he is virtuoso. His selections embraced a Moment Musicale of Schubert, a gavotte from Bach, etc. At several of these concerts the fine singing of his daughter, Miss Zoe Hlavatsch, has been greatly admired. Both the father and daughter were in Chicago at the Fair, and both made many friends.

* * *

The musical course in Drury College contains some lists or pieces available in the different grades. For instance, in the fourth grade mention is made of the Beethoven sonatas, op. 79 and op. 14, which is well enough; but in connection with these the Cramer students and the "easier of the Chopin waltzes"—meaning thereby, of course, such as the waltzes in A minor, D flat and possibly C sharp minor, op. 64. If the editors of the course will refer to any good system of graded studies he will find that the fourth grade is capable of containing any of the Chopin waltzes, and those above mentioned might well have come in the third grade. The point is important because so many students leave school without having gone beyond the fourth grade. It was to meet this that a collection of movements from Beethoven, Schubert and Chopin, for the fourth grade, was made by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews.

In the fifth grade the Clementi Gradus is specified, and the Moscheles studies. Here again reference to the Graded Materials of the editor of this magazine, or to the Standard Grades of the Presser list or the National Course (with which the editor of this magazine had nothing to do, although his name is printed with it) a variety of far more inspiring studies will be found than these standard catalogue selections. In the eighth grade the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue is boldly given, as well as the most difficult studies of Liszt, the Chopin studies having been mastered, it would appear, in the grade earlier. These lists are misleading, and show either that the works mentioned are imperfectly performed or else that the students of Drury College are far more talented than those coming under the direction of city teachers. The Chopin studies, as a whole, belong to

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post-graduate work; and those of Liszt, except perhaps two, also belong to specialists and not to college students. They are virtuoso works.

In contradistinction to the severe specifications in the practical work is the leniency in theory. The harmony course lasts two years, at the end of which the student should have completed Emery's Elements of Harmony, a course capable of being mastered in six months' study. Those requiring something more advanced are offered courses in single and double counterpoint, canon, fugue and free composition. There is a certain freedom here in handling large subjects not unlike that of a college which prescribes a Greek course lasting two years, ending with the second book of Xenophon's Anabasis; but mentioning casually that students requiring something a bit stronger can have Homer, Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Plato, and the complete works of Aristotle. It is a sweet alternative, but it signifies from four to six additional years of study.

* * *

Signor de Lucia, the well-known Covent Garden tenor, has, we learn, been appointed impressario of the celebrated Teatro San Carlo, Naples, this winter. Singers frequently become opera managers. M. Gailhard of the Paris Grand Opera and his chief assistant, M. Capoul, are instances in point, for both were former singers at Covent Garden. Herr Angelo Neumann, now one of the leading operatic managers of the continent, was likewise originally an operatic vocalist.

* * *

That sensible woman, as well as excellent singer, Madame Sembrich, says: "Nothing in my entire career has proved of such value to me as the sound musicianship that I acquired; so I would put at the piano as soon as she was old enough any girl in whose future I was interested. She should learn that thoroughly, or if she preferred the other instrument, it would do her just as much good to learn the violin."

* * *

They are having grand opera at the Tivoli in San Francisco, but to judge from the Oakland Enquirer, not wholly with success. The orchestra has been increased to thirty musicians; the roles of Wolfram and of Elizabeth are taken by Effie Stewart, Tannhauser by Alvedano and so on. The Enquirer says: "The features of the Tannhauser production are the admirable work of the orchestra, increased to about thirty players for this performance; Salassa's delivery of the several fine songs allotted to Wolfram and the Evening Star Romanze in particular; and the work of chorus and orchestra in the familiar march of the second act.

"Avedano does not find the sustained work of Wagner, with an orchestra with which to share the honors, very congenial. Effie Stewart sings the role of Elizabeth very creditably, but her acting is crude

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and amateurish. Anna Lichter, William Schuster, and the remainder of the cast do careful work."

* * *

The hot weather seems to affect the brain of the Pacific liar, to judge from his latest story, which is of a Professor Stuart, of the Sydney university, who is credited with having constructed an artificial larynx for a man who had lost his own through disease. It is so regulated that he can sing soprano or tenor, contralto or bass at pleasure.

It is evident from the admiration with which this commonplace effort is recorded that the gifted author never heard of the case of Professor An' Neiass, who, after much thought and many experiments, succeeded in replacing the cerebral part of the patient's brain with an artificial structure which not only performed all the functions which the natural brain had previously performed for the patient but was also able to speak in several languages at pleasure of the patient. This was the more remarkable inasmuch as the basis of the artificial brain had been the brain of a freshly killed calf. The extra functions had been accomplished through the addition of certain chemical elements not present in calves' brains and but rarely present in those of human beings, and those of advanced development and cultivation only. Professor An' Neiass expects to produce thought direct from the egg, purely by chemical means, but as yet only sporadic manifestations have been accomplished.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"CORRECT HAND POSITION."

"During my teaching experience I have made an especial study and, I hope, a scientific study of the infant hand. I am utterly at a loss to conceive how a firm perfect finger touch can be acquired with the so-called 'free-hand-position' as opposed to the old 'correct-hand-position.' This might perhaps be possible—and, mind you, I say perhaps, if every hand that comes to a teacher were perfect, but unfortunately in this 'old age world' Nature has become so distorted that I suppose not over two in a hundred can rejoice in the divine gift. But to go back, wherever I have failed to enforce from the start that repose of the hand which it seems to me can only be secured by the above mentioned hand position and finger technics, there has been as a result a certain 'wabbling of the joints' with a consequent lack of force and loss of quality of tone.

"After one has secured this firmness of finger touch then he can proceed to the cultivation of those free hand movements. But when he has secured these two, if his mental work has kept pace with his technics (or one might say his physical progress) is he not then already a little artist? But this is the work of years.

"I have observed that this beauty of finger movement is one point that is lacking in the majority of American students, as compared with those of the so-called German school. I do not grant the palm in piano playing to the latter, because he does not go far enough, he is lacking in variety of touch and other things, but on the perfect finger touch the average American student is careless because he is too hasty to reach the end. Take, for instance, the trill; I think it by far the best test of this. I had learned to play a very smooth a rapid scale long before I could execute a perfect trill, much less a double trill. Notice our amateurs attempting a lengthy trill. Why, the hand looks like a boat on the troubled sea, with the pennants blown by the wind, and it is about as sure to come to grief. As an exponent of the other school, I think Mr. Seeboeck of your city (who was kind enough to grant me through your solicitations a gracious performance of several pieces) one of the most ideal. Such exquisite trilled tones! Such poetry of motion, both of tones and fingers! I have never heard or seen surpassed even by the wonderful Paderewski himself, and

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notice Mr. Seeboeck's hand meanwhile—perfect repose. The trill is done from the fingers.

"Now, I ask can this be secured with children or beginners of any age without compelling perfect repose of the hand whenever finger work alone is needed? Of course the freedom of the hand is secured when the other touches taught in Mason's Touch and Technic have been learned; but must not the former be laid as a foundation? How can a child run before it can stand on its little feet? Now you once recommended teaching down arm touch first to a child. Is it not a practical impossibility to let the little hand that is weak, fall with the force of the down-arm touch, and still maintain a firm finger when the little joints had just as soon fly in as out?

"In differing from your opinions I mean no presumption whatever, but really ask for information. P. B."

The correspondent confuses several different questions. The general question underlying her letter is whether the training of the child hand should begin with exclusively finger motions, the hand being carefully held in correct position; or whether the whole assortment of fundamental tone-productions might better be taught, one after another, from the very beginning. I am quoted as teaching the latter, which distinctly I do. Nor do I admit that the average advanced German taught student has at all a satisfactory finger action or a good trill; on the contrary, the average advanced German student has very defective finger action, with much motion but little or no vitality, and as the correspondent well says, scarcely the rudiments of artistic tone-production.

I am using with beginners, even, when I have them, the combination of two-finger exercises derived from Mason's Touch and Technic. I give first of all the clinging legato touch, in which I do not permit Mason's slide, but raise the finger leaving the key before putting it down again to substitute upon the next key. Here we have essentially the slow trill combined with the peculiar clinging effect, which involves the triceps muscle and provides for close legato. This is the fundamental touch in piano playing, and underlies melody playing. The high raising of finger preparatory to playing is useful; later on it can be omitted, although most artists in their public work may be seen to raise melody fingers high preparatory to each tone. It ensures the player having foreseen the tone, for one thing, which is very important in the early stages.

Next I take the arm touches, according to the directions in Mason. Down arm and up arm. These terms are used by Dr. Mason in an exactly opposite sense to those in which Mr. Sherwood employs them. The Mason "down arm" means a touch produced by a downward motion of the arm; the "up arm" means a touch produced by an upward motion of the arm, and the down or up position is that which is assumed at the completion of the touch.

Of course the fall of the arm for children, must be from a short

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distance and not too heavy. Later on the habit of the weak child finger to cave inwards under the stress, must be taken in hand; but this point is best guarded in the previous form, where the proper bracing of the finger and its convex curve must be sought from the first. I used to think that the inward caving of the finger joint did not much matter, but I now see that it does. It is a habit, to be corrected like any other bad habit. The finger under the down arm touch is practically straight, or very near so; but watch carefully and observe whether in relaxing it curves in or out. If the former, correct it. The up arm touch is a powerful strengthener of finger, through its influence in promoting the ability to brace any given finger so that it is capable of taking the push of the triceps muscle.

The third form is that of the free hand touch, in which the hand falls upon the key with a free fall, its own momentum being the actuating force of the touch, the finger upon which it falls being braced to take the impact, as in the arm touches. Then the finger elastic or extreme staccato. At the end of the elastic I require a small upward motion of the hand, in order to be sure that the contraction of the flexors has been stopped at the moment when the work was completed, i. e., when the finger makes the tone.

The fourth form is the light and fast, in which the first tone of each motive is made by the slightest possible hand touch and the second by the slightest and most passive of finger touches. The immediate object of this form is to counteract the over vitalization of the previous three forms. Its remote object to promote the lightness and elasticity of hand upon fast playing depends.

The above four forms contains seven different tone productions, but the training of the fingers will be advanced by the broken thirds in fast forms in triplet meters (6, 9, 12, etc.) legato. These are to be played with the same finger touch as the usual finger exercises of the German school; also, what the German school often forgets, the very high finger action in earnest and moderate playing, and the very fast and light in the fast forms. These forms together will lay a foundation which cannot possibly be improved upon.

As to the trill, it is an advanced accomplishment, to be acquired after a good finger has been secured. It depends upon hand habits which Mason prepares in the way which no German method prepares them—I mean in the graded rhythms of scales and arpeggios, in which the pupil proceeds without break from quarters to eighths, sixteenths and thirty-seconds at a metronome rate as fast ultimately as 100 to the quarter. This gives a speed of eight hundred notes a minute to the thirty-seconds—not a fast speed for a direct set figure (a scale or arpeggio) but nevertheless a speed which the great majority of teachers can attain only after much experiment and careful direction as to placing the obligation of the rhythm before that of playing any notes in particular, and the habit of gradually relaxing the weight

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upon the keys as the speed increases. In very fast work it is first of all volante, flying, over the keys.

In the modern playing very fast speeds are sometimes reached. I believe the fastest I have personally encountered was Mr. Godowsky's speed of something over 1,200 notes a minute in his Perpetual Motion, in which the harmony changes with the eighth notes—i. e., six hundred times a minute. This is an incredible speed and could be ascertained only by careful comparison with the metronome and many experiments.

Now the trill becomes perfectly easy as soon as the light hand and the ability to perform long sequences by a system of automatic grouping have been acquired. I regard the Krause studies for trill as very crude, as well as unmusical. I put one or two of them in some of my graded studies, but I always experience a new antipathy whenever I come upon them.

Everything turns upon how this work is carried out. The principle must prevail from the beginning of technic that motions are to be kept pure. When I am hearing a finger clinging touch I do not permit any kind of hand or arm motion in connection with it. In the arm touches I do not permit any kind of active finger motion or hand motion. In the fall of the hand, the arm is passive and the finger is simply braced to take the impact; in the elastic finger, the finger motion is purposely exaggerated as much as possible, by raising the finger as high and as straight as possible and then by shutting it until all of its joints are flexed and the point of the finger touches the palm of the hand; but when this point is reached, or the hand is free at wrist, the hand rebounds a little from the force of the finger blow, which must be just as heavy as the hand touch preceding it, or in the second rhythm still heavier. So also in the light and fast forms, there is no motion in connection with the second, except after the touch is made, when the hand springs up. In the fast forms of the broken thirds, which are carried out with all pairs of finger, including the thumbs, and in all keys, the fingers do all the work, the hand and arm remaining quiet. Moreover, the hand does not roll from one side to the other, but the back of it remains entirely quiet.

It is evident, therefore, that the correspondent has not been teaching these touches so purely as required, and that a little more care in the points above mentioned will give her an apparatus entirely free from the objections mentioned. I will add that whatever other teachers may or may not do, I do not personally admit that any German or other teacher develops better technique, purer in motion, more elastic in quality, more effective in tone, or easier to work or pleasanter to look at, than my best pupils finally get for themselves. It is a technique which gives them command of the keyboard for playing all the best literature of the piano; and it contains a discriminating ear for tone-values—an element which can never be obtained by the German system. Moreover, I will say that I have never per-

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sonally seen any German-trained players, whether concert artists or otherwise, who have a nicer, cleaner, more musical and artistic technique than the best players of Dr. Mason. This beautiful technique the European teachers often damage later, when the student is foolish enough to go over to them. I saw a curious case of this when I heard Miss Martha Walther, who had been Dr. Mason's pupil for six or eight years and went abroad for the broadening influence of study under Moszkowski. When she came back she had been hampered with a flavor of the German pedant, and it took some time to restore her work to the freedom and spontaneity it had before.

Of course I do not here speak of Godowsky. Mr. Godowsky is not a German-trained player. His last lessons were in Paris, but his technique is self-developed, and reaches heights which as yet pedagogical methods scarcely recognize with a telescope. But there is nothing radically different between the condition of Godowsky's hand and that of any fine player, except that he has more operative fingers and a conception of pianistic particulars incredibly beyond that of most players. The same ideals are there as we all aim at; legato singing quality in all melody tones, extreme delicacy and lightness of finger, arm and hand where speed is required, and a subtile ear-sensitiveness to all kinds of tone-gradations. Regulate all this by the musical sense, and you have it.

Another and a vital point in training pupils is sensitiveness of ear to tone-values. Mere perception of pitch is good so far as it goes; clear ideas of rhythm, also good; but, most of all, the pianistic quality which the player needs everywhere from early to the latest lessons is sensitiveness to tone values—to melody quality, to the fairy-like lightness of fast filling work, the sympathetic accompaniment, and so on. Mason's system promotes this; but mainly it has to be developed through the criticism and practical reconstruction of every interpretation the pupil brings, from her first simple melody. The question for the teacher is: Is this as an artist would play it? If not, what are the first defects? What are the defects which must be left until later, and which are those which can be bettered right now? Does the pupil realize this after the lesson? That is, does the pupil realize the defects you have designated as practically correctible at her present stage? And does she know how to go to work to mend them? Does she hear the right way and the wrong way?

W. S. B. M.

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MR. GIANNANDREA MAZZUCATO.

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MUSIC.

OCTOBER, 1900.

WOMEN AND MUSIC.

BY AMY FAY.

An article, which takes women to task for not being great musical composers, has recently appeared under the above caption, in the London "Musical News," and is being largely quoted in our papers. (See Musical Courier for Aug. 1st.) Says the writer:

"It is impossible to find a single woman's name worthy to take rank with Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Rossini, Brahms, Wagner, Schubert; we cannot even find one to place beside Balfe or Sir Arthur Sullivan. As a writer to the Musical Times remarked nearly twenty years since, 'A few gifted members of the sex have been more or less fortunate in their emulation of men, and that is all. Not a single great work can be traced to a feminine pen.' Nothing has been done since to lessen the truth of this remark. Year by year our great festivals produce new works; it is rare for even a minor production to be from the pen of a woman."

This is true, but when one reflects on the vast antiquity of the human race, which Professor John Fiske tells us in his "Discovery of America" may date back as far as 50,000 years, one is tempted to ask why the men have been so long about producing a Beethoven, a Schubert, or a Wagner? These great geniuses belong to the nineteenth century, and Beethoven's nine symphonies were composed during the first quarter of it, from 1802 to 1828, or thereabouts.

Music is the youngest of the arts, and is the most difficult of them all, since it creates something out of nothing. It has been developed within two hundred years, to its present height.

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Only towards the end of this century have women turned their attention to musical composition, and it is altogether premature to judge of what they may, and probably will, attain.

Women have been too much taken up with helping and encouraging men to place a proper value on their own talent, which they are too prone to underestimate and to think not worth making the most of. Their whole training, from time immemorial, has tended to make them take an intense interest in the work of men and to stimulate them to their best efforts. Ruskin was quite right when he so patronizingly said that "Woman's chief function is praise." She has praised and praised, and kept herself in abeyance.

But now, all this is changed. Women are beginning to realize that they, too, have brains, and even musical ones. They are, at last, studying composition seriously, and will, ere long, feel out a path for themselves, instead of being "mere imitators of men."

For the matter of that, men have been imitators of each other at first. We all know that Mozart began to write like Haydn, and Beethoven began to write like Mozart, before each developed his own originality of style, and as for Wagner, he has furnished inspiration and ideas for all the composers who have succeeded him. Why, then, should we expect of women what men could not do (although Minerva was said to have sprung fully armed from the brain of Jove)? If it has required 50,000 years to produce a male Beethoven, surely one little century ought to be vouchsafed to create a female one!

It is a very shallow way of looking at the matter to say that "women have not been handicapped in music, because more girls than boys have been taught to play the piano or the harpsichord." What does such teaching amount to? Really very little. To be a great creator in art, one must be trained to it from one's earliest years by a gifted parent or teacher. Mozart and Beethoven had fathers who fully realized the capacity of their sons, and they made them study early and late, "every day i' the hour," as Shakespeare says. No doubt, an hour of such work as these composers did in their youth, would be worth many days of the kind of musical preparation demanded of girls of this or any other period.

Edgar Poe, in his wonderful essay on the "Philosophy of

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Composition," in which he analyzes how he composed his own poem, "The Raven," makes the following remarkable statement:

"My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere rhythm, it is still clear that the possible variety of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite; and yet, for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or even seemed to think of doing, an original thing. The fact is, that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation."

When we read this marvellous analysis of Edgar Poe, we realize that he must have made the same exhaustive study of the art of poetry, that Beethoven did of the art of music, in order to be able to produce that masterpiece, "The Raven." This is the kind of mind training to which women have never been subjected, and it is idle to talk about their achieving great results in musical composition without it. To play the piano or the harpsichord is but one rung on the ladder which mounts to world-wide fame.

Yonkers, N. Y.

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SCIENTIFIC VOICE TEACHING.

BY KARLETON HACKETT.

We hear much in these days of "scientific" method of voice training, of the necessity for anatomical study for the voice teacher, and of the consequent great saving of time and labor. Just what does it mean when people speak of "scientific" methods? The subject is dark and mysterious and one should not enter the labyrinth without much fortitude and a stout cord by which to guide himself back to daylight. As well as can be discerned through the mists the question seems to narrow down to the study of the anatomy of the throat, and the methods of training are based on conscious physical control of the tone-producing muscles.

The "scientific" teachers work themselves into a fine frenzy of indignation over the crimes committed by those ignorant, if not evil-minded, persons, who presume to teach the art of singing without first clarifying their vision and developing their artistic sensibilities in the dissecting room. They say, "Would you trust your life in the hands of a physician who did not know the rudiments of his profession? And yet you will trust the training of that most sensitive of all instruments, the voice, to teachers who know nothing of its mechanism. How shall the teacher know whether the voice is being well used or not unless he thoroughly understands the functions of all the muscles of which it is composed? How shall he guard the pupil from the many vocal pitfalls unless he has mastered the subject of the anatomy of the throat and hygiene of the muscles?"

Truly an unanswerable argument—or rather it would be unanswerable if the analogy they seek to draw between the physician healing disease and the teacher training the voice, were a perfect one. But in point of fact it is no analogy at all. No kind of reasoning is more alluring or more deceptive than that from analogy, while there are many times superficial resemblances which seem to form an analogy there is almost always some fundamental mental difference which destroys the value

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of all the labored argument. It is so in the case in point. The anatomical studies, the understanding of muscular functions which is necessary in the curing of disease have no place in voice training; they work along different lines and not toward a common goal.

One of the leading throat specialist of this city, an anatomist and the demonstrator before several colleges, said that all the knowledge of the best anatomist living was of absolutely no use to him when he wished to make a good tone—for that he must go to the voice teacher. Of what avail is it for a voice teacher to gain some superficial familiarity with the structure of the throat and of the functions of the muscles if a master of anatomy tells him that when it comes to singing all his anatomical knowledge is of no value to him; that tone is produced in accordance with other laws than those the anatomist knows? If the singing teacher be thoroughly equipped in his own profession, and keep in touch with all the best thought, he cannot possibly have time and opportunity to acquire more than a rudimentary acquaintance with anatomy—about enough to furnish out a third-rate doctor; and then truly he becomes another illustration of the old adage that, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A parade of learned technical terms no longer impresses us, for the encylopœedia is ever at hand and the deluge of scientific works on the anatomy of the vocal organs is like one of the Plague of Egypt.

If we are ill we consult an experienced physician. If one desire to learn to sing well he will seek out some experienced voice teacher. In between these two there is a class of beings known as "scientific" teachers of the voice, to whom it is difficult to assign a place. The physician will certainly not allow that they are of his profession, the voice teacher is by no means anxious to claim kinship with them; in fact, they seem to be neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor even good red herring.

The prominence which this class just now attracts to itself comes from that spirit of the age which may be called the seeking of the "short cut." Science has achieved such marvels in so many departments, has so abridged space and time, that it seems as though it might also do something for the voice student. The idea is fascinating to many minds with a turn for investigation, that by studying the structure and the action of the tone-

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producing muscles, they may learn the secret of their functions and train the voice with the same certainty with which a mechanical engineer can construct delicate machines. In the pursuit of this will-o'-the-wisp many men eminently fitted to become master mechanics are wasting their energies that they may become poor voice teachers.

They are wasting their energies because they have failed to grasp a fundamental fact: the voice is not produced in response to conscious physical control of the tone-producing muscles, but from mental conception, in accordance with which the muscles perform their functions intuitively and absolutely without conscious physical control. You cannot part from your voice, as an engineer can from his engine, and by moving a lever set in motion a wonderfully constructed machine. You cannot study your machine, watch its gradual developement, see with the eye the action of all the muscles, the perfect adjustment of which results in that most exquisite of all instruments, the voice. It is true that you may see something of the working of the throat muscles in the laryngoscopic mirror, but under conditions so injurious to good tone production as to render its use even in the hand of an expert of more than doubtful value.

Supposing that you so perfect yourself in the use of this instrument that you can watch your own throat while you sing, you have only moved one step nearer to an impassible barrier; you did not make a tone by moving the muscles and adjusting them consciously; you will to produce a tone and the muscles in response to your will adjusted themselves and performed their function. You saw something of the process, you saw them move, very indistinctly to be sure, still you saw them; but that which made them move, the secret of their action, was as far away as ever.

The hallucination of the "scientific" voice teacher is the laryngoscope mirror. Its relations form the alpha and omega of the vocal art, for by its aid have they not actually seen the voice? Of what value is the keenest ear, the one most sensitive to beauty of tone and to fine discrimination of quality, when compared to the corporeal vision of one who has "seen the voice." It is true that they have seen something, but what? An individual, not necessarily one who can give any pleasure by the beauty of his tone, but one, the size and toughness of whose

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throat will admit the proper instruments, is selected as a sample from which we are to learn the secret of Melba's silver tones. Then with head and throat rigid and a mouthful of mirror this individual produces a sound, and the one or two whose eyes are quick enough to catch the darting white cords, exclaim, "how wonderful!"

But what have they seen or what have they learned? Under unfavorable circumstances they have seen dimly the outside of a simple natural action, and they have heard a tone which likely would be laughed at from any concert stage. The laryngoscope opened a new field to the physician, but Garcia himself, whose name stands for so much in the vocal art and to whose inventive genius the world owes this instrument, as a result of all his labors, cannot see that it has been of any practical value to the singer.

If all the energy that has been spent in investigating the action of the throat by the aid of the laryngoscope had resulted in uniform conclusions, then it might deserve more serious consideration from the voice teacher. But each investigator has been led to different conclusions, and while all have united in abusing every one who doubted the value of their discoveries, each has reserved his sharpest arrows for the mistakes of his fellow scientist. So the poor voice teacher, even when convinced, as some of them have been, of the error of his ways, is at once hopelessly lost in a morass of conflicting testimony, all based on the infallible researches of those superior minds who have actually "seen the voice."

Whither shall he turn? Go back he cannot—for who, that has seen the light will content to dwell in the tents of darkness? Yet there are now so many suns, only one of which can be the true luminary, all the others shining with a baleful light, luring the unwary traveler to perdition, yet each so brilliantly radiant that he is blinded and bewildered! Truly his last state is worse than his first. Until these investigators who have "seen the voice" can come to some sort of agreement as to what they have seen, they cannot, with very good grace demand the suffrages of the singers and teachers.

While they are studying and quarreling with each other, hosts of singers are mastering the art, whereby they move to delight those who have music in their souls. How dare they do this

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when their training has been at the hands of voice teachers, many of whom had never cut up a cadaver or handled a laryngoscope? Because the cadaver and the laryngoscope, while soul-satisfying to a certain sort of mind, have nothing to do with singing.

Is not this the common sense of it?

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GIANNANDREA MAZZUCATO.

From London comes the news of the death of Signor Giannandrea Mazzucato, a writer of international reputation upon musical subjects, and a critic of great learning. Signor Mazzucato was one of that group of literary and musical enthusiasts who represent the modern renaissance of Italian musical art. He was born in 1850, and thus his childhood and early youth were passed in that revolutionary period which finally resulted in Italian independence, and he was thus influenced both in environment and education, by that intellectual upheaval which awakened Italy from a self-satisfied artistic sleep to a consciousness of greater things being accomplished elsewhere. The period was indeed a notable one. At the Conservatory of Milan alone there was a circle of talented young men who, under the direction of Mazzucato's father, were pursuing their studies. Indeed, Milan itself was becoming a literary as well as an art center; and some of the greatest talents in all lines of artistic endeavor made their homes there. Among these were Boito, Ponchielli, Smareglia, Faccio, musicians; and Mancini, an artist; Praga, the poet; Grundi, a sculptor, and others. They enjoyed unusual advantages, but the chief one was their own circle of talent and genius.

Mazzucato took a course of law at the University of Pavia, but never followed that vocation. On the contrary, he returned to Milan and there resumed his place in the circle of artists already named. He read much and wrote much, and together with Boito and some others became a most enthusiastic admirer, first of Bach and Beethoven, and afterwards equally of Wagner, and it is largely due to the artistic seed sown by his propaganda and that of his friends that Italy, many years afterward, accepted the Wagnerian music dramas, and still accepts them with an ever increasing enthusiasm wholly Italian.

In 1877 the father died, and Mazzucato the son decided to go to London. There he accordingly went in 1879, and established himself in a modest way as teacher of languages. He learned English, and in less than a year began to write in that language

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with considerable facility. He was recognized by critics and musicians as a man of great artistic talents. He was introduced to Sir George Grove, and from that time he continued to write for the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," until its completion. The most notable of his biographical sketches in that work are those of Stradella, Verdi and Boito. In the two former are many interesting facts not formerly brought out, and the article on Boito gives a picture of Italian life, and especially Italian audiences, that is entertaining to a high degree.

Later on he became the secretary and librarian to the Covent Garden Opera Company. He ransacked the old library, which was an abandoned coal cellar in the basement of old Drury Lane theater, then the property of that company, and discovered hundreds of old manuscripts of plays and works of last century (the 18th), and these he tabulated and catalogued so that they now form one of the most valuable collections in London. His duties did not end, however, with these things.

In those days (some nine or ten years ago) the Covent Garden Opera Company was still the "Italian Opera Company," notwithstanding that, to most of the singers engaged, Italian was a foreign language. In order to keep up the fiction, however, when Jean de Reszke conceived the idea of appearing in Wagnerian opera and converted the management on this point, Mazzucato was commissioned to put "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan und Isolde" into Italian. To the ordinary literary hack this would have meant little, but to Mazzucato, a man of profound artistic convictions and with an ardent love for Wagner's works, it meant much. He devoted time and an extraordinary amount of labor to the translations. The works were already familiar to him, but he made such a study of them now that in all probability he could have sung almost any part on short notice, and could have conducted a performance possibly with as much accuracy as the regular conductor himself. The results were apparent in translations of these works, which for rhythmic value and poetic sentiment made them almost as truly Wagnerian as they were in the original German.

Following this he translated from French to Italian "Le Cid" and "Manon," by Massenet; "Sigurd," by Reyer; "Jocelyn," by Godard; "La Damnation de Faust," by Berlioz; and from English, "Shamus O'Brien," and "The Veiled Prophet," by

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Stanford, and "Signa," by Cowen. He wrote an original Italian libretto for Gounod called "Amy Robsart," which was accepted; but Gounod died before setting it to music. De Lara ultimately got the rights in the poem, which was rewritten in French, and Mazzucato had to make an Italian version of the French version of his own work.

He wrote an Italian libretto for the music of DeLara's "Light of Asia," which was produced at Covent Garden as an opera. He made an Italian translation of Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a French translation of Harris and Pettit's drama, "The World," and English translations of Verga's "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Goldoni's "La Locandiera."

The above facts are sufficient to prove his literary attainments; but of his musical talent and learning it is more difficult to speak. As a critic his repertoire seemed to be unlimited. He knew almost everything, classical and modern, in the domain of what musicians consider music to be. He could, at will, recall the subject or motive of nearly everything he had ever heard or studied, and his exceptionally analytical mind had already formulated a musical judgment upon each that was rarely faulty. His keen sense of humor made his remarks interesting and piquant, but never bitter. His musical talent was unique, and, to musicians especially, most entertaining. He used to amuse his friends by giving offhand imitations of the compositions of the well-known writers of the day, and of the classics, too. He would seat himself at the piano, when in the mood, and, with some remark as "Here's a new song by so and so," give words, music and accompaniment, so perfectly in the style of the composer named that the hearers would be convulsed with laughter.

We can mention and review his talents and accomplishments; but of his kindness of heart and genuine generosity and sweetness of disposition, it is impossible to give an adequate idea. Signor Mazzucato was an accomplished linguist, and was familiar with nearly all the modern European languages.

His last work was a libretto upon the subject "Francesca da Rimini," which is now being set to music by Mancinelli.

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My principles in regard to the stage are simply those of good sense. I find them all formulated in the articles of M. Cui, of St. Petersburg, as published in the Gazette Musicale, which I take the liberty to quote, for to tell the truth I could not do them better myself.

"Dramatic music ought to be in perfect accordance with the words. It ought always to have an intrinsic value, when the text is entirely taken away.

"The structure of the scenes composing an opera ought to depend entirely upon the reciprocal situation of the personages, as also the general movement of the piece."

These principles approach those of Richard Wagner, but they are not identical. If these are my principles it is not because, to tell the truth, I am a great admirer of the works of the young Russian school. In Russia (it is an illustrious Russian writer who says it—Tourgeneff) they delight in doing things which are not understood. The young Russian composers throw themselves into transcendent compositions without having made the preparatory studies, and with an intense ardor; as a result they produce works of great interest, but we find in them strange cacophonies. If it had been better prepared, this school would have conquered the world; it has had at its disposal a great theater, a complete library and a press to sustain it—all of them advantages elsewhere lacking to musical and theatrical experiments. Add to these well formed convictions and much temperament. What a chance!

I believe, with Richard Wagner, that the musical drama is the complete form of the drama, and that it is puerile to sacrifice this beautiful form for the pleasure of having Cavatinas. Wagner has many other ideas which I do not share. Among them for instance, the advantage of legendary subjects. I see no reason for this limitation. I would wish exceptionally to take a legend for a subject, and in order to avoid the inconvenience of local legends incomprehensible to foreigners, I have taken my

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subject from the Bible—hence the opera "Samson et Delilah." But when my ambition was to produce a series of pictures of the History of France, I began the "Etienne Marcel," and I still cherish the intention of continuing if obstacles do not hinder me.

Nor am I a partisan of the unharmonic and polyphonic exaggerations of Wagner, though his work seem to me marvelous, so that I cannot cease to admire it; but there, as in the modern classic school, I find myself in presence of means which seem to me diverted from their proper intentions, means by which he manages to say something which they were never meant to say; and in place of trying to overrule natural means of expression and to pile up useless complications, I would wish to express a sentiment or a thought in the simplest manner possible.

If a well sustained polyphony is necessary in order to retain the attention of the ear, I see no reason for confusing it by a multitude of interwoven minor designs; this is virtuosity and nothing else. It is here as in the architecture of the XVth Century, where they made lace-work of stone, where the gigantic and prodigiously sculptured key stones imperil the safety of the arches they were intended to strengthen. Sublime foolishness, if you like, but foolishness!

I am for a rational art. I do not love a convulsive and unreasonable art; the great master works are not of this kind. Enthusiasm has conceived them but reason has worked them out. This is not to say that I am for grovelling and mechanical art. On the contrary I have a horror of it. The verse of Ponsord: "Thou wilt bring warm water for him to bathe his feet" does not have my admiration. A hundred times better extravagance and sublime folly!

But far better still the true beauty, strong enough to be logical, so that its power disdains these morbid convulsions and nervous agitations. I find that at the theater in our day the musician ought to confront the situations frankly and treat them without prudery, yet remaining within the proper conditions of his own set. If I had had to make Zerlina sing I would have taken Moliere for my model, and my Zerlina would have had a ruddy beauty, in full contrast to that of the ladies of the court. Mozart made her like a Watteau Shepherdess, an adorable adorable type of native roguery; it was his privilege. To

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those who think his music has added nothing to the words, I recommend this passage:

"Fra questi arbori celesta
* * * *
Si puo dar che non m'ha vesta
Deh! lasciate me audur via."

The poet had written: "Fugit ad salices." Mozart has added: "Sed Cupid ante videri."

Some folks think that music is in its decadence, they deceive themselves. Music has simply arrived at the limit of one revolution. Tonality, which is at the foundation of modern harmony, is in distress. It has made an exclusive use of two modes, major and minor. The ancient modes are coming back, and behind them the modes of the Orient, whose number is immense. All these will furnish a renewed youth to melody, which newly fecundated will take on fresh life; harmony will modify itself and rhythm, as yet undeveloped, will develop itself. From this will emerge a new art, of which as yet we comprehend nothing, if we imagine its contact with ears more refined than our own. Let us not try to stop the progress of art; its march is irresistible. Let us rather facilitate its progress. Everything that is lost in the progress is lost forever. And what will remain for humanity, I ask, if not the masterworks?—From the Nouvelle Revue.

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GOTTSCHALK: THE FIRST AMERICAN PIANIST.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

It is truly remarkable that the first pianist of American birth should have met with so unequivocal success in Europe and have made there and in all the Spanish countries of South and Central America a fame even greater than he enjoyed in his own country. Such, however, was the case with that fascinating personality, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, whose pieces now, a full generation after the death of their author, enjoy nearly or quite as wide a sale as while he was still alive and playing them.

Moreau Gottschalk was born in New Orleans, May 8, 1829, being about four months younger than William Mason, who has so long survived him. His family was mainly French, his grandfather and great grandfather having been among those exiled from St. Domingo at the time of the insurrection of the slaves. The love of music was ingrained in the family, and both Gottschalk's father and mother were cultivated people of wealth and refinement. The father is credited with speaking eight or nine languages, practically with equally facility. French and Spanish were mother tongues. The mother was a fine singer, and the little boy sat beside her day by day as she wrestled with operatic arias most in vogue, watched with a silence and an attention which were long mistaken for affection for his mother, but one day after she had been singing the aria from "Robert," and had gone out of the room, she was astonished to hear the piano played by an unpracticed hand. Thinking that some playful Indian of the neighborhood had found entrance to the house (for this was out at Pass Christian) she returned in alarm, only to find the three-years-old boy trying to discover the notes of the song. The mother remained quiet and waited the result. The boy found the notes of the melody and most of those of the harmony. This was enough. Both father and mother were delighted with the promise of a musician in the family, and soon afterwards the regular lessons of the boy begun. By the age of seven he had been taught enough of the organ to accompany a piece upon one accasion in church, his teacher, the or-

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ganist, being required in that piece for a tenor solo. The boy was of an intensely affectionate disposition and almost idolized his mother. When no more than three he conversed with an intelligence and elegance far beyond his years. Early he recognized his position as the eldest son. "When Moreau shall have brothers and sisters," he would say, "papa counts upon his working for them, and he must think beforehand that they will have a father in Moreau."

The musical education of the boy went on with such success that by the age of ten he was in demand to assist at a concert, where he seems to have been the star. The young artist played several pieces, but the one which was most successful was the "Lucia," by Henri Herz. He was now to be taken to Paris, but before his departure a farewell concert was arranged and carried through in a most brilliant manner. A monstrous bouquet was presented to the young artist upon the stage, and he turned to the stage box and exclaimed: "Mama, it is for you."

At Paris he had excellent letters of introduction and was at once received into the best houses, where for years he maintained his friendly footing. His piano teacher was Stamaty, who conducted his training with the greatest care. His biographer says:

"Moreau pursued his studies with great ardor. He possessed a very remarkable memory for music, being able to recollect hundreds of pages of it after one or two days' study. In literature, however, it was different, and he had more difficulty in retaining what he had learned. Piqued by the remonstrances of his professor, he formed a system of musical mnemotechny, which he applied to history and geography. In the same way he applied it to the 'Art Poetique' of Boileau, and learned it by heart, and by this means soon became very proficient. At the age of seventeen he could converse with equal facility in English, French and Italian. He read Virgil, translated Dante, recited the 'Orientales' of Victor Hugo, and when twenty-two spoke Spanish like Gil Blas.

His first public concert in Paris was given in April, 1845, at the Salle Pleyel, by invitation. The hall was filled to overflowing. His sister narrates:

"The splendid playing of the young artist, at once elegant and vigorous, his expression, so pure and impassioned, and the gleams of decidedly originality, all combined to secure for him

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the most brilliant success. At the close of the concert the applause was immense, and a wreath of flowers was thrown to the young virtuoso. The graceful and modest manner with which he received it completed his success. Chopin, who was present, after the concert said in the artists' room, in the presence of his friends, putting his hands on his head, 'Donnez-moi la main, mon enfant; je vous predis que vous serez le roi des pianistes." (Give me your hand, my child, I predict that you will become the king of pianists.) These few and simple words Moreau valued more than all the bravos he had received, for Chopin was chary of his praise. From that hour he held his diploma as an artist.

"He had hitherto been known only from playing the compositions of others, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Thalberg and Chopin. He now became a composer himself. In 1846 he wrote his 'Danse Ossianique.' It was but a trifle, but gave evidence of his future greatness. This germ of originality revealed itself more and more in the pieces entitled 'Les Ballades d'Ossian,' or 'Le Lai du Dernier Menestrel, 'La Grand Valse' and 'La Grand Etude de Concert' which appeared in 1847.

"In the month of November, 1847, he wished to make his first trial in one of the provinces before a paying public, and like Liszt and Thalberg he chose for his debut the city of Sedan, which enjoyed a certain reputation for dilettanteism. He was not less fortunate than his illustrious predecessors, and was received with rapturous applause."

Later he played in Geneva and there was received with equal success. Julius Eichberg, the violinist, afterwards so long resident in Boston, wrote in the Nouvelliste Vaudois (Oct. 26, 1850):

"The gift of universality, such as is manifested among some chosen artists, is a rare gift. The domain of Art is so immense that to embrace it in its entirety, to be perfect in each of its branches, is a thing so phenomenal that one can understand why men of talent take up a specialty.

"Under this title we must consider the talent of Mr. Gottschalk, the young and celebrated American pianist, as a musical event. Go see him before his Erard piano, which is, parenthetically, the grandest and most formidable which has issued from this famous workshop, and which Erard has presented to him.

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He will play for you the nocturne with its mysterious ways, the caprice with its eccentric bonds, the melody sadly insinuating, as Chopin or our friend Bovy-Lysberg might play it; ask him for the concert-stueck of Weber, the profound sonata in F minor of Beethoven, or a Fugue of Bach, the metaphysician of Art, and he will play them in such a manner that our learned and celebrated professor, Mr. Pierre Wolff, so competent a judge, shall salute him with the title of grand artist.

"Grand artist truly, who knows no difficulty on his instrument, and whose playing recalls that of Liszt and Thalberg; who will touch you to tears in relating to you on his piano some dreamy legend of his distant country the 'Bananier,' the 'Savane,' or in making you behold the African splendors of the 'Bamboula,' that negro dance. Finally, marvellous composer and pianist, the meteor of last winter's season at Paris, fondled and feted everywhere, Mr. Gottschalk is twenty years of age."

A year later Berlioz wrote a highly appreciative article upon his genius (Journal des Debats, April 13, 1851). And of similar quality was an appreciation by M. Adolf Adam, the famous composer and member of the Institute. His notice appeared in the Assemblee Nationale, April 29, 1851:

"Immediately after the solemnities of Easter, the series of mundane concerts recommenced with more fury than ever. Mr. Gottschalk has given at Pleyels' a soiree for the benefit of the workmen who had sustained losses owing to the fire. Never was the reputation and vogue of an artist so promptly and generally established as that which Mr. Gottschalk enjoys today. And, nevertheless, there have been neither pompous puffs nor any sort of charlatanism. Mr. Gottschalk was born at New Orleans and came to Paris to finish his studies. He received lessons on the piano from that excellent professor, Mr. Stamaty, and studied harmony and composition with Mr. Maleden. All these labors were, however, only those of an amateur; but, unknown to himself, the amateur was already an artist, a great artist. The memories of childhood recalled to him the negro airs, to which he had been nursed; he translated them upon the keyboard, and we have the 'Bananier,' the 'Bamboula,' the 'Mancenillier,' and those charming and simple melodies which art and science extract in the most distinguished way. Mr. Gottschalk

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has become the man a la mode, the indispensable pianist. But the public who idolize him are unmerciful to him. When Mr. Gottschalk has played a piece they cry 'Bis'; through excess of courtesy the young pianist plays a new one; the audience, more and more enchanted, again demand 'Bis,' the performer plays again a new piece, which they again wish to hear repeated, and it would not be right because they would not stop before the inexhaustible complaisance of the author. We have seen this exchange take place four or five times in succession.

"Mr. Gottschalk has all the grace and charm of Chopin, with more decided character; less magisterial than Thalberg, he has perhaps more warmth; less severe than Prudent, he has more grace and elegance. And then, all his pieces are very short, and a great way always to please is not to wish to play too long." Verily a half century still finds the last point well taken.

The foregoing will give a sufficiently clear idea of the position the young pianist had acquired in Paris and in France. Late in 1851 he started for Madrid, having been invited to play there by the Queen, to whom he had dedicated a piece. In a letter dated Nov. 19, 1851, he gives a long and graphic account of his first appearance at the palace. As so minute a story of an affair of this kind is rare since the days of Mozart it is worth quoting in full. He says (Madrid, Nov. 17, 1851):

"The Queen has not yet decided to allow me to play before her. The nobility show themselves somewhat reserved towards me. It is said that the Queen, on hearing that I am an American exclaimed that she would never patronize an artist of that nation. Whether this be true or not, the rumor of it has spread abroad, and the courtiers dislike to show me too marked a courtesy for fear of irritating Her Majesty. I cannot, however, complain now; they are all excessively amiable towards me, and for this reason: His Excellency, the Duke of Riansares, husband of the Queen Dowager Christina, receives me frequently, and treats me in the kindest manner possible. The Queen Dowager has also sent me an invitation to the ball and supper which she is to give in her palace on the 19th inst., to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of her daughter, Queen Isabella. The King, Queen, royal children and all the court will be present."

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Again (Madrid, Nov. 19, 1851):

"Hardly had I returned from putting my last letter in the postoffice when the secretary of His Excellency, the Duke of Riansares, came in haste to announce that Her Majesty the Queen wished to hear me play in her apartments that very evening, before a select audience, and without the ceremony of a public ordeal; the audience was to be the King, the Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the Duke. This is the greatest mark of honor that could possibly be conferred on me at this court, as I shall be the first artist ever admitted so freely to the private apartments of the palace.

"My secretary immediately donned his best coat, white kid gloves, etc., and escorted my two pianos to the parlor of Her Majesty. At 9 o'clock in the evening the King's pianist came for me, and in a quarter of an hour we were at the foot of the grand staircase of the palace.

"At the top of the staircase two sentinels stopped us. An officer asked our names, and then allowed us to pass on through a long gallery, splendidly ornamented, where at every twenty feet was stationed a halberdier enveloped in his mantle. At the end of the gallery an officer received us and introduced us into a grand saloon, decorated in a wonderfully brilliant style. Our cloaks were here taken from us. Two tall, fine-looking men, whom I ascertained to be servants, stood before the fireplace warming themselves and attracted my eye by the richness of their dress of blue cloth embroidered with gold, knee breeches, white silk stockings and court swords. A young nobleman on service, dressed in the richest court costume, covered with orders and ribbons, marshalled us into the antechamber, and requested us to wait. He went to inquire of the chamberlain on duty if we could be presented to Her Majesty. A moment after we entered the Salle des Gentilhommes, where five or six great officers of the state, in court costumes, were on duty awaiting Her Majesty's orders.

"We passed through still another grand saloon, and came at last to a square-shaped apartment, at one side of which was a door hidden by tapestry and opening into the room where Her Majesty was to receive us. The young nobleman who accompanied us made some private signal. He was answered and we were ushered in.

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"At first I was completely dazzled by the flood of light which filled the saloon. A young man of strikingly elegant exterior stood before me, and said to me in good French, with a most pleasant smile and tone of voice: 'Ah, Monsieur Gottschalk, how happy I am to receive a man of your talent. It is a fortune for Spain to possess a pianist whose wide-spread reputation is based on such sure grounds.' This amiable and graceful young man was the King. A lady, of large size and certain age, but very dignified and courteous, rose at my entrance and saluted me with the utmost affability; the Queen Dowager. Behind her chair stood the Duke, her husband, whom I already knew. The King, with true delicacy of feeling, in order not to oblige me to remain on my feet, all alone, before the royal presence—as required by etiquette—stood up near me the whole evening. I have never met with a more amiable or polished gentleman, having more happily the art of uttering words which go to the heart of an artist. A rustling of silk announced Her Majesty's approach. The King came near me and said, 'Monsieur Gottschalk, it is the Queen.' The tapestry over the door was raised, and Queen Isabella entered. She received my salutation with the most gracious smile.

"The Queen is very tall and stout. She has fine blue eyes, and hair of a chestnut color, and lips inclined to thickness. After a moment's silence Her Majesty said to me in Spanish: 'Whenever you are perfectly ready to play, Monsieur, I shall be happy to hear you.' I first played my duo for two pianos assisted by the King's pianist. At the finale I heard Her Majesty rise and place herself behind my chair. The King was to my right, leaning on the piano, the Queen Dowager a little farther off. Several times I could hear the Queen exclaim in Spanish: 'I never heard anything so beautiful.'

"After the piece was over the King came and complimented me, and the Queen said to me: 'Very good, Monsieur Gottschalk, that was very good.' The King requested the 'Bananier,' one of my own compositions, on a Creole air, that you in New Orleans must have heard very often. 'I play it,' said the King; 'it is a great favorite of mine.' I played the piece, and the Queen and her mother appeared to be charmed with it. The King asked me for another of my pieces. I played the 'Danse Ossianque,' which produced as flattering an effect as its prede-

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cessors. The Queen came to me, and addressed me a compliment conceived in the most gracious terms; she then asked me for another performance. I played the 'Moissonneuse.' The King said: 'That is good music, Monsieur Gottschalk; that is poetry itself. It will not be appreciated in Spain; the only pianists we admire here are those who perform acrobatic feats on their instruments.'"

The concert career of Gottschalk in America commenced with New York, March 1, 1853, and the hall was crowded. Nevertheless it appears from later entries in his journal that upon the entire series in New York he lost about twenty-four hundred dollars. This happened to follow hard after his father's refusal of an engagement of the young pianist with Barnum, who offered twenty thousand dollars for a tour of eighty-five concerts. Accordingly Gottschalk went to New Orleans, where he was greeted with open arms by the enthusiastic amateurs. His concerts were a great success and a society presented him with a grand gold medal, so large and so rich that it is stated to have contained gold to the value of nine hundred dollars.

Later on Gottschalk returned to Europe, and then after certain successes there he visited the West Indies, where he was lost to sight of the public for several years. Perhaps his own account of this period of his life is sufficiently explicit for present purposes. Under date of New York, February, 1862, he writes:

"Here I am again, after an absence of six years, once more in New York! Six years foolishly spent, thrown to the wind, as if life were infinite, and youth eternal; six years during which I have roamed at random under the blue sky of the tropics, indolently permitting myself to be carried away by chance, giving a concert wherever I found a piano, sleeping wherever the night overtook me—on the grass of the Savannah, under the palm leaf roof of a 'vaquero' with whom I partook of the 'tortilla' of the maize, coffee and bananas, and which I paid for on leaving in the morning with 'Dios se lo pague' (God repay you); to which he responded by 'Vaya usted con Dios' (God go with you) —these two formulas constituting, in this savage country, the operation so ingeniously perfected among the civilized peoples which is called settling the hotel bill.

"When I became tired of the same horizon I crossed an arm of the sea and landed on a neighboring island, or on the Spanish

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main. In this manner I have successively visited the Spanish, English, French, Dutch, Swedish and Danish Antilles, the Guianas and the shores of Para. Sometimes the idol of an ignorant pueblo, to whom I have played some of their ballads. I have stopped for five, six or eight months among them, putting off my departure from day to day, and have at last, seriously resolved to go no further; or, detained in a hamlet where the piano was still unknown, by the ties of an affection with which my fingers had nothing to do (O, rare and blest affections), I forgot the world, and lived only for two large black eyes which veiled themselves with tears whenever I spoke of beginning again my vagabond course, again living as the birds sing, as the flower expands, as the brook flows, forgetting of the past, careless of the future.

"I sowed my heart and my purse with the ardor of a sower who hopes to harvest an hundred ears for every seed, but the fields in which spent doubloons are harvested and the loves of the springtime again blossom were not yet ready for the husbandman, and my heart and purse, exhausted by double prodigality, one fine day were discovered to be dry.

"Then, seized with a profound disgust of the world and of myself, tired, discouraged, suspecting man and woman, I hastened to conceal myself in a desert, on the extinguished volcano of N——, where I lived for many months like a cenobite, with no other companion than a poor fool that I had met in a small island, who had attached himself to me, followed me everywhere, and loved me with an absurd and touching constancy which one only meets with in dogs and madmen. My friend, whose folly was quiet and inoffensive, believed himself to be the greatest genius in the world. He suffered, he said, from a gigantic and monstrous tooth (and it was by this that I recognized that he was insane, the other symptoms being found among too many individuals to be considered an abnormal trait of the human mind)—a monstrous tooth which periodically increased and threatened to encroach upon the whole jaw. Tormented with the desire to regenerate humanity, he divided his time between the study of dentistry, which he learned for the purpose of constantly combating the fantastic progress of his molar, and a voluminous correspondence which he carried on with the Pope (his brother), and the Emperor of the French (his cousin), in which he pleaded the interests of humanity, and called himself

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the Prince of Thought, and raised me to the dignity of his illustrious friend and benefactor. In the midst of this intellectual ruin one thing only survived—his love for music. He played upon the violin, and a singular thing, although insane, he understood nothing of the music of the future.

"Perched upon the edge of the crater, on the very top of the mountain, my tavern overlooked the whole country. The rock on which it was built hung over a precipice whose depths were concealed by cacti, convolvuli and bamboos. The one who had preceded me had surrounded this lower ground with a parapet and made of it a terrace, which was level with the bedroom. He had requested to be buried there and from by bed at night I could see by the moonlight the white tombstone a few steps from my window. Every evening I moved my piano upon the terrace, and there, in view of the most beautiful scenery in the world, which was bathed by the serene and limpid atmosphere of the tropic, I played for myself alone, everything that the scene which opened before inspired—and what a scene! Figure to yourself a gigantic amphitheater, such as an army of Titans might have carved out in the mountains; to the right and left virgin forests, filled with wild and distant harmonies, which are like the voice of silence; before me twenty leagues of country whose magic perspective is rendered more marvellous by the transparency of the atmosphere; over my head the azure of the sky; below the declivities, surmounted by the mountain, desending gradually towards the plain; further on the green savannas; then lower a gray point—it is the town, and further on again the immensity of the ocean, whose line of deep blue forms the horizon.

"Behind me was a rock on which broke a torrent of melted snow, that turned from its course, leaped with a desperate bound and engulfed itself in the depths of the precipice, which gaped under my window.

"It was there that I composed "Responds Moi," "La Marche des Gibarros," "Polonia," "Columbia," "Pastorella e Cavalliere," "Jeunesse" and other unpublished works.. I let my fingers run over the keyboard, wrapped up in the contemplation of these marvels, whilst my poor friend, to whom I did not listen, divulged to me with childish loquacity the high destiny to which he proposed to elevate humanity. Do you com-

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prehend the contrast between these ruins of intelligence that, like a clock out of order, strikes all its ideas at random, and the majestic serenity of that nature which surrounded me? I felt it instinctively, and my misanthropy softened me, became indulgent toward others and myself; I was cured of my wounds, my despair vanished, and soon the sun of the tropics, which gilds all things, dreams as well as fruit, gave me back my vagabond life, strong and confident."

As shown by the date of the foregoing, Gottschalk was engaged in a concert tour through the Northern States during the very height of the civil war. His diary gives curious glimpses of the difficulties of travel, the preoccupation of all with the great contest then raging, and makes plain the sympathies of the artist himself, which despite birth in the South had been from the first with the North, he having been strongly antislavery in sentiment from early childhood.

This, however, is too long a story, and must wait another opportunity.

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AROUND KITCHI-GAMI.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

He who fancies that having seen one great lake he has seen all, is mistaken. This greatest of the world's fresh water lakes has a quality and coloring all its own, and quite unlike its brothers. Spite of the copper and iron along its shores, its water is soft as melted snow. As it lifts in long heavy rollers it is sometimes an ethereal snowy blue, oftener it is a frosty green, and as it drives upon the rocky headlands its roar is so impressive the Indian characterization, "Brother to the Ocean," is felicitous. So wonderfully pure and crystalline is its water objects may be seen at a depth of twenty to twenty-three feet, and with his search boat with a glass panel in the bottom the native can see much deeper, and in this way many bodies of the drowned are recovered. The chemical changes that cause the ascent of human bodies in other waters are impossible in the cold depths of Superior.

I am told that few of the bronzed men who sail this inland sea can swim. The waters even in the basins sheltered by the breakwaters, are cold. No audacious little boys scare delicate-minded ladies with visions of monster pink frogs along shore. Even the life-saving men drill very near shore in the basin, and take to the water only in a really hot day. Though it never freezes over, Lake Superior's season for navigation is very short. Over it brooks the spirit of the north. When it rains upon the shore a blinding snow may obscure the lake, and set the sailor praying, as he harks out for fog whistles, and does such other work as he can to

"Save his bones
From Davy Jones."

Mysterious webs and veils hang along the northern sky. Overhead it may be a vivid flame-like blue. The rugged pines and towering spruces along the rocky rampart of shore may shiver only occasionally in the breeze. The waters may seem to stretch away into the sky a twinkling blue, that cobalt only half suggests.

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Suddenly across your face strikes a sudden gust full of sweet water smell. The horizon line has darkened. All the silver birches set up a clacking. The waves rise higher and every now and then one leaps far up the shore, up to your very feet most likely. I, bending over some rocks to fill my cup for sketching, received such a wave full in the face.

Kitchie-Gami has a capricious temper and only crass ignorance or folly attempts it in groggy little boats. To be sure that is the way Pere Mesnard undertook it in 1660. His name is given to the mountain looming nigh and blue against the south end of our street. The sainted Pere Marquette, whose bronze statue stands at the foot of the cliff, came also by skiff in 1663. But that they arrived anywhere proves nothing save that they had skillful Indians at the oars, stout hearts, and the protection of the saints. For twentieth century Protestants the staunchest craft and most experienced sailors are not too great protection on this exquisite, but awe-inspiring crystal sea, which loves suddenly to veil itself in fog and to break forth in furious storm. The cliffs, crowned with balsamic forest, that are so picturesque in calm, to the shipwrecked would prove hopeless prison walls, and extend for miles without offering one little ledge for the stoutest swimmer's rescue.

It is not wonderful that this great beautiful sea, so great, the State of Indiana would only just about fill it, and beautiful past words to picture, should impress the Indians and leave its mark upon their religion. In Kitchi-Gami's cool depths (Superior is 1,386 feet in its deepest part) Mena-bejou rests, after creating the present earth and teaching men to make canoes. This Indian Hercules or Prometheus made the first canoe at the Apostle Islands. The very stones between which he hung it up to dry are there yet in evidence. Sacrifices, not only to Mena-bejou, but to the scores of sprites and imps the Indians believed lurked in the cavernous, water-worn rocks, were offered on the lofty pinnacles by the lake, and down in the queer pebble-paved pockets beside them.

Not only the vastness and majesty of the lake, its charm and its cruelty, appealed to them, but most of all were they thrilled and disquieted by the visions they at times beheld upon its horizon, pictures of far distant shores only inverted, shining green and cool. Only three days ago the sapphire stretch at the foot

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of our street had above it a duplicate glancing blue sea. To the primitive man this was magic beyond his experience, and so a thing to fear.

Somewhere along Iron Bay lives a conservative Indian. He has taken to white folks' shoes and trousers, and wears a striped woolen blouse like the French men who work at the ore docks. But he handles his slim canoe as did his forefathers afore Columbus. To see him paddle is to see old Greek bas-reliefs in action. At a short distance he might be used as a study for Charon paddling across the Styx, so perfectly does he copy that representation.

I have bought a little terra-cotta tinted "Godlet," a duplicate of the images dug up in this region and supposed to have been the household divinities of the Aztecs, who it is believed came all the way from the gulf to this region for copper. The Godlet will, it is supposed, bring luck, but I could not buy what I most coveted, viz., an Indian song book of birch bark, each song a hieroglyph. The series formed an Indian magical song or "Wabawa-Wagaumunam." It was explained to me the songs illustrated the procession of the seasons. The first one was entitled: "Winter Is Come From the North." A circle within a circle, and beneath the inner circle a straight line was the hieroglyphic. Whether this was but a starting point for improvisation, or if there was a well known song that went with it, I could not discover, but a brief minor melody, with cadences suggesting wind in the tops of trees, was the setting to the to me, unintelligible words. No. 2 was called "The Child Capers in the Wigwam," and was curiously merry. The ancient Ojibwa lady who did these could or would do no more, and only shook her broad, black head when I pointed at the other pictures. She did, however, condescend to explain that No. 7, a childish drawing of a flying bird, stood for settled summer weather, and was accompanied by a song entitled "The Wild Goose Seeks Food in the South."

This fascinating region, a paradise for the artist, the geologist, the botanist, and the sportsman, is strung, so to speak, on the line of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic railway. A panorama, now gorgeous and majestic, now exquisite and ethereal, is upon the north of it. On the south are deer, and fowl, and fish galore. One can go by rail to within walking distance

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of fastnesses that seem untouched since old Mena-bojou made the world and plumped down to rest in the lake. In this Queen City of the Upper Peninsula are the longest ore docks in the world. Vast structures on which trains whiz, and which are flanked with apparatus that loads or unloads boats in a way that makes the stories of the Arabian Nights paltry inventions by comparison.

It was, however, not in the interest of iron, or copper, or art that the Western Hay Association met here this summer. It was because of the pure, exhilarating air, free from poisonous dust, and all things that work together to produce the suffering, snuffing sneezer. All the middle west was represented, and they felt so happy. I mean the S. S. S. contingent; their last meeting was a concert free to all, like the lake.

Marquette's beauty spot is its park, Presque Isle, a volcanic outburst, rising in the middle part one hundred and fifty feet or more and wooded by the Master Landscape Gardener Himself, with lofty spruces, white and red pine, arbor vitae, silver birch, shivering aspens, maples and elms, with snowberries, hobble-bush, juniper and ground hemlock as underbrush. A fine road skirts the lake, which encircles the park, save at the narrow isthmus, then winds into the wood upward, circling round in boweries that are fit for elves and fauns. The vivid northern coloring of the trees, the golden lights dancing on the purple red road, and over all the lambent blue of the sky combine in a series of everchanging, indescribe vistas.

It is a grief to me that I cannot compare Kitchi-Gami with my own particular lake Michi-Gami—alias Michigan. But the Northwestern took me "in the night watches,"

> "By twenty thorps, a little town
> And half a hundred bridges,"

and withal, all unseeing, past the stretches of lake Michigan I never tire of gazing on. But the night ride had compensations. "If," says Socrates, "any one compare a night in which he slept so soundly as not to have had a dream, with all the other days and nights of his life, and should be required on consideration to say how many days and nights he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night throughout his life, I think not only a private person but even the great king him-

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self would find them easy to member in comparison with other days and nights." So, while I dearly love to behold charming sights, all the thousand and one glimpses one may have from a car window, I also love sleep. And as sleep presupposes comfort, I must count that night spent in speeding northward over a track without a jolt, among my best, "for I slept so soundly I did not have a dream."

We are counting on visiting Ishpeming, which, being interpreted means "Heaven." If it were ever that happy place it is not now, being given over to iron mines and iron mills. Its local description is "Hematite City." We are also counting on going up Dead River. The juxtaposition of these names—Dead River and Heaven—seem to me ominous. I make haste to jot down the words of an Indian love song as given by a local half-breed or "Chicot" (half-burned stump). They fit into these shortening days with peculiar emphasis, and while to the listening fair one they may have sounded entrancing as the strains of an amorous nightingale, to the dispassionate observer they suggest that American air has always developed the all-around, get-there quality we characterize as "business." Here is the song:

"It is time —
It is time—
It is the autumn time.
That is the right time
To seek a squaw
Who will work for me!"

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A TIME HONORED PREJUDICE.

BY G. MAZZUCATO.

More or less the world has always been going on, and always will go on, by "Prejudices," which, in their different forms and applications, are designated by the various denominations of superstition, traditions, rules of thumb, routine, red-tape, and in their genteelest and most respected manifestations, conservatism. Some prejudices are almost harmless, and might be left alone; some, however, for the advantage of the community and of the individual, must absolutely be "shown up" and eradicated.

Of all prejudices, of course, the most difficult to eradicate are those founded on an apparently solid basis, and whose fallacy can be detected and demonstrated only when we can show that the massive marble pillars supporting the arch are in reality stands of rotten wood beautifully coated, plastered, stuccoed and painted.

It is almost with tremor cordis that today we take in hand the housebreaker's hammer to give evidence of the unsafe condition of the pillars on which rests one of the time-honored prejudices of the musical profession, or, more correctly said, of those who wish to become members of the musical profession. For the present we shall limit ourselves to demonstrate the uselessness of the "custom" as it effects the "would-be si..ger."

It is customary for any one who wishes to become a singer, before he or she takes a definite resolution, to go to a competent and conscientious teacher or to some great singer and ask his opinion on the qualifications of the candidate for a successful career. No sensible person would decide on adopting a profession without having previously had the advice of an expert; and so far we must all agree that singers are perfectly justified in doing what common sense and solid reasoning advise. Only what is meant, that the would-be singer should obtain is a well-grounded and almost indisputable opinion on his not cer-

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tainty, but reasonable possibility of reaching a high degree of excellence in his art; and this is just what, in a majority of cases, seems absolutely impossible to obtain. Except in such instances as when the defects of the vocal organs, or of the ear, or of the intelligence are so apparent as to be perceived, with a little degree of good will and consideration, by the student himself, it is entirely out of the power of any man, however experienced and conscientious, to give more than a mere guess opinion, after having listened with attention to the singing of an untrained voice, or of a voice that has been only partially, and, as generally the case is, unsatisfactorily trained.

The best teacher can give a clear conscience opinion upon the possibility of developoing an untrained voice, and of determining—unforeseen circumstances excluded—what the voice will be and what it will be fit for, only after a course of about twelve lessons given in a space of no less than six weeks; and even then he can determine only with comparative exactitude the limits of development the vocal organs are apt to receive, because the limits of artistic intellectual development can never be predicted. We could quote many examples, but enough for the present to point out the case of Guiseppe Verdi, who had not been admitted to the Conservatoire of Milan "for want of musical aptitude." Much ridicule has been heaped upon the committee of distinguished musicians who gave a verdict which was to be reversed by fifty years of uninterrupted success through all the world; yet the committee, judging by what they had before them, could not come to any other decision. Verdi's dramatic genius manifested itself only in his third opera.

Let us now come to the point.

Mr. X., from the North of England, who thinks that he should like to become a singer, has obtained from his uncle the promise of a gift or of a loan of money to defray expenses of musical education, if a competent teacher can assure the man that he is not wasting his time and money on an unprofitable undertaking. Thereupon Mr. X. starts at once for London, and puts himself into communication with one of the most justly renowned teachers of singing, with a view of having his opinion about the advisability of devoting himself to singing. The desired interview is arranged, for which a charge of one or two guineas is made, and at the appointed time the young man pre-

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sents himself at the residence of the teacher, where he is going to hear whether his cherished prospects are to be realized or shattered forever.

The teacher asks of Mr. X. all kinds of pertinent questions, whose answers may lead him to form a better judgment, and then invites the pupil to sing something. After this the teacher puts together the results of his experience, learning and artistic taste and delivers his verdict. What is his verdict worth? Nothing; because the evidence on which it was given was absolutely unreliable.

An untrained voice is very seldom a good voice, or even an agreeable voice; it is uneven, its tone is not pure and is very often accompanied by a more or less noticeable amount of breath which has not been converted into voice. These commonly recurring defects may be traced to three different causes: A permanent imperfection of the vocal organs, a bad habit, a temporary indisposition. A physician who devotes himself entirely to the study of the diseases of the larynx may perhaps after a careful examination of the throat by means of proper instruments, feel himself justified in giving a definite opinion on the nature of the cause by which such defects are produced in the voice of a given individual and at a given moment. But no teacher of singing, were he a Manuel Garcia, the inventor of the laryngoscope and an artist of almost incomparably delicate and refined taste, can conscientiously pronounce himself on the matter.

Albert Mazzucato, of Milan, who, between 1836 and 1855, had been one of the most successful teachers of singing on record, though in the later years of his life prevented by official duties from devoting his time to teaching singing, yet occasionally took in hand for experimental purposes cases of persons whose voices were apparently in a hopeless condition; and in several instances he succeeded in making distinguished singers of them. We can relate the case of a young lady who was a pupil of the pianoforte classes in the Milan Conservatoire when Mazzucato was the director of that institution. This young lady had taken up harmony and singing as secondary studies, when she was seized by a severe attack of measles. In a month's time she recovered, but she was left completely voiceless. For the space of nearly three months she was able to speak only in a barely

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audible whisper, and it was only by a constant and special medical treatment that after six months she could avail herself of a highly defective speaking voice, which might have properly been defined as a succession of breaks. As for the singing voice, that was out of the question. Her rich contralto timbre was gone and she, in her attempts, succeeded only so far in approaching the pitch of some of the extreme notes of her former compass; the six central notes from C to A had been entirely obliterated; no vocal sound could be produced.

Signor Mazzucato, to whom the case was reported, took great interest in the matter. He thought that the vocal organs of the young lady were weakened and the cords relaxed by the illness, but he said also that perhaps the organs were not permanently injured, and that by dint of proper exercises they might resume their former elasticity. As the lady pianist had always been very much indifferent to her voice, for which she had no use, she was quite willing to submit to be experimented upon. Contrary to all expectations, the voice regained tone, steadiness and strength, so much that the young lady found it to her advantage to give up the pianoforte and take up singing as her principal study. In less than two years she had taken a leading position amongst the Italian contraltos, and the last that we heard of her was that she was singing with great success in America.

Numerous cases, on the other side, can be brought forward of persons possessed apparently of all the qualities that go to constitute a good singer, obliged after a few months' tuition to interrupt a hopeless study, because defects that were scarcely noticeable when the voice was in an untrained state, developed and became more and more serious in proportion to the development of the voice.

Therefore, let us rank amongst prejudices the going to an experienced teacher to have his advice before deciding to undertake the study of singing, and let us have recourse instead to the safer and more rational method of placing ourselves under observation of an experienced teacher for a period to be determined by him, at the end of which we may feel pretty sure that, if advised to proceed in our study, all our efforts and sacrifices will be ultimately compensated by success.

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COMPARATIVE PIANO METHODS.

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE CALHOUN.

Piano methods relate to those things which make up the external or physical side of the pianist's art.

They have to do, therefore, not with the literature of the piano, but with the positions, conditions and movements of fingers, hands and arms, which are employed in the expression of that literature through the medium of the instrument.

The phenomena which present themselves to the student of comparative piano technics are quite limited in number and variety. For instance, the number of finger positions is not a large one. Fingers may be straight or curved, and curved little or much. The hand may be held level, or the knuckles may be elevated, or they may be depressed. Then, again, fingers and wrists may be held stiffly, with no thought of muscle and nerve conditions, or they may be held and moved in such relaxation that there is barely enough tension to secure the desired results.

All possible positions, conditions and movements of fingers, hands and arms, have been so long and thoroughly studied in their relations to piano playing, that no method, past or present, can now offer anything which will appear new or strange, unless to the novice or the prejudiced disciple.

When we compare the several schools of playing which illustrate the development of the art from the time when the piano first assumed something like its present form, we find that technic has grown not by structural change, but by a process which roughly resembles accretion.

To illustrate, the playing of Ph. Em. Bach, Mozart and Clementi, exhibited a highly developed finger technic. The piano literature of the time called for finger technic, and made no great demands upon the arms.

The technic of Cramer, Field; Kalkbrenner and Moscheles included a considerable use of the wrist and forearm.

This, in turn, was amplified by Chopin, Liszt, Henselt, and others, until their playing machinery involved the action of every muscle from the finger-tip to the shoulder-blade.

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Each of these schools of playing set for itself different tasks, and each brought to the accomplishment of its tasks, not a new technic, but a modification of the old one—a modification always proportioned to the changed demands.

Innovations in art do not appear suddenly. Progress never comes per saltem. Kalkbrenner was the first to teach the use of the hand-stroke in octaves, but this was no discovery of Kalkbrenner's. It was simply the earliest formulation of what contemporary artists had come to practice in their playing. Moscheles, by the way, held to the old method and, to the day of his death, continued to play octaves from the elbow.

Clementi insisted upon a level hand, thus giving the fingers a certain freedom they never could have had when the knuckles were depressed. His followers went further, and we presently find them using the natural hand position, with knuckles a little elevated. Later this position was universally employed. To be sure, there were eddies in the current, and so excellent a teacher as Wieck reverted to the ancient and vicious practice with depressed knuckles, a serious defect in his otherwise admirable system. Kullak, a great observer and analyst, recorded the improvements in octave playing which came in after the time of Kalkbrenner. The latter had stopped at the wrist-joint; Kullak went to the elbow.

After this brief retrospection we may sum up as follows:

(1) The range of the phenomena disclosed in a study of comparative technic is relatively small.

(2) The development of piano technic divides itself into three principal stages represented by Mozart, Clementi, Hummel, Cramer, Field, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner; Chopin, Liszt, Henselt.

These represent, also, corresponding stages in the growth of the literature, which in turn was influenced by the increasing capacity of the instrument as a medium of expression.

Progress has never been made by leaps, and the innovations which have appeared from time to time, have been the product of a more or less general experience, while the reputed inventor has usually been simply a recorder.

It may be added that the modern artists, Tausig, Rubinstein, Buelow, d'Albert, Pachmann and Paderewski, to say nothing of the others, do not represent any advance upon the school of

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Chopin, Liszt and Henselt. This, chiefly, no doubt, because no new school of piano writing has appeared which calls for any particular enlargement of the playing apparatus employed by those masters. Are we not now in a period of transition with some fairly distinct indications as to the character of the next great school of playing?

Hummel and Field measurably represent two former transitions. There are those who now point to the later Brahms and Godowsky's arrangements of the Chopin Etudes as the heralds of a new technic, in which there shall be no left-hand, and which will compel the artist to play double notes and chords in shifting harmonies with the freedom and speed once expected only in passages of single notes! Without looking forward to this possibility, now partially realized in the playing of Godowsky himself, to whom technic is a divine gift, we shall likely agree that the virtuosi of our time, with the exception noted, have done nothing particularly new, and that the mission of modern piano teaching, as yet, is not to invent improvements, but rather to analyze and put into shape for laboratory study, the technical apparatus of the last great school of players. Foremost in this work have been such men as Theo. Kullak, Ludwig Deppe, Leschetizky, Oscar Raif and Wm. Mason.

II.

In these days there is a popular notion that the success of an artist is largely due to the "method" he has studied. People believe in the efficacy of the method rather than the ability of the teacher. The young student is advised to try the Deppe method or the Raif method. The practice clavier, and the "clavier exercises" are thrust upon his attention at every turn. He is sure to hear of Dr. Mason, and there is generally within reach a "Leschetizky representative"—more frequently a "Miss"-Representative—who is prepared to reveal the secret processes which formed an Essipoff, a Paderewski, or a Zeisler.

All these count many adherents, and the piano world, or at least the student world, is divided into camps, each hostile to the others, and each claiming that it possesses the "only infallible rule of faith and practice." As for the eminent gentlemen who head these factions, do they not smile knowingly at each other when they meet, as Roman Augurs are said to have done?

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The state of affairs just described would be impossible if the adherents of a given popular "method" were able to assign it to its proper place in the development of the piano art, and could therefore study it in its relation to other methods.

President Lincoln, when a practicing attorney, used to give his first attention to his opponent's case, after which he felt safer in the conduct of his own. While this is by no means a precise analogue, it really conveys a moral to the method-ist in teaching. Study the other fellow's method and perhaps you will find that you know your own better for it. Likely enough you may find that you agree pretty well in the essential things.

A brief review of some of these methods will serve to show that they contain nothing very original, and, particularly, nothing secret which could justify the establishment of cults for their propagation.

Look first at the method of Ludwig Deppe. His hand position differs but little from that prescribed by Louis Plaidy. In his book of technics the latter said: "The center of gravity of the hand in playing should fall inward toward the thumb." This, of course, is only another way of saying that the hand should be tipped a little and the wrist turned slightly outward so as to give greater elevation to the fourth and fifth fingers. Now this is the very thing that Deppe insisted upon, according to the expositions of his method put forth by Miss Amy Fay, and Ehrenfechter, of London. Mr. Sherwood, who worked over his technique with Deppe, now teaches the same hand positions.

The distinguishing feature of the Deppe method is the stress which it places upon devitalization. Most of his contemporaries did nothing with it. Deppe's observation and reflection convinced him that the achievements of great virtuosi were largely due to economy in the expenditure of force attained through quick muscular "recovery," whereby the strength is restored about as fast as it is exhausted. This is an important truth, but Deppe placed such undue emphasis upon it that his pupils generally lacked strength, and their playing was apt to be marked by a kind of "muscular self-consciousness" which arose from a too exclusive contemplation of the mechanical processes rather than of the musical results. The influence of Deppe's teaching is shown chiefly, perhaps, in the increased attention everywhere

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given, since his time, to the matter of muscle and nerve conditions in playing.

In his youth Theo. Kullak was a disciple of Agthe, a German representative of Logier. The latter was the inventor of the Chiroplast, an instrument for holding the hand in position, which in its day was the object of much discussion of the kind we now hear about the Virgil Practice Clavier.

In the days of his famous Academy at Berlin, Kullak had become a thorough eclectic, and there was nothing to disguish his teaching on the technical side of it, except his octave method. A supremely great pedagogue, he brought to bear upon his work all the resources of an encyclopediac knowledge. No two of his celebrated pupils (most of them living) play alike, and no one not even his son, who, until a few years ago, carried on the "Academy," ever pretended to teach a Kullak method. His great work on octave playing was revolutionary to this extent: While it included nothing which was not employed in their octave playing by such men as Liszt, Henselt and Alexander Dreyschock, to say nothing of Rubinstein, Tausig and others, it did, for the first time, clearly define the function of the forearm in cotaves. But in this he merely described and systematized what others, even before his time, had more or less consciously practiced.

Another celebrated piano pedagogue, who was never an artist of the highest type, and whose playing, when he was in his prime, brings him into the same class with such men as Gottschalk and Alfred Jaell, is Theodor Leschetizky. For a long time a professor in the St. Petersburg Conservatory, where he was associated with Anton Rubinstein and the elder Dreyschock, and less intimately with Henselt and Nicholas Rubinstein, he made the best use of his opportunities for the study of modern piano playing, and having the power of minute analysis, that sine qua nihil of the pedagogue, he there elaborated the system of teaching which afterwards brought him into the greatest prominence at Vienna. The principle features of that system, on the technical side, although they are communicated with considerable variations by his vorbereiters, or preparatory teachers, are as follows: (1) The high knuckle in finger play; (2) a very extensive use of purely pressure touch in practice; (3) a continued

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use of extension exercises for increasing the lateral reach as well as promoting the independence of the fingers.

All this is hoary with age. Take the foundation finger exercise as taught by Stepanoff, one of the most popular vorbereiters. The essential principle of it is found in a Clementi study. The point of it is to hold down some fingers while playing with others in various combinations. As for the stress laid upon pressure touch, it is almost the first thing one finds in the Wieck technics, collected and published by the second daughter, Marie. The extension, or stretching exercises are quite the same in principle as those practiced and taught by Henselt.

Nor do we find anything startling when we come to the so-called Leschetizky pedal technic. Mrs. Potter Frissell, who for a number of years has been blowing the Leschetizky horn through the columns of the Musical Courier, in one of her enthusiastic outbursts said: "Syncopate the pedal and syncopate the ground bass is like a shibboleth to the uninitiated. These are great mysteries, and I believe that no teacher of the present day has penetrated them so deeply as Leschetizky." When I first heard this expression, "Syncopate the pedal," I thought I knew what it meant, but to become certain I bought a little book on pedal by Albert Vanino. It is a very good little book and sets forth what its author learned about pedal in three or four years of personal study with Leschetizky. All the orthodox ideas are to be found in it, with interesting and pertinent illustrations, and with them is an explanation of Mrs. Potter Frissell's mystery, the "syncopation of the ground bass." Here it is: "When a series of tones, bass or any other, are to be connected, the pedal should be released at the instant the fingers attack each new tone, and should be pressed down again, more or less quickly after the entrance of the new tone. Thus the pedal pressure follows the strong rhythmical points of the measure, whence the phrase 'syncopate the pedal.'" Who finds any mystery in this? Every one pedals in this way. The only thing in the book that could possibly appear novel even to the novice is the so-called "little pedal pressure," by which harmonies at the middle of the keyboard may be released while a low bass tone, having larger vibrations, is retained, thus securing the effect of a sustained organ bass. This had been explained to me fifteen years earlier by a Leipsig student of the time of Plaidy and Wenzel. Oscar Raif

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continually employed it in his teaching, as Miss Mary Wood Chase can no doubt certify.

So it is with the secrets and mysteries advertised, not by the master himself, but by half-formed pupils in whom the commercial spirit of some peddling ancestor is strong. Dispense with the bell-ringing and the "fee-fo-fi-fum" business long enough for a little dispassionate study, and the mysteries quickly vanish.

Oscar Raif's technical methods had much in common with those of Leschetizky. His idea that tone quality, as well as power, can be regulated by the rate of speed in the down movements of the fingers, would be very difficult to establish. The practice of restrained down movements, however, leading to a quasi pressure touch, without question did much to give his pupils a tone quite free from any suspicion of "thumping." The so-called dumb-thumb practice in scales, employed by this master, was simply a very good way of securing a relaxed condition and a quick lateral movement of the thumb. The fact that this method of practice was generally misunderstood and ridiculed is merely an evidence of the widespread ignorance of piano technic, except in the most rudimentary sense of the term, among the very people who might be expected to know something about it.

Raif's pet idea was "condensed technics," that is, the practice of selected technical figures, as few as possible, with a view to saving time. He was a most persistent advocate, too, of the idea that a well-selected piece may be made a better vehicle for technical instruction than many studies. In these things he undoubtedly represents the tendency of present-day piano teaching.

In the matter of octaves, he emphasized a truth which is usually kept somewhat in the background: "The chief difficulty lies in the lateral skip. It is not so hard to play the octave after you have found it. This, of course, does not apply to diatonic or chromatic progressions, where the intervals are small and uniform. But unfortunately these may be disposed of and yet leave the student helpless in the presence of an octave passage full of irregularities and skips." Accordingly, much time was spent in practicing octaves separated by gradually increasing intervals, the wrist all the while rigid, and the lateral arm movements as rapid as possible, so as to secure a

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quasi legato effect. In this practice everything was eliminated at first except the skip. When that part had been mastered, the wrist was relaxed, and the most difficult and irregular octave passages were then played with comfortable certainty, and with a legato effect, too, when it was desired.

Raif's wrist and finger positions were like those of other good modern teachers.

A prominent advocate of Dr. Wm. Mason's method, urges as its most conspicuous merit, that it restores the finger touch employed by John Sebastian Bach.

The two-finger exercise which is the basis of the first book of Mason's Technics, was borrowed from Liszt. Tausig also included it in his Daily Studies. There is nothing so very new in Mason's treatment of the arpeggio and the scale, except the great stress laid upon variety of rhythms, and the extensive employment of canonical forms. By these means the arpeggio and scale practice of the student becomes much more direct than it would otherwise be. That is to say: Dr. Mason presents these technical figures in forms which are substantially the same as the student will encounter in piano music. No one else has done this so well.

In the fourth book of his technics, the one devoted to octave-playing, the author makes an important contribution to piano pedagogics, in that he is the first to define the function of the upper arm.

Kalkbrenner, Kullak and Mason, these three have recorded the successive stages in the evolution of modern octave playing.

In his Clavier Method, Mr. A. K. Virgil presents a set of exercises which embody the principles of Deppe. In the minute analysis of the playing movements, and the constant stress laid upon "devitalization," or maximum relaxation, as well as the emphasis placed upon the necessity of a constant "carrying over" of the hand by lateral arm movements, he plainly follows Deppe. This "carrying" of the hand in passage work, Mr. Virgil explains with the utmost "pedantry" and renders it easy of attainment by means of a series of "crossing" exercises, which are worthy of all praise, because they lead with absolute certainty to a legato scale. There is scarcely anything in the Clavier Method that is not good, and very little indeed that is new. The fault of the system is the painful elaboration of it. A student or teacher

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is supposed to have certain elementary ideas; the Clavier Method presupposes nothing of the kind.

If Fraulein Timm, Mr. Ehrenfechter, or Miss Amy Fay had written out in detail the system of instruction they employ every day in teaching, it is likely that the Clavier Method would never have been printed. This by no means involves the assumption that Mr. Virgil borrowed his ideas. They may have been entirely original with him. The fact remains that they were held and announced by others before Mr. Virgil printed his book. The method of Deppe has been mentioned in connection with the method of Mr. Virgil merely because while different in certain details they make paramount the same general principles, from first to last.

All this is apart from any consideration of the Clavier itself. That useful instrument differs from the dumb pianos used by Thalberg, Liszt and others, chiefly in the fact that its mechanism reports the up movements of the fingers by means of the socalled up clicks. The "down movements" are so obviously necessary in tone-production that they are apt to absorb the attention of the player, to the neglect of the equally important "up-movements," without which the attainment of rapid, clean execution is a hopeless task. This is the one feature of the whole system, which entitles Mr. Virgil to be numbered with the few who have made important contributions to piano pedagogics.

We generally group the disciples of a certain master, and think of them as illustrating the method of that master. This is natural enough and with certain qualifications, it is not unsafe. Particularly is this safe if we speak of the so-called national schools of playing, which, of course, involves the consideration of far larger groups.

For example, a French pianist is fairly certain to play with great clearness, to make more of line than of color, to emphasize the logical construction of the piece. A German pianist is apt to make more of light and shade to suffuse his work with serious feelings, to be mystical rather than logical. These, however, are matters which bear little relation to academic training; they are, rather, the outcome of racial temperament. The same differences, or quite analagous differences will be found to distinguish the painting or the poetry of the two races. In any art a Frenchmen will do some things in some ways because he is a French-

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man, and a German or Russian will do them different because he is a German or Russian. To cite concrete cases, a French piano virtuoso like Plante is different from a German like Emil Sauer, a Polonaise like Paderewski, or a Cosmopolitan like d'Albert. Yet in the purely academic part of their art, they are most remarkably alike. Why are they different at all? Chiefly because each has a racial and personal idiom. All are modern pianists and modern pianism is cosmopolitan. There are no secrets of touch, pedaling, or interpretation communicated in hushed tones by Frau Vorbereiterin Blank of Vienna, which are not matters of common knowledge among competent teachers everywhere.

"Results," you say? "If the laboratory at St. Petersburg, Paris or Vienna has no superior knowledge, no secret processes, how do you account for the wonderful results? How is it that Clementi, Czerny, Kullak and Leschetizky turned out so many more successful pupils than other teachers?"

To answer this question by asking another, "How is it that the products of a given pianist manufactory do not all bear the same hall-mark? Why did Clementi's 'method' produce such widely divergent results as Field and Cramer? How is it that Listz and Thalberg, both from Czerny's school, were so utterly unlike? Why does Aus der Ohe play so different from Moskowski and Scharwenka, since all three were pupils of Kullak?" Finally, Why is Zeisler so different from Paderewski? None of these great teachers had a stamp which he placed upon all his pupils. To be sure Field and Cramer had something in common. So had Liszt and Thalberg; so have Paderewski and Essipoff. But the common element in Field's and Cramer's playing Hummel also had. The common element in the playing of a group of Leschetizky's best pupils is to be found also in the playing of all first-rate contemporary pianists. What makes one greater or different, is on the one hand greater talent, on the other, a different racial and personal idiom. What makes any of them great is the fact that he has mastered the art of contemporary piano-playing, with the aid of whatsoever teacher. To ascribe the peculiar qualities of a favorite artist's playing to a method of doing things which one can learn or teach and of which any person or persons have a monopoly, is the very extravagance of foolishness.

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A certain New Testament critic arranged the four gospel narratives in parallel columns, striking out every word that was not common to all of them. There remained a connected and consistent narrative. Whatever we may think of this method of dealing with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, it would not be such a bad way of determining what is vital in Raif, Leschetizky, Deppe, Mason *et alteri*. What they all have is certainly good; the rest is as it may be.

Nor are we to conclude that one teacher may not be better than another, or all others. It is not much to be doubted that Clementi was the greatest teacher of his generation. Czerny possibly surpassed all his contemporaries. It may well be that Kullak was the first pedagogue of his time; and it is probably not too much to say that Leschetizky is the legitimate successor of Kullak. But while recognizing the eminence of these great men, let us make no mistake about the sources of their power. Past and present, they all succeeded in making great players, not because they found new ways of doing things, but rather because they all had transcendent skill in formulating and boundless adaptability in teaching what others knew quite as well as they.

To what conclusions are we brought through all these things? First of all let us not pin our faith to any school or any master. Many of us have been so fortunate as to enjoy personal tuition with some eminent virtuoso or teacher. We yield to the stronger personality and become filled with such an exaggerated idea of his merits and the originality of his instruction, as to lose all sense of values when estimating them. Then, second, let us not forget that the greatest teachers have always been those who best summed up in their equipment the whole body of contemporary knowledge. Such men are the greatest borrowers. They recognize their own wherever they find it.

The lesson through all is that we teachers should adopt no method and reject none. A wise eclecticism is our only true course.

The best grammarian is the man who studied not only the construction of his own tongue, but also the comparative grammar of several related languages. So, the most complete master of Piano Pedagogics is not one who is the exponent of a "meth-

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od," but rather the student of what we may call Comparative Piano Methods.

Last of all, it should be said that when we have learned all there is to be learned, and taught all there is to be taught about technic, we have finished only the grammar of the piano art. There remains what is of higher importance, the eloquence—the poetry of playing. But "that is another story."

(Paper read at the meeting of the Missouri State Teachers' Association, June 15th, 1900, Columbia, Mo.)

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All the signs point to a remarkable extension of the Music Students Clubs, conducted under the auspices of this office. About seventy clubs were organized last season, a very large number considering the late period of beginning and the incompleteness of the study material, which at that time was published in small pamphlets, monthly. All this is now changed, and the first year's work is published complete in a very handsome and attractive volume called: "The Great in Music: First Year." The book is much more than the program books of last year. The book form permitting the work to be amplified to the extent needed instead of limiting each program to sixteen pages. Accordingly the ten programs occupy about three hundred pages, and upwards of 170 pieces of music are mentioned and commented upon in connection with the various composers. But of this later.

The quest upon which these seventy clubs have entered is not primarily or mainly history, but literature. Out of the almost innumerable composers of the last two hundred years a very few stand out more and more above the heads of all the others. Their music is still heard with respect and interest, and much of it is fruitful for modern study. Why is it, it may be asked, that these composers out of the whole number have persisted and abide until this present, while the works of the others, even of many who were undoubtedly influential in their day, have gone to the shades whence literature rarely returns? The answer is easy. There has been a survival of the fittest. "And what constituted the fitness of these who have survived?" asks the student. This also and rare in its way; often these two somethings are not coincident. They may and do exist separately. The first something which enables music to survive is its tonal fitness. Some music is more musical than other.

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"Wherein consists tonal fitness?" the student persists. I answer, it consists in melody, harmony, rhythm, the due and happy contrast of types of melody. In short it consists in certain qualities of the relations of tones and their effect upon the ear, which grow upon the student the more he hears the music. The men who composed this music had an inner preception for tonal relations. Often they wrote so much from their own instinct that their music was repugnant to many of their contemporaries, despite its cleverness. It sounded rough to them; but to posterity these unusual progressions have become agreeable and enjoyable. The other music, which has not survived, was more conservative in its manner, and its types of melody and harmony, put together without this inner light of genius for tone, have grown more and more flat and unprofitable through lapse of time.

The other quality in music which makes it survive is its human interest, to use a common expression. There is music which awakens something within the hearer. It is not alone a matter of hearing and enjoying melodies and harmony; it is a matter of being spoken to, of being moved upon, as by the breath of prophecy or the inspiration to poetry. The heart answers to the heart of the composer. This is the kind of music which men enthuse over, try to extend, and in every way uphold, because it has been composed or poured out under subjection to some overmastering mood and inspiration.

It is obvious that this greater music, which is at once music as music and something more than music in so much as it is a voice to the soul, must needs be less obvious to the casual hearer than those lesser musics which are merely for the ear and this in the lightest moments of hearing. The mood which the piece embodies may itself be rare, and therefore congenial only to the few capable of it; moreover, by just so much as the mood is rare, by so much the music of it tends to fall into unusual forms and relations, for it is obvious that unusual moods cannot be expressed by commonplace chords and cadences. Hence this kind of music is like the messages of prophecy, for "those who have ears to hear," the "ears" in this case being those inner potentialities of emotion, which the modern man and woman have in the second degree of recognizing and enjoying, even when they do not have them in the first degree, of being able to originate them within themselves.

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The object of the Music Extension Clubs is to bring together a few students of congenial tendencies, for the study of a limited number of composers belonging to the second class of the surviving element, namely, those who have written the music which stirs up things within the hearer, and which therefore belongs to that select class of the fittest which may be expected to survive for generations yet to come.

Now since what these students are after is to know and feel this choice music, and thereby open to themselves one of the purest and most developable enjoyments of modern life, it becomes a very serious question of selecting samples of each composer containing these greater somethings with the least strain upon unaccustomed hearing and perceiving powers. And this is the point where the editors have to exercise great care. Then, having agreed upon certain pieces by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or what composer, the next point is to so present to the student a suggestion of what the piece or pieces were intended to convey as to put him upon a true scent, without loading him up with a mere opinion which he can swallow whole without its entering into his inner life in a slight degree. This was a very nice point, and it would be too much to hope that it had always been fully met.

Having agreed upon a list of Bach selections, ten, fifteen or twenty, for instance, then the problem is to so conduct the study that each student will enjoy the pieces he has had personally to prepare for playing; and to have him so master them that the playing may have in it something of these great qualities which the master represents. And since it is too much to expect mere pupils to be capable of the larger aspects of the very greatest composers, except at second hand and in favorable moods, we had it for our work to select such examples of the larger work of the composer as the teacher might be expected to prepare and play for the edification of the class.

It is evident that a class agreeing to spend one evening a month upon the music of one or two composers, and to hear this music with care and with immediate relation to what it is supposed to mean, must necessarily arrive at a very different understanding of whatever works are heard than usually follows the public hearing of music.

After all that we may say about the appeal of the composers

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to the mood of the hearer, it still remains that there is room for no little preparation of hearers to be appealed to. While the mental expectancy need not and ought not to be carried to a hypnotic tension, some degree of this element is indispensable to the happy hearing of music. In the case of artist recitals it prepares itself in advance within the hearers, individually, through the suggestion of newspaper articles, the reputation of the artist, or if he has been heard before, his personality. Expectancy there always is, and it is this which the artist counts upon for the beginning of the success of the evening.

On the other hand, a music student taking private lessons, and therefore without the aid to be derived from class associations and a course of study to be completed, is apt to find a selection by Bach unattractive. It is only when rare musical qualities exist in the young student that Bach proves immediately attractive and interesting. Sometimes serious sudents go through five or six years of lessons and learn quantities of the music of Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and so on before learning to appreciate Bach or Beethoven.

The Student Club changes all this. It makes a sort of natural selection of the more seriously disposed and it brings them together for mutual warmth. Then the interest grows by what it feeds upon. If a student plays a half dozen things by Bach, even if no more poetic than the two part Inventions, he certainly learns that this music means more than he at first supposed; he also discovers that to play it well means several different things which do not come about by accident. There is the expression of the melodies, the mutual give and take of the voices, and the pervading spirit which gives the performance the character of an intelligent and a warm discussion of the musical point proposed in the first phrase. He learns therefore to appreciate the good points in the playing of the other players, and by so much is on the way to appreciate the good playing of artists and to regulate and improve his own efforts to reach this finer ideal.

Moreover, this manner of studying music gives it a serious cast. It appeals to the intellect, and the student soon learns that the intellect is that part of him which is manly and to be respected. It joins the music study to the serious element in the school idea, and the literary idea; the composer ceases to be a mere name and becomes a human man who has said this, that and

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the other strongly marked saying—for every piece of music is a is easy to answer. Music consists of two somethings, each great saying, whether it be tones only or have in it also this inner speaking to the innermost spirit.

It is obvious, and experience confirms it a thousand times over, that a group of students pursuing this kind of course will learn more good music, learn it better, enjoy it better, and get a great deal more out of it than by pursuing their studies in the usual way. Moreover, the Music Extension system is so managed as to assist the private teacher instead of interfering with her work. The club course gives the student a happy contrast of composers, and a happy changing off from classical composers, where the interest has to be cultivated and carefully awakened, to the modern composers of our own country, who, if any, certainly must speak to the American spirit. That innermost something which makes us all Americans, despite the languages we know or the countries we may have seen, is also that something which has moved these men to compose. They are American in a sense which naturalization cannot penetrate. As the African lady remarks, it is not a case of being "colored," but of having been born that way. The Extension course furnishes a carefully graded list of material from the composers of the first year, which will be of great assistance in extending the teaching repertory.

As a fortunate manual of desirable selections of teaching material, with annotations upon the qualities, difficulties, and meaning of every selection, the first year of "The Great in Music" is one of the most important works as yet offered the American teacher. Nor does anything of the sort exist in Europe. It is true that the learned Dr. Julius Fuchs has begun and partly carried out a complete catalogue of modern music classified according to difficulty and worth. But this is one of those monumental undertakings which by reason of the personal equation involved in making the valuations (aesthetic and technical) must always remain of very little practical value; and this the more by reason of the impossibility of the reader knowing of his own personal knowledge so vast a list of music pieces as to be able to provide his own corrections. The needle in the haymow is an easy find compared to looking for a piece in a work like that.

Here the intention was so much smaller as to afford a fair prospect of success. All that was wanted was a list of repre-

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sentative selections from sixteen famous composers and the same number of American composers—an average of about seven pieces each. This was a more manageable proposition. All the classical material has now been so sifted that its value is well known; the modern writers are not so sure, and there more care was necessary. Hence the union of several distinguished teachers in the work. Besides the present writer as editor in chief, there were such all round practical writers as Emil Liebling, John S. Van Cleve, Karleton Hackett, Theodore Spiering, and the like.

Whatever may be concluded as to the success or non-success of this attractive volume, there can be no question as to the advantage of the music extension work. This organizing of the class and the systematic pursuit of a well-arranged course of study is calculated to work to the advantage of all concerned—both teachers and pupils. It tends to steady the work, to give it point and to make demands upon it for practical results in the way of actual playing. Nor does the influence stop here. Through the natural association of the immediate relatives and friends of the pupils and their presence at the meetings of the club when these illustrative programs are publicly performed, the movement becomes a very active and pervading influence in the community. A few years of this work in a small place might entirely change the whole musical atmosphere and ennoble it beyond expectation or precedent.

One circumstance which has surprised the present writer is the interest in this work in clubs so widely unlike in surroundings and previous culture. Our clubs in Louisville, for instance, report that the work proved intensely interesting and that all the members felt more than repaid. Some clubs organized in convent schools have been remarkably successful. Again in some small place where no musical interest was expected, the same report comes to us.

After all this is nothing remarkable. The work appeals to students and teachers who have faith in music and desire to understand it better. Study material, practically prepared as this is, and so carefully adjusted to actual use, cannot but prove advantageous.

It is a comparatively easy thing for some member of an old club to prepare an outline of study available for a year. Many city clubs contain members capable of this. Sometimes the hus-

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band of a member performs this service, as in the case of the Thursday Musicale of Minneapolis, where Mr. H. W. Gleason prepared the year's course in Cantatas, together with suitable references for working up the material. But it is not practicable in any club or group of clubs to provide study material exactly hitting the mark of helping the student upon the actual pieces of music he studies; because this is something involving large experience in teaching, vast familiarity with the music and no little literary faculty—not to mention the discretion to stop at the right point, if possible. This is the place where the routines for club work often break down. They mark out work, but they do not give the aid which would make the work practical.

Be this as it may, the first year of "The Great in Music" aims at that large class, scarcely as yet diminishing, which does not know it all. It contains a careful working out of the ideas of teachers of long experience and the reputation of thinking for themselves. For one, I am proud of my connection with it and believe that it will prove one of the most useful teaching assistants with which my name has been connected.

* * *

What is the artistic temperament? This is a great question and if I were pushed into a corner I don't know that I could better answer than in two words, "with a single thought," as the young lady remarked: Max Heinrich. Have you ever met this naive son of music? Have you met him off the stage? Has he ever opened his stores of reminiscence and the wittiest of insight? Has he sat down at your piano and played and sung an air of Handel, or of some other old composer, singing with a dignity and convincing intensity which makes the composer alive again and shows you why his contemporaries thought him great? If not you have missed an experience.

Max Heinrich is not primarily a singer. He is a singer by the grace of God rather than by cultivation of vocal technique. He is first of all a musician. He was a pianist and a teacher of piano long ago, and he knows the literature of the piano as very few piano teachers do. He followed the present writer as teacher of piano in the Judson Institute at Marion, Ala., somewhere just after the war. I left there in May, 1865; I think Heinrich came the year following. He was younger then; so was I.

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He was already a fine musical scholar; I was just beginning. My volume of Beethoven sonatas had been well worked during the four years of unpleasantness, for they were all the music I had except Bach. But Heinrich was a good player of Chopin even then.

I do not know when he began to sing. It must have been twenty years ago or more. But he has never forgotten how to play. What accompaniments he plays! There is nothing like it. Henschel is not in the same class. Heinrich could give almost any pianist points of touch and interpretation. And what a curious range. I spoke of Handel just now, an air out of a forgotten opera of his which Heinrich played in my studio forming the motive; but he is just as great in the most modern of moderns. Who can make so much of one of Richard Strauss' accompaniments as Heinrich? Nobody that I have heard. I doubt whether Godowsky himself, with his colossal technique and his beautiful insight could make more of them. It is temperament. Behind the notes and behind the clever manner upon the keyboard, there is the artist who sings, who throbs, and thrills with the music. Voice? Yes, he has voice. He might have had more; indeed once he had. Voices are not indestructible. They impair with time. But temperament? That also sometimes cools out. The old artist seldom retains the fire of his youth. But Heinrich, he sings like a well-schooled volcano which is still in stage parlance "practicable."

And what a repertoire he has! The whole literature of song is his. Schumann, Strauss, Bach, Handel, Stradella, Mozart, all the moderns, he knows them all. And how he sings them, from a musical standpoint. Refinements of harmony, enharmonic changes, chromatics, all these exist in his mind upon the impregnable basis of their harmonic relation, and he sings as firm as a rock upon the treacherous quicksands where great opera artists often come to grief.

* * *

If I had the unexpurgatable pen of a "raconteur" I should delight in mentioning some of Heinrich's qualities as a man. What a naive son of nature he is! And how good-hearted with all. (Is this tautological? Perhaps it is.) And what a store of reminiscences! I was greatly interested in his bit about that great

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artist, David Bispham. It seems that when Heinrich lived in Philadelphia, young David Bispham came to him to learn to sing. He had a most intractable voice and Heinrich could not get the hang of it. Nothing seemed to work with Bispham according to expectation. The voice remained intractable, unmusical and unmanageable. Yet David Bispham seemed to have boiled down within him a two or three centuries of Quaker calmness and determination to be a singer—a great singer. He knew it was there and it must come out.

Later Heinrich was living in London. Here also was Bispham, much at the house; still working hard, still determined, yet still not arrived. Heinrich is a good fellow and besides trying to help he also tried to discourage the youngster. He said: "Dave, you are a fine fellow, full of intelligence, but you don't seem to get on as a singer and, upon my soul, I don't believe you ever will. Take my advice and try something else, for you have beautiful qualities which would enable you to succeed in any one of a dozen other occupations." But, no, Bispham meant to sing. Sing he must. He was well "fixed" as they say, to persevere, for he had enough sinews of war to carry him through.

Bispham disappeared. One year passed; two years. At length, somewhere, I do not remember where, Heinrich saw that his old friend was advertised to sing a solo role in a great work. He attended, wondering how the audience would take it. Enter Bispham, calm, confident, nervous as he always is when he has to sing; yet imperturbable, and when the time came he sang. Heavens! What a revelation! It was not the same voice. It was smooth, thrilling, finished, and full of the finest possible of artistic interpretation. Heinrich was thunderstruck. He rushed back to the greenroom and throwing his arms around the artist greeted him with all the warmth of his nature. And he said: "For heaven's sake, Dave, how is this? Is this the voice over which I used to wrestle so hard and could never make it come true? What have you been doing?" And Bispham answered that he had been in Italy, with Vannuccini. That was all. But the subtle Italian had found the voice which had been hidden away in that smooth exterior all the time, and the struggling artist nature of Bispham had found its wings.

Heinrich says that he considers Bispham's Wolfram the best he has ever heard; and the Kurneval in "Tristan and Isolde"

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the best to be conceived, a monumental creation from every point of view, diction, musical qualities, singing, and dramatic—a very great master production. And withal he says that there is no one upon the stage whose nature he admires more or loves better than that of Bispham.

* * *

Speaking of the late Chicago Conservatory, I mentioned some time ago that the prospect was that the teachers would receive their money in full. This reasonable expectation has not yet been realized. The two foremost artists in the conservatory, Mr. Godowsky and Mr. Heinrich, both were left large creditors to the defunct school. It is a pity, but it looks as if the late departed had been doing business upon false pretenses for several years, and that there was no incorporation, no stockholders, no one with a right to handle funds, and above all no one to take care of them when they came in. It is a great pity, but the end is not yet.

* * *

One point which our musical educators ought to secure is a finer understanding of the pedal in piano playing. According to the old German tradition, a young student was taught nothing about the pedal and was not allowed to use it at all until quite advanced. In later times this has changed, and now the best teachers permit the discreet use of pedal to be added to the smallest serious melodies and pieces of the early grades. Nevertheless entirely too few teachers understand the varied applications of pedals which the advanced composition require.

Some years ago the present writer urged Dr. Mason to include a chapter on the pedal in his fourth volume of Touch and Technic, but that experienced pedagogue replied that it could not be taught. If pupils were musical they would eventually find it out; if not musical they would never be able to use it understandingly. Therefore he did not think it his duty to interfere.

Opposed to this view he later on realized that for forty years and more he had been teaching all his good pupils substantially the same things about the pedal; and he saw, very properly, that anything which had to be taught to everyone could be made the subject of a chapter in a work of instruction. Hence the chapter in question.

Those who have heard Mr. Godowsky play and have watched

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his pedaling have observed a curious minuteness and variety in his application of this most important part of the tone-producing part of the pianoforte. At times he is pedaling every sixteenth; again it is fundamentals; again, melody tones, for improving the resonance; and occasionally, in cadenzas, he puts the pedal down its full length and holds it for several measures, producing a confusion which in a small room is noticeable, but in a concert room merely gives the effect of largeness and abandon, which the composer needed.

Mr. Godowsky states that he uses the pedal in three degrees of depression, according to the effect intended. A very slight depression of the pedal, for improving the resonance of melody tones, and for very slightly obviating the dry outlines of the piano when the pedal is not used. Again he pushes it down half way; this is the most common application; and again, he pushes it down the full distance, in order to secure the very last possibility of resonant reinforcement and sympathy. He has often regretted that these different applications of the pedal could not be indicated in the notation. I had the honor to suggest a method which I thought would do this. It was to have three different stamps for the "ped.;" one large capitals, "PED," to indicate the full use of the lever; a second in medium size, PED, to indicate the half depression; and again one in very small letters to indicate the slightest possible depression of the lever. This it seems to me would be a step in advance, and the engraver would have no trouble in following the copy in this respect as well as in the innumerable other particulars which enter into the notation of a first class pianoforte solo.

* * *

The "Musical Memories" of Dr. William Mason are nearing their close in the Century Magazine, three installments having been printed in the issues for July, August and September. They give charming glimpses of the Liszt coterie at Weimar between 1850 and 1855, and corresponding side lights upon the Leipsic circles and those at Prague. The charming letters of Miss Amy Fay relate to an entirely different period in Liszt's life, her stay at Weimar having been during the years 1871 and 1872—I believe. Liszt was then sixty years of age; Wagner was just nearing his triumph in the establishment of the Festival opera house at

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Bayreuth, and for ten years or more Liszt had ceased to act as director or to play in public, even occasionally. He was the white-haired Liszt, as Rubinstein and Mason agreed to call him, as distinguished from the tall, long, lank, black-haired Liszt of the Weimar period, between 1848 and 1860. When Mason was at Weimar, Liszt was just past forty—about the age Paderewski is at present. Young men, players, authors, artists, were coming to Weimar to have even a temporary contact with this remarkable personality; and the stamp of his approval was thought the indispensable trade mark of the young pianist.

The boys at Weimar in Mason's time were rather friends of Liszt than his pupils. No doubt the amiable grand master had no little trouble to instill into these irrepressible young devotees an appreciation of the needs of comely living. Mason gives an example in his September installment. He says: "Kindworth, Pruckner and I had played the Bach triple concerto in a concert in the town hall, had been requested to repeat it at an evening concert at the ducal palace. An hour before the ducal carriage arrived to take me to the concert a servant came from the Altenburg with a package which he said that Liszt had requested him to be sure and deliver to me. On opening it I found two or three white ties. It was a hint to me that I must dress suitably to play at court."

Possibly he was not sure but Americans wore red, white and blue ties with dress clothes.

Very interesting is the illustration showing Liszt approaching the Altenburg, where he then lived. This is the picture painted for Mr. J. M. Tracy, of Denver, Colo., by Mr. Carl Hoffman and duplicated by his permission for Dr. Mason. The reproduction here given is from a photograph made for this magazine by Dr. Mason's permission in 1898. It gives a good idea of Liszt's tall, lank form. Of Liszt in 1854 Mason says:

"The best impression of Liszt's appearance at that time is conveyed by the picture which shows him approaching the Altenburg. His back is turned; nevertheless, there is a certain something which shows the man as he was better even that those portraits in which his features are clearly reproduced. The picture gives his gait, his figure, and his general appearance. There is his tall, lank form, his high hat set a little to one side, and his arm a trifle akimbo. He had piercing eyes. His hair was very

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dark, but not black. He wore it long, just as he did in his older days. It came almost down to his shoulders and was cut off square at the bottom. He had it cut frequently, so as to keep it at about the same length. That was a point about which he was very particular. As I remember his hands, his fingers were lean and thin, but they did not impress me as being very long, and he did not have such a remarkable stretch on the keyboard as one might imagine. He was always neatly dressed, generally appearing in a long frock-coat, until he became the Abbe Liszt, after which he wore the distinctive black gown. His general manner and his face were most expressive of his feelings, and his features lighted up when he spoke. His smile was simply charming. His face was peculiar. One could hardly call it handsome, yet there was in it a subtle something that was most attractive, and his whole manner had a fascination which it is impossible to describe."

In early life Liszt must have been an extremely attractive, even beautiful, man. This appears from the portrait of Liszt at the age of sixteen or eighteen, a photograph of which was sent this magazine some years ago by Mr. Balmer of St. Louis.

According to Dr. Mason it is not quite true, as generally understood in musical circles, that Liszt immediately took up the compositions of Brahms with favor. It seems that Liszt treated Brahms with his usual politeness, played some of his pieces, including the now celebrated Scherzo in E flat minor, op. 4, and made criticisms upon it with his customary insight. It is also true, I believe, although Dr. Mason omits to state this in the articles in the Century magazine, that they played at Liszt's the trio in B flat, which Brahms also brought to Weimar upon the occasion of this first visit. I think I remember that Dr. Mason told me as much upon former occasions when reminiscences of the Weimar days were in order. Moreover, Dr. Mason brought this trio home with him to America and played it during the first season of the Mason and Thomas soirees—if not at the very first concert. It is evident from these facts (if facts they be) that Brahms made a decided impression at Weimar, as a young composer of undoubted force and uncommon promise.

That Liszt personally could have felt any very great sympathy for these new works is in the last degree unlikely. Everything was against such an idea. The style of them, while showing en-

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ergy, is reserved, and the atmosphere severe. The well-sounding is very little considered, and when played with Liszt's touch it was probably less than we now know it to be. Moreover it is easy to see from Remenyi's account of this famous interview that Liszt may well have been unfavorably impressed in advance. Remenyi told the writer that Liszt came to the hotel to see him immediately after his arrival in Weimar, and after talking a few minutes remarked: "Well, I suppose you haven't any too much money, have you?" To which Remenyi answered, "Unfortunately not, Master." Whereupon Liszt invited him to come directly to the Altenburg, saying that he had a place for him and he was welcome. At this Remenyi said: "But, Master, I am not alone." "What?" said Liszt, "have you then a valet?" "No, master," answered Remenyi; "I have a Genius" (Remenyi called it gay-ni-oos, the "gay" long and lingering). "A what?" asked Liszt. "A Genius, Master; the greatest composer since Beethoven." "And who may this Genius be?" asked Liszt. Whereupon Remenyi answered that it was a young Johannes Brahms from Hamburg, a wonderful fellow. "And this Genius," said Liszt, "I suppose he also has no more money than he needs?" "Alas, master," answered Remenyi, "it is too true; he is as poor as I am." Whereupon the amiable Liszt told him to come to the Altenburg all the same, and to bring along his Genius and greatest composer since Beethoven, for there was room enough for him also. And Remenyi said that at dinner, that night, with the Princess Wittgenstein, Brahms and Remenyi being also present, Liszt told the whole story to the Princess with ample exaggeration, and the narrative was received with shouts of laughter. Fancy how agreeable this must have been to the sensitive, serious and lofty-minded Brahms. I can imagine, also that this introduction may not have been the best possible beginning for securing the patronage of the brilliant Liszt. "The greatest composer since Beethoven—forsooth! Where then am I?" he may have asked himself. "And where is Wagner?"

* * *

I discover that I have made a mistake in giving the artistic history of Mr. Frederick Horace Clarke, some time ago, due to writing from memory without verifying. Miss Amy Fay writes that Mr. Clarke was not one of the original discoverers of Deppe and his name does not appear in Miss Fay's book; nor did he ever study

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with Kullak. It seems that Mr. Clarke came to Chicago to ask Miss Fay's advice about a master when he returned to Europe to study for the second time. He had read "Music Study in Germany" and wanted more information about Deppe. Miss Fay gladly told Mr. Clarke all he desired to know and urged him to go to Berlin and take lessons of Deppe and Frl. Steiniger. This he did, with the result that he fell in love with and married Anna Steiniger and returned with her to America.

* * *

During my summer class, in July, Mr. Emil Liebling played a very interesting recital, his most important number being the whole of the Moszowski Concerto in E major, with accompaniment for second piano by his artist pupil, Miss Maud Jennings. Of her work there is mention in another place. But of Mr. Liebling himself, it is necessary to speak with emphasis and publicity, for in this work he gives a remarkably brilliant illustration of modern piano playing—all the more remarkable when one considers that it is the playing of an artist who is engaged in teaching for more than the usual hours every week in the year, almost. Mr. Liebling tells me that his summer work was larger than ever, and his fall teaching began earlier than usual, a circumstance generally mentioned by all the prominent teachers. There is nothing strange about this in Liebling's case, for he has had for twenty-five years one of the most reliable and brilliant clientels of all Chicago teachers. It takes talent and personal qualities of an unusual kind to hold such a position for so long a time, when the city is growing so rapidly and artists are all the time coming in.

* * *

The Castle Square opera contingent opened again in that beautiful and affably managed theatre, the Studebaker, Sept. 17, with "A Trip to Africa," the leading roles confided to Miss Maude Lillian Berri, Gertrude Quinlan, Reginald Roberts and Frank Moulan. The performance indicated excellent intentions. I do not know whether the tedium of it and its failure to awaken enthusiasm were to be attributed to the rather meagre work or to the way in which it was given. Certainly the staging was showy, there was motion enough ,and every body seemed trying to do their best. But after all nobody appeared to enthuse, except the

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regular attaches of the house, who did their duty manfully in trying to start applause. But the audience was apathetic.

I hear that the presence of that experienced singer, Mr. William Pruette, saved the third week, Sousa's "El Capitan," from the same kind of ineffective impression. Sousa's music has something in it catchy, and my informant said that the music appeared much better than upon former hearing from the De Wolf Hopper company. I am glad of this. Pruette as El Capitan made a great success, I was told—but, and here is the fatal node in the story, my informant declined to undergo a second hearing of the work. This was the verdict between the lines which I needed. I had heard the "Trip to Africa" myself.

* * *

The Savage and Grau contingent of Metropolitan grand opera in English (alleged) opened in New York October 6 . From what the papers say it must have been a case for the Scotch verdict; "Not guilty, but he must not do it again." They say that the audience was apparently new to the house and ready to be pleased, but that, with all this advantage, they found it difficult.

Savage and Grau. This phonetic combination seems to me a trifle queer for opera, does it not? Savage—the way the works are done; Grau—the antiquity and shade of the works themselves and of the manner of the playing. I hope the box office will be well managed, for in that case there will be at least one department to be proud of.

I am afraid we had our good things in the line of English opera too soon; before we were ready to know how good a thing we had. When I remember what kind of opera Parepa-Rosa used to give, in 1869, 1870 and 1871, with William Castle, a tenor of most lovely quality, Campbell, the basso, Rose Hersee, and that fascinating creature, Zelda Seguin, with Carl Rosa as conductor, I really cannot see why something as good might not be done now. Or the American opera, in 1886, with Mrs. Thurber as the power behind the throne, Mr. Charles E. Locke for taking care of the cash (I am told he did this in great shape—for himself) and Theodore Thomas as conductor, with a stage production of unexampled elegance—what beautiful performances they used to give. For finish, smoothness, refinement and artistic quality, the singers of the present time will need all their powers to equal the work of Pauline L'Allemande, Emma Juch, Helene Hastreiter,

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William Ludwig, Candidus, Mr. Myron Whitney—all those people could sing and all were used to the stage. Juch sang beautifully; L'Alemande had a lovely voice; Hastreiter was a great artist; Ludwig a most versatile and masterly actor; Whitney a great voice—and so on.

It is evident that Messrs. Savage and Grau have no idea of trying to do anything half as good.

W. S. B. M.

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MISS HARRIET BARNETT.

Miss Barnett is a highly gifted Chicago girl who for several years has pursued her studies upon the piano under the direction of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews. In the course of her work she has gone through a wide list of representative music and formed a technique of remarkable power, sureness and delicacy, the range of which will be better understood from the following program, played before Mr. Mathews' summer class of 1900:

Bach—Invention in E Minor; Preambule in E Major.
Schumann—Carnival.
Chopin—Black Key Study, Op. 10, No. 5.
Chopin-Godowsky—Black Key study for the left hand.
Chopin—Etude Op. 5, No. 4; Scherzo from Sonata in B Minor.
Chopin-Godowsky—Paraphrase on Valse in E Flat.
Brahms—Rhapsodie in G Minor.
Mendelssohn-Liszt—Midsummer Night's Dream.

This remarkable list of selections was played with great intelligence, sympathy and reserve power. It was heard by a large and very enthusiastic audience, among them many eminent musicians. Miss Barnett is still going on with her studies, but from a standpoint somewhat individual and independent. She has reach that point in development when a player's future is mainly in her own hands. During the present season she will devote some attention to recital and concert work. Her talents are such as to entitle her to a brilliant future and her technique is so unusual and her reserve power and absorption in the music are so great as to give her best work an impressive effect unusually convincing. She is therefore an important addition to the number of the

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MISS HARRIET BARNETT.

younger concert artists, with every prospect of reaching most eminent rank when her talents are fully known.

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MISS MAUD JENNINGS.

MISS MAUD JENNINGS.

Among the younger pianists of Chicago, Miss Maud Jennings bids fair to take a high place. For many years a pupil of that practical master, Mr. Emil Liebling, Miss Jen-

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nings combines the art of brilliant playing with excellent qualities of hand and intelligence. Fine accounts have appeared in the musical press of her playing before the Illinois Music Teachers in 1900, and in July she also assisted Mr. Liebling in a recital before the summer class of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews. On that occasion she played the first movement of Weber's sonata in

THE ALTENBURG AT WEIMAR. THE TALL FIGURE IN THE FOREGROUND IS LISZT.

(Liszt's reception room was the corner nearest the spectator, ground floor; his private study where he composed, was in the rear, where the shade appears.

A flat, a Serenade and Elfin Dance by Mr. Liebling, and the Liszt Campanella. In these her qualities made an excellent impression, her playing being distinguished for quiet ease, fluency and capability, not to mention intelligence. Perhaps the most trying part of her work in that recital was the second piano part of the Moszkowski concerto in E, opus 59, in which she accompanied Mr. Liebling with great effect. It is an un-

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grateful and very difficult piece of work, and it was admirably performed. Miss Jennings is now engaged as principal piano teacher in the newly-founded conservatory of music at Terre

LISZT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

Haute, Ind. But she intends to devote a part of her time to recital and concert work, in which she will have the best wishes of all who know her.

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MR. GEO. W. WALTER, MUS. DOC.

It is with pleasure that a portrait is given of Dr. George W. Walter, of Washington, D. C., under whose inspiration and supervision the Kimball Company of Chicago has produced a veritable masterwork in organ building, in the magnificent concrt organ of the Jewish temple at Washington, D. C. Dr. Walter is the son of the distinguished Dr. Geo. W. Walter, who for many years was organist of Trinity parish and Columbia University, in New York. The younger Walter was put to playing when a mere child, and is said to have played a part of a service when only five years of age. He grew up at the organ, knowing it in all its inmost comings in and goings out, as few men ever learn this complicated instrument. Withal, having a musical temperament, he soon became noted for his improvisations and for the novelty and taste of his registration. Nevertheless, with professional prospects of the most superior kind, Dr. George Walter chose to live a retired life in the city of Washington, where his commodious and elegant residence is near the Corcoran art gallery and overlooks the presidential ground. In his home he has many fine instruments, among them a superior Roosevelt organ, for Dr. Walter and the late Hilbourne Roosevelt were friends from boyhood, and Dr. Walter was one of those who watched with great interest the remarkable improvements in organ mechanism inaugurated by Roosevelt, and continued until his death some ten years ago. Some two years ago the attention of Dr. Walter was attracted to a small portable pipe organ of the Kimball make, which some one in Washington had bought. The disproportion between the size of the instrument and its musical powers led Dr. Walter to investigate its principles of mechanism carefully. The more he investigated the more he admired, and the more the possibilities of this mode of construction grew upon him. He saw that while the varied wind pressures and the system of pneumatics were indeed indispensable to the portable organ, since they permitted a reliability of mechanism and a tonal and mechanical variety previously unknown in small organs, their possibil-

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DR. GEO. W. WALTER.

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ities were even greater in large instruments than in the small ones. Accordingly when the trustees of the Jewish temple consulted him about a fine instrument he suggested their taking up these Kimball principles, and upon them as a basis acquiring a concert organ of previously unknown fineness of tone and possibilities of management.

It is impossible within practicable limits here to describe in detail the astonishing peculiarities of this instrument. Let us begin with the specification of stops, and here at once we discover the operation of a different conception of organ playing from those held by organ builders and common players. Following is the specification, the comments appended to the specification of the different departments of the organ being those of Dr. Walter himself:

THE TEMPLE ORGAN.

MANUAL I. SWELL ORGAN.

1.	Gross Gedact,	16′	deep and pervading undertone.
2.	Contra Fagotto,	16′	full lengths throughout in metal.
3.	Aeoline Celeste,	8′	These four families are separate and complete. The Aeoline has the most delicate string tones ever produced from pipes. It is the softest register in the organ.
4.	Viole Celeste,	8′	
5.	Viole d'Orchestre,	8′	
6.	Violoncello,	8′	
	(String Families.)		
7.	Horn Diapason,	8′	special form of great substance.
8.	Lieblich Gedact,	8′	new scale, mild intonation.
9.	Wald Horn, (German Hunting Horn)	8′	rare in organs, difficult to reproduce in pipes.
10.	Harmonic Trumpet,	8′	English form, the treble pipes are in double lengths.
11.	Saxophone,	8′	approaching Clarinet tone, but more mellow in quality.
12.	Oboe d'Amore, (rare)	8′	reproduction in tone of an Italian form of oboe now nearly extinct.
13.	Vox Humana,	8′	isolated and enclosed in two swell boxes, separate crescendo and diminuendo.
14.	Celestina,	4′	octave string tone.
15.	Flauto Traverso,	4′	the Italian orchestral flute.
16.	Echo Aetheria, 3 ranks,		entirely new in form and blending, voiced as distant silver chimes.
17.	Swell at Octaves,		to itself without operating the octave keys.
18.	Detachable Celeste Transfer,		optional "Celeste" effect exclusive to any desired register.
19.	Tremolo, Swell,		isolated in North tower of Temple.
20.	Tremolo, Vox Humana,		isolated in North tower of Temple.

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This is an ideal organ of itself with a wealth of orchestral effects and the amplest of body tones, all blending in harmonic perfection to a total of power and crescendo marvelous in brilliancy and definition. It is provided with six pistons for effecting adjustable and interchangeable cobminations.

The Vox Humana is ventriloquial, seemingly capable of mysteriously moving its presence from an apparently inaccessible distance to different localities, near by or remote, approaching and receding at will. It is primarily controlled from this manual, but can be operated from any of the other manuals at pleasure.

MANUAL II. CHOIR ORGAN.

(Inclosed in a separate swell box.)

21. Fern Horn,	16′	full lengths of open metal, harmonic treble, distant mellow horn tone, new effect.
22. Tibia Major,	16′	of closed wood, undertone of full intonation.
23. Chalumeau,	16′	grave, sinister tones of supernatural effect, sepulchral.
24. Dolce,	8′	calm, ethereal, transparent, without string quality.
25. Salicional,	8′	of string scale, but reedy in character, brilliant without substance.
26. Quintadena,	8′	pastoral, artless, curious in harmonics, the Arcadian shepherd's pipe.
27. Flute Harmonique,	8′	rarely made in this size, luscious body tones, rich in harmonics.
28. Spitz Flote,	8′	with octave harmonics, joyous, the ideal register for choir use.
29. Oboe d' Orchestre,	8′	specially modeled for this organ, slender in body, tone plaintive.
30. Bass Clarinet,	8′	German form, bell mounted, the largest of clarinet tones.
31. Basson,	8′	French form, orchestral, quaint and jovial in speech.
32. Prestant,	4′	small French diapason, earnest, clear and bright.
33. Flute Octaviente,	4′	the French orchestral flute, very rare in organs (see note).
34. Piccolo Harmonique,	2′	the French orchestral piccolo, brilliant and sparkling.
35. Choir at Sub Octaves,		to itself without operating the octave keys.
36. Pipes of "Swell" to "Choir," keys,		controls Manual I, without operating its keys.
37. Tremolo, Choir,		isolated in South tower of Temple.

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This department is a collection of tone specialties and rare orchestral groupings in reed and wind varieties.

It is very difficult to reproduce in organs the characteristics of a true Flute Octaviente. The pipes must first sound their ground tone, which should at once leap into its octave harmonic. The Flut Octaviente here has these effects in perfection and marvelously imitates the tones of its orchestral prototype.

This Manual, though of less dynamic range than Manual I, excels in contrast of effects and emotional capacity. Six pistons provide adjustable combinations, interchangeable.

MANUAL III. GREAT ORGAN.

38. Dulciana,	8′	delicately bright and clearly defined in speech.
39. Gemshorn,	8′	medium body tone, pensive, melancholy.
40. Bell Diapason,	8′	of new form and special construction, bold, resonant, penetrating.
41. Claribel Flute,	8′	rich and mellow tones of ample body.
42. Octave,	4′	strong and bright, the standard of pitch for the whole organ.
43. Walde Flote,	4′	German forest flute, full and brilliant.
44. Nazard,	2 2-3′	taper model, medium fluty tone.
45. Super Octave,	2′	brilliant and penetrating.
46. Septadecima,	1 3-5′	Instead of a Mixture. not needed in this instrument, these three registers are specialy scaled and voiced for separate use and afford a variety of effects in combinations, instead of one effect only available in chorus.
47. Larigot,	1 1-3′	
48. Cymbel,	1′	
49. Pipes of "Swell" to "Great" keys,		Controls Manual I without operating its keys.
50. Pipes of "Choir" to "Great" keys.		Controls Manual II without operating its keys.

This is the true form of a true "Great Organ," all open pipes of open tones on open chests, affording every range for voice support up to full chorus. Its total power will amply support the largest of choirs. Gamba tones are purposely excluded from this Manual as destructive of the true tones of which it should be characteristic. They will be found in ample variety in their proper place. Nos. 38, 39 and 41 blend into a new order of diapason tone, and with 43 constitute a large toned open Choir Organ. We have, therefore, in this instrument the effects of two different Choir organs.

To the expert in registration a large range of multiple functions is apparent in this Manual alone, through its pyramidal tone proportions, as well as in the relation of its components to those of the other manuals, especially Manual IV.

Six pistons provide adjustable combinations, interchangeable.

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MANUAL IV. SOLO ORGAN.

51. Contra Violone,	16′	majestic deep string tones of intense pungency, instant of speech to the lowest note.
52. Trombone,	16′	specially modeled and voiced for archestral and solo effects, treble harmonic, unlike most organ trombones.
53. Melophone,	8′	a curiosity in voicing. Each single pipe sounds two different qualities of tone of same pitch at same time, giving the effect of two registers combined.
54. Viola da Gamba,	8′	the most vivid and penetrating of string tones, piercing in power.
55. Gross Principal,	8′	grand diapason tones of immense body and prevading power.
56. Tuba Shofar,	8′	most pronounced, assertative, tragic, the great Jewish trumpet.
57. Flute d' Orchestre,	4′	of entirely new form and voicing, large, liquid and luscious in speech, the most brilliant of Solo flutes.
58. Clarion Regal,	4′	the royal trumpet, heroic, superb in expression and splendor of speech.
59. Solo at Octaves,		to itself without operating the octave keys.
60. Pipes of "Swell" to Solo keys,		Controls Manual I without operating its keys.
61. Pipes of "Great" to Solo keys,		Controls Manual III without operating its keys.
62. Pipes of "Pedale" to Solo keys,		Controls "Pedale" organ without operating Pedale keys.
63. Tremolo to 52, 56 and 58,		Isolated in South tower of Temple.

In this department every register is of the most pronounced type of its kind. So intense are the tones of the Violone and Gamba that they have often been mistaken for those of reeds. The Gamba itself has the penetrating power of an ordinary trumpet stop. The total power of this Manual alone is more than that of many a three-manual organ on usual lines. The grand battery of reed registers here is kept under control by enclosure in swell boxes, the Trombone having a swell box of its own, twenty-one feet in height. The peculiar dual tones of the Melophone have never before been attained from single pipes. The Flute d' Orchestre is an absolutely new creation in flute tones. Four pistons control adjustable interchangeable combinations in this department.

The expert will at once notice the immense field of multiple functions that this Manual covers, in its relations to the "Great" and "Pedale" organs, as peculiar to this instrument in the selection and arrangement of its components. Instead of burying useful registers

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where they would be available in aggregates only, they are here given a field of their own from which their effects can be applied in various directions. With the positive integrity of voicing carried out in this instrument, this system is equivalent to adding more registers by the increased number of effects thus attained.

It will now also be seen that so far as "couplers" are concerned they are merely cumulative as to the extent of effects with which each Manual or the Pedale may be endowed beyond its own complement. Whatever may be the tonal condition of this instrument at any time, only one manual of the four is involved in operation. The entire tonal outfit of any is transferable in effect without the necessity of its individual operation. Hence, instead of having to use all four manuals to sound the whole instrument, only one is used, and even that one can also sound the whole Pedale department in addition. We have, therefore, in this great instrument the simplicity of but one manual in action at any time, with extra manuals for detached effects when desired. It is about as near to nothing in manipulation as an organ can be gotten to, unless we were to apply the Kimball self-playing attachment and let the whole instrument go on by itself.

PEDALE ORGAN.

64. Untersatz,	32′	deepest sounds in audible range, the base of the entire pyramid of tones.
65. Diapente,	21 1-3′	great double Quinte, adding to the Untersatz a resultant effect of 64 ft.
66. Diaocton,	16′	great bass octave, constituting with 64x 65 the grand Bordunal, rarely existing in organs.
67. Open Diapason,	16′	standard scale, the normal major bass of organs proper.
68. Contre Basse,	16′	orchestral double bass, renowned Schultze scale, 5⅜, rare.
69. Bourdon,	16′	of largest model, firm undertone of full intonation, ample in support, prominent in effect.
70. Quinte,	10 2-3′	deep fifth in harmonic, adding to 67 resultant effect of 32 ft.
71. Violone,	8′	characteristic string tones, the octave to the Pedale.
72. Pipes of "Swell" to "Pedale keys,"		without operating their respective
73. Pipes of "Choir" to "Pedale" keys,		without operating theri respective manuals.
74. Pipes of "Great" to "Pedale" keys,		
75. Pipes of "Solo" to "Pedale" keys,		
76. Pedale Treble Separation,		new accessory to operating bass couplers divisibly.

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This department, as shown by its design, is a massive pyramid of bass tones by itself. The pyramidal tone building of 64, 65, 66 in Bordunal is carried up to an octave further in height by the addition of the remaining registers chosen and designed for that very purpose. This Pedale organ is true of itself in proportion and of surging grandeur alone. Reedy octaves are not necessary, but can be combined, when desired, from the manual organs.

The desirable feature of the enjoyment of optional manual couplings without the confusion to the fingers of any Pedale operation of manual keys is of inestimable advantage in classical playing with Pedale obligato. In this instrument couplers can be employed in opposition to each other without the slightest visible or perceptible interference in external action or touch, the only result is that of internal pneumatic separation at two ends instead of one. This in no way changes the effect aimed at in playing, and at the same time permits "repetition" of identical effects between different claviers as rapidly and easily as from one. This peculiar feature is owing to the system under which the air ducts are controlled; the change or transfer of their impulse can be made as readily from different points as from one, because neither their weight nor resistance ever varies, whether in conjunction or opposition.

The foregoing completes the list of sounding stops. It will be noted that the number aggregates sixty sounding stops—making it a concert instrument of the first rank. Moreover, the possibilities of these sixty stops far surpass any similar number in organs of usual construction, since any stop in the entire list can be combined with any other stop and played from any manual, while the remaining stops of either manual can be played from either one of the remaining manuals. Nothing like this has ever been accomplished before, or is possible, except by aid of the Kimball system of pneumatics.

Up to this point of the description we have already had seventeen mechanical accessories in the form of couplers and tremolos. We now go on with the list of mechanical accessories, which is too long to give in display, but may be summarized as follows:

Nos. 77 to 100. Fourteen interchangeable combination pistons, capable of instant adjustment to bring on or take off at pleasure any one of six different combinations in either manual.

Nos. 101 to 124. Adjustable reversible pistons for effecting changes of stops.

Nos. 125 to 140. Divisible couplers, operated in groups or singly by registers or collectible by pedal.

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Nos. 141 to 150. Pedal movements, including four swell pedals, a reversible sfortzando movement, and a balanced crescendo and diminuendo pedal, successively building up to the full power of the instrument or going down to pianissimo without moving the registers or disturbing the combinations set upon the combination pistons.

Most wonderful of all is the list of indicators, of which there are sixteen, showing the state of the wind supply and the condition of every manual and the pistons at any moment. This enables the organist by carefully going through the list to be sure that his manual combinations are not going to be upset and to turn out fortissimo where he intends pianissimo, through the fact of some overlooked piston being set for full organ. This is an accident which not infrequently happens upon these large modern organs with many piston movements; the present is the first case known to the writer where provision has been made for revealing to the eye of the organist the state of combinations which may have been left adjusted by a previous player.

According to the testimony of Dr. Walter (and his opinion is amply confirmed by other organists who have examined this instrument, Mr. Wild among them) the voicing is of almost unheard-of perfection. This combined with the unusual provision of voices makes it an art product which every organ connoisieur would gladly explore. Most strange of all is the number, variety and apparently artistic design of the 16ft. stops upon each manual. Next to this is the absence of mixtures—relieving the organ from the screamy and inartistic quality peculiar to them.

Most organists will find the great organ division least according to their anticipation; but let it be noted that it has four large stops of eight feet, which can be reinforced to any extent desired by other voices out of the solo organ, where there is a grand provision of sonorous stops upon heavy wind. With this aid the great organ effect should be something stupendous.

The pedal effects are another point which an organist would like to hear. Any attempt at a 64ft. effect is so rare as to be phenomenal; yet here it is made by combining stops Nos. 64, 65 and 66, giving rise to a foundational substratum of pervading expectation of tone, as one might call it, upon which the great chorus of the full organ must rest with wholly unusual solidity.

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In short, the organ is full of novelties and of combinations which belong to the imaginative poetry of organ playing. It could not have been designed except by an artist, and one would like to hear it under his fingers, when many of these novel imaginations would find their proper place in musical art.

That an instrument of this kind could be produced in Chcago is a just matter of pride to the undersigned and all concerned.

W. S. B. M.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

By H. D. Sleeper.

The forty-third annual music festival of Worcester, Mass., occurred September 24 to 28. While many of the recent festivals have been notable and none of them unworthy, especial interest centered about this year's efforts, because of the great strength of the program and the general excellence of performance promised.

Twelve numbers were heard for the first time at a Worcester festival, including Cesar Frank's oratario, "The Beatitudes"—its second performance in America, and its first production in English; Brahm's German Requiem, Verdi's Te Deum for divided chorus and full orchestra, Glazounoff's Sixth Symphony and Tschaikowsky's Concerto in B-flat minor for the piano. Among other works given were Sullivan's "Golden Legend," its fourth Worcester performance, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Liszt's "Les Preludes," the overture to "Flying Dutchman," and other Wagner numbers. America was represented by MacDowell's tone poem for orchestra, "Lancelot and Elaine." As usual, seven concerts and five public rehearsals, all largely attended, were held. The three afternoon concerts were chiefly orchestral, the "Golden Legend" and "The Beatitudes" each filling an evening, and miscellaneous concerts of a high order, one concluding with the Requiem and the other with the Te Deum, occupied the two other evenings.

The *sine qua non* of a music festival is its chorus. The Worcester chorus numbers four hundred. Rehearsals are held weekly through the late winter and the spring, and more frequently in September. The three works new to the chorus this year were of great difficulty, both technical and interpretive. The most of the work, however, was well done, and the editor of MUSIC will be glad to know that but little was "executed" with serious results. There was very little, also, of that well-known feeling on the part of choruses toward soloists of "we feebly struggle, they in glory shine." Of course, the tenors were weak, and in the Requiem both tenors and sopranos failed to connect with the key at times; but the basses were superb—being always there, and with excellent tone quality. The work of the chorus in "The Beatitudes" was especially commendable.

Sixty of the Boston Symphony's men comprised the orchestra, with

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that most excellent musician, Franz Kneisel, as concert-master. Their work throughout the arduous week was extremely good. Especial mention might be made of the excellence of the wood wind, the richness of tone from the 'cello force, and the sympathetic and well-judged accompaniments done under the baton of Mr. Kneisel, who is associate conductor of the festival.

The vocal soloists, a fair sample of what is heard each year, were Mme. Schumann-Heink, Miss Sara Anderson, Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Gertrude May Stein, Miss Foss, and Messrs. Evan Williams, Van Yorx, Towne, Campanari, Julian Walker and Gwilym Miles. Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in two concerts, always with the greatest acceptance. Her voice, her interpretation, her bearing, were equally satisfactory, and she proved herself to be a great artist. Miss Stein should receive second honor among the women. Her tasks were greatly diversified and always well done.

Miss Anderson sang "Dich, theure Halle" with great effect, but in the Requiem lacked the requisite sympathy of tone. Mme. Blauvelt, to the writer, was less satisfactory, though it is said she was suffering from a cold. In the mad scene from "Hamlet" her singing was labored.

Campanari missed his first concert through illness, and the Requiem lacked his inspiring presence, but he sang with his wonted enthusiasm and effect on the last evening.

Evan Williams' work was excellent. He stirred the audience again and again with his wonderful climaxes. His saving of voice for these effects, however, is often too apparent, and we wish he were not so conscientiously "sure of his audience."

Julian Walker has a beautiful voice, of fine range and sufficient power. His one lack is intensity, both of tone and emotion. When he has acquired these he will be one of our most acceptable bass-baritones. Gwilym Miles is always reliable, and he has a good reserve force of voice and energy.

The conductor of the Worcester festivals for thirty-two years—1866-97, inclusive—was Carl Zerrahn. George W. Chadwick has conducted now for three years. Mr. Chadwick's musicianship is unquestioned. The toning up of the programs, as evidenced by this year's festival, is undeniable proof. He stands with MacDowell and Horatio W. Parker in the front rank of American composers. In following Mr. Zerrahn he had a difficult task, for Worcester is conservative, and the veteran conductor had the confidence of the chorus in a marked degree. It is, therefore, highly complimentary to say that Mr. Chadwick is steadily gaining in the estimation of the Worcester public and in the confidence of the chorus, and that he bids fair to win in Worcester such a place as he now holds in Springfield, where his work as conductor is well established and his popularity is great.

Cesar Frank's oratorio, "The Beatitudes," needs especial mention. Briefly, the libretto is well planned, but very poorly written. There is hardly a gleam of real poetry in it all, except the few direct uses of scripture. The greater part of the words are decidedly commonplace

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and the scenes uninteresting. Notwithstanding this most serious defect, Frank has produced a wonderful work—one of the greatest of recent times. While his rhythms and melodies are beautiful, though for the most part simple, he excels as a harmonist and in orchestration, and the long work abounds in original and interesting effects—the interest being maintained to the end.

A most devoutly religious spirit pervades the entire oratorio, full of tenderness and depth. If there is a lack, it is in the composer's ability to portray the states of suffering, despair and hatred which are brought into contrast with the various beatitudes.

The difficulties for the chorus, often divided, are constant, especially in unprepared skips. None of the six solo parts are of great difficulty, but none but the best orchestras should undertake the accompaniments. The piano score is unusually inadequate in representing the orchestral effects.

Mr. Krehbiel, of the New York Tribune, and, much more to be wondered at, Mr. Hale, of the Boston Journal, Mr. Doncaster, of the Worcester Telegram, and many other able critics, were highly complimentary both of the oratorio and its rendering.

In the last afternoon concert Miss Augusta Cottlow made her first appearance in America, after several years of study abroad. Miss Cottlow is young, and her manner is simple and unaffected. Her technique is superior, her sense of rhythm nice, and she is intelligent. At present she has hardly the physical strength nor the emotional fire to do the Tschaikowski Concerto as it should be done, but her playing greatly delighted the audience and won for her a well deserved and most hearty encore, to which she replied by playing Liszt's "Waldesrauschen." She should prove very acceptable in works of less virility than the concerto.

The Worcester festivals have presented 16 different oratorios, from once to eight times each, "Elijah" leading, and "The Messiah" being second with six performances; it has presented 15 cantatas and over 20 other large choral works; 46 symphonies, including Beethoven's nine in 17 performances, 62 overtures, 36 concertos, and numberless smaller vocal and instrumental works. While the old masters have been the favorites, such men as Brahms, Dvorak, Tschaikowsky, Sgambati, Smetana, Svendsen, Saint-Saens, Massenet, Bizet, Scharwenka and Humperdinck have been represented in from one to six numbers each, and over a dozen worthy Americans have had their names on the programs, in many instances conducting their own compositions.

In one other regard the Worcester festivals have been noteworthy. In a large majority of the past forty-three years the receipts have covered the expenses. This for an annual festival of such magnitude is exceptional, to say the least, and indicates an intelligent interest and genuine appreciation on the part of the public.

The value of the festivals to the community and to music in general can hardly be overestimated. The healthful relaxation and entertainment, the intellectual and emotional stimulus, the cultivation of perceptive and appreciative powers, the setting up of standards of excel-

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lence both of music and its performance, the training received by the members of the chorus, and the effects produced by familiarity with the great choral works, are all of immense value, and the results are constantly seen in the musical life of the city. No doubt weekly concerts of the same degree of excellence throughout the season would be a still more potent force for good, but a city of the size of Worcester could not support them.

The Worcester festival seems to be thoroughly established, and the present policy of its efficient executive force is meeting with approval. This policy is to give the best music by the best forces obtainable, and to depend upon public patronage for financial support.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK AT THE MAINE FESTIVAL.

According to the glowing account of Mr. Bret H. Dingley, in the Lewiston Journal, Mme. Schumann-Heink must have made the success of her life at the recent festivals in Bangor and Portland. At the latter place, in particular, things went splendidly. He writes:

"It was a great audience at the Portland Auditorium last evening—the biggest and best I have ever seen at a Maine musical festival. Naturally one dates everything in the line of comparison to the first impression, and mine is of the first time that Mr. Chapman ever lifted the baton over a Maine festival chorus. And that was at Bangor four years ago.

"In that audience were all the truly great that had their crowns with them at that time in Maine, but, bless you, my children, it couldn't begin to compare with the audience at Portland's Auditorium Thursday evening. From the stage to the doors, from the floors to the roof, from side to side and from top to bottom were the people. By its side the Worcester county festival looked like three dimes in a tin dipper. In comparison with it, the gathering at Sembrich's night last season at Portland was a distinct failure. More people, more life, more animation, more fun, more music, more triumph! Sembrich sang last year to the flower of the state, but this was both flower and fruit, for it was a house that made the box office smile and the festival management festive as becometh it. For two days the thing had been reaching its climax in a series of successes. Chapman was at his best, and his drawing card was still unplayed when this house opened its doors. Not a seat was vacant. Chairs had been brought in and placed about the front. Up under the very sanctuary sat the people, and in the front rank we beheld some of the leading musical supporters of this festival, willing to give up good seats for what they could get in the spirit of sacrifice and in love of the cause. From 7:30 to 8 scenes at the entrance of this hall were never duplicated in previous history. It was crush and jam. I came in by the way of the stage, where the scent of roses filled the air. Here were the artists, preening their plumage; the stage managers, bellowing like wild Indians; the pretty girls at close range, with shining

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arms and faces; the bold, bad bassos, swelling their chests; the baritones, all looking like Campanari; the sopranos, bird-like, and the contraltos looking for their sister contralto—the queen star of this great evening.

"Mrs. Chapman was there, oh! so apt and gracious and kind—the most wonderful of women; and lo! here comes Chapman himself, white-vested and immaculate.

Out front it is surging and thundering like a storm. The tramp of feet is like that of an army. Now and then the green room door opens and we see the house.

"It will be the biggest we ever had," said President Noyes.

"I sing a doxology," said Chapman.

"I sing my very best," says Schumann-Heink from behind the curtain. "I lof a grand house."

And Sybil Sammis too—what a name, just as sweet as a Rossini aria—Sybil Sammis, all in pink, flits about and says, "My! if one couldn't do her best here she never could."

Boom! Crash! Boom! All hands up. "Now you listen," cries the stage manager, in need of a shave. "Now you listen. You LISTEN! Hear ME! All hands up. Everyone on the stage. Quit your talking. Don't you hear the people? Hear the people! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! they come!" It is like the sound of an army. With a flutter like the wings of a dove the sopranos and the contraltos pass up my way to the stage. Here it is dim and dark. Up there I see the thousands of lights twinkle and hear the double bassos growling and the fiddles picking up their voices out of the mute tension of the strings. Skirts rustle by me. I breathe violets and Safranos and the perfume of evening gowns. Chapman comes, swinging his stick in this underworld beneath the stage, whistling a hand-organ tune and dancing a bolero with his fingers in the eyes of his pants pockets.

"Are you all ready up there?"

Mrs. Chapman appears at the head of the stairs and says, "All ready," and then up he goes and out we go into the "front of the house," where thousands of people are packed into one mass of humanity under the roof where the arches are gemmed with incandescence.

I don't propose to go into details.

I have no ashes of a dead past to warm over into criticism and I don't believe that the fog has crept in on me to such an extent that I can't tell you the story of a triumph. For that is what it was. By degrees the concert moved along to the climax of this festival. Chapman got the hand on his appearance, as he always does—a welcome such as he always merits. He conducted the orchestra through a Wagner number—the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," and carried the chorus through the Hallelujah chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," a majestic and inspiring choral number, rich in its antiphonies and strong and moving in its climax.

And then came Schumann-Heink.

It takes some engineering to get a prima donna to the stage.

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She may not just trot on and off, but she must move on stately, as you will perceive. First they laid a carpet for her; then Mr. Chapman left his desk and laid down his stick and disappeared behind the scenes. Then the chorus began to look.

Then the musicians moved the double-basses and the drum to give a broader pathway, and when this "good roads" movement was complete, Mrs. Chapman appeared and looked at the chorus to see if any of her songbirds had flown away.

Then there was a hush and a pause, and we, untutored savages up here in Maine, unused to the prima donna's grand entree, actually become interested and hold our breath as Mr. Chapman appearing first at the head of the stairway leading to the stage, stretches down his hand to lead Schuman-Heink to the stage.

"What a grand audience," said Schumann-Heink, as she looked out over the house. "One ought to sing her best."

Certainly! And evidently Mr. Chapman thought so, for his face lit as the house and the chorus rose to greet the diva.

Well, we are used to a chorus, as a claque, but there is no law to make the people move, and their way of doing things is the only sign there is about it. Something in Schumann-Heink's appearance evidently pleased. She looks like her photographs, but they lack the brilliancy and healthfulness of the German woman. A matron with rosy cheeks, with magnificent physique, with beautiful hair, with tremendous evidence of vitality, with strong, dignified, interesting features, with erect and powerful carriage, with a kindly, comforting, pleasurable look in her face, she won the sympathy of all. Chapman stepped to his desk to raise the stick when Schumann-Heink passed the row of musicians and faced the audience.

Then up sprang the chorus like a line of infantry. Along the line fluttered the handkerchiefs like smoke upon a sea of crisping white. With them arose the audience. From the palms at the foot of the stage to the very rooftrees of the gallery, where the people sat, the welcome ran like the vibrations of the waves in a still pool. Schumann-Heink smiled and turned and bowed first to the chorus, then to the audience. The latter broke forth anew. Shouts were heard. Men and women beat their palms and jumped to their feet to welcome her. Chapman beat a tattoo on the music stand, but in vain. Again and again the welcome ran; around the hall, to the gallery, over the body of the house, and it was a good long time before the hush fell and Schumann-Heink broke the stillness of the house with the first notes of her song.

Schumann-Heink was beautifully gowned, and all this time there was abundant opportunity to note it. I have already spoken of her characteristics of self as a representative foreign artist. Schumann-Heink wore almost no jewels. No tiaras in her hair; no diamond necklaces; no bands of pearls; no stars or medals or crosses or anything of the sort, only a bunch of sweet peas in the bosom of her gown and dia-

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mond jewels in her ears. Her dress was a magnificent combination of lace and brocaded satin, the back and front breadths being flowered in figures of rose-pink. The skirt, with full train, showed plaits of the figured satin, and the front the same. Beautiful lace made up the garniture in a sort of overdress of the same. The waist was of low corsage, caught at the back with a silver ornament. It was trimmed with beautiful lace. She wore full, long, white suede gloves.

Her coiffure was high, and the only ornaments were the jewels in her ears. Her majestic figure needs nothing to add to its height, while her self-poise and her confident carriage bespoke the tutored foreign artist, born to lead in the way of song.

Her opening number was the Mozart "Vitella Aria" from Titus, the same number with which she opened her great success at the Worcester festival. To our mind, Schumann-Heink, seeking the praise of the people, would find it nearer in the Rienzi aria, which was given the second place on the program; for Wagner is more to her sympathy than Mozart, and she sings ever to our mind out of an abundant wellspring of the "human" in her voice. The "Titus" aria, ,however, will do. From first to last Schumann-Heink's voice was perfect. They tell about its having regained some of its lost depth—the critics do—but pray what could it have been had it ever been more than it is to-day? Vibrant, rich, sympathetic, powerful, sweet, strong and pure, it is the finest contralto voice I ever heard—the most obedient, the most appealing, the most inspiring, the most effective, the most musical. As it sings it steals away your sense of time and place, and paints the pictures that the singer wills. It appeals and caresses, cajoles and inspires. It calls like a trumpet, and it croons like a mother over the cradle. In the softer passages of this aria, Schumann-Heink's voice, seemingly hardly above the faintest rumor of a tone, was heard through every corner of the great auditorium. In this great audience not a person stirred. Whole lines of them sat motionless with eyes upon the singer. In the marvelous color of her singing, in the human sympathy of it, it is all that the fondest lover of the human voice at its best could desire. If we should characterize it, we should say that its range was mezzo-soprano rather than contralto—the lower tones being hardly so spontaneous as that wondrous middle register, but more foreign and forced. Along the middle register and into the wonderful high range of her voice Schumann-Heink is the star, peerless and supreme. As she sings the lower notes, it is like crossing a bridge to another country—somewhat as Schalchi did, only by no means so long a bridge. As she sings in her own song-country, however, it is like the birds, only better than the birds ever can sing. Her trill even was wonderful, and her rhythm is humanized and spiritualized. She pays no attention to effect for its own sake, and seeks to shine in no ad captandum school. Her work is honest and sincere. Her art is great for its own sake. She seems to be playing on an instrument with soft airs, yet capable of the trumpet call when occasion requires. Her finale was thrilling. Working us along through the intermediate progress of

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this great work, she lifted us to our feet in its magnificent close, until most of the audience hardly knew where they were. Her head thrown back, her cheeks rosy with exertion, her magnificent physique a call for endeavor, she swelled out the triumphant close of this aria in such noble and majestic phrasing, such a pure and passionate appeal, that it seemed to us that this was in very truth the final word in vocalization. Certainly the house took it as such, for in the moment when she ceased the audience sat spellbound and motionless. And here is where the triumph comes in.

Schumann-Heink's final note had but hardly died away before the house awoke, and when it awoke it awoke in concert. The prima donna was fairly startled by the outburst. From every side it came. The house arose to it. Bowing right and left to those before and to those behind, she tried to retire. But we would have none of it. The people were awake—and they were to have their say, and they said it. From gallery to floor and back again rolled the shouts and the cries. Men and women stood in the floor and lent voice to their enthusiasm. The chorus could lead or not lead, the people had no need of their help. Chapman led Schumann-Heink back to the front before she had half-way retired. She kissed her hands to the chorus and she waved them deprecatingly to the audience. Cries of "Bravo!" beat the air. The underworld of the stage swarmed forth to see what was going on. Even the stage manager peered forth. The clanging bells of the street outside were drowned. The fog-sirens off the coast were lost in the contention of voices. Schumann-Heink retired and returned and returned and retired five times. Then she indicated that she would sing again, and like a motion of the hand the tumult and the shouting quelled.

She sang for her encore that beautiful and majestic aria from St. Paul, "The Lord Is Mindful," etc., and Mendelssohn's music, spiritual and lovely, grand and uplifting, glorious in its hope, rich in its confidence, soothing in its assurances, blessed in its joyousness, fell from her lips like a message from beyond. Never, without exaggeration, have I heard a more satisfying rendition by any singer than Schumann-Heink's presentation of this number.

Th poet with a file of soldiers pointing spears threateningly at the base of his ten-dollar suit might perhaps do justice to what followed.

I can't, for I can't go on piling up adjectives one after another. I only know that I have a misty, hazy idea of the scene. I know that people did what they liked, and they did it first, too. They wouldn't let her go. Three, four, five times she escaped to the wings, only to be called back again and again. Flowers went up over the footlights. Men jumped on the seats and shouted. The electric fans buzzed and the rain on the roof patted for her. The musicians arose and called for her, and after at least six times of her best endeavor to escape, she came out again and repeated the Mendelssohn aria from "St. Paul."

Schumann-Heink appeared in two more numbers on the program, the Rienzi selection, the Grand Adriano Aria, and in the songs after

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the intermission, notably the Brindisi number from "Lucrecia Borgia."

Schumann-Heink's reception on her singing of the Rienzi number was something to remember when you are old.

I thought I had seen an audience cut loose, but I think I never did before.

Something in Schumann-Heink's simplicity of manner, her modesty and her artlessness caught the house. She came back as though helpless against the storm of congratulation that she had raised about her ears.

Mr. Chapman took her hand as she came back, and they "shook," as good friends should, and the audience had a dim idea that somebody was pleased.

Schumann-Heink came back this time to sing a bolero by Arditi—the dancing measure of this song, with its long sweep of melody, its playfulness, its lightness and its delicacy showing the great art of the cantatrice.

In its pleasing effect it was the hit of the evening.

Of what followed after this I seem somehow to have but an indistinct remembrance, but I remember a sea of faces, a mirage of waving handkerchiefs, flowers, Chapman shaking hands, Sembrich patting a chorus singer's cheek as she passed by, her return, her repetition of the song, and then, amid the tumult of applause, one woman, with laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, standing there smiling into our faces.

Of the rest of the concert you do not care much to hear.

Sybil Sammis, whom we recall as a soprano in concert with Brooks' Marine Band in Lewiston, followed Schumann-Heink in one of her numbers, and proved to be a singer of great power and marvelous ease and precision. She was thoroughly enjoyed and received a hearty recall, to which she responded by singing a verse of "Annie Laurie."

The complete program was:

PART FIRST.

Introduction to Act III.—"Lohengrin".....Wagner
The Festival Chorus.
Hallelujah Chorus—"Mount of Olives".....Beethoven
The Festival Chorus.
Vitellia Aria—"Titus".....Mozart
Mme. Schumann-Heink.
Grand Aria—"Les Huguenots".....Myerbeer
Miss Sammis.
Grand Finale of Act II.—"Aida".....Verdi
The Festival Chorus.
Grand Adriano Aria—"Rienzi".....Wagner
Mme. Schumann-Heink.
The Sailors' Chorus—"Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
The Festival Chorus.

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PART SECOND.

(a) Adagietto—Suite, "L'Arlesienne."
(b) Minuetto—Suite, "L'Arlesienne"..... .....Bizet
The Festival Orchestra.
Chorales 53 and 55—"St. Matthew's Passion Music"..Bach
The Festival Chorus.
"The Lovelight in Your Eyes".....Julian Edwards
"Lucrecia Borgia"..... .....Donizetti-Brindisi
Mme. Schumann-Heink.
Cantata—"Fair Ellen".....Max Bruch
(Soprano and Baritone Solos and Chorus.)
Miss Sammis and Mr. Cain.

One could not say too much of the work of chorus or orchestra.

Schumann-Heink sang Brindisi's selection as well as could be expected of a German singer. It is not of her school, but people will have Brindisi and this "Mad scene" in "Lucrecia Borgia," which would make any man mad.

It called forth another ten minutes, and when it was all over no wonder the fog wraiths swept past the corner of the auditorium and the electric cars looked like phamtoms through the night.

PRESIDENT A. J. GANTVOORT AT DES MOINES.

It having been currently stated, and repeated in this magazine and in several other musical journals, that President Gantvoort prevented the nomination of Dr. Bartlett as president of the M. T. N. A., Mr. Gantvoort writes the editor of MUSIC regretting that such representations should have been made, since they were not warranted by the facts. In support of this the stenographer sends the following minutes of the part of the business meeting in question, which report shows exastly how and how far Mr. Gantvoort influenced the election of his successor. It will be seen that while he did unquestionably exert a powerful influence, it was upon purely public grounds, having behind it nothing of personal ill-will to the distinguished Des Moines leader. The report follows:

Mr. Perkins placed in nomination for president Dr. M. L. Bartlett, of Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Rossiter G. Cole presented the name of Mr. Arthur L, Manchester for president. Mr. B. C. Welgamood presented the name of Mr. A. J. Gantvoort, of Cincinnati.

Mr. Gantvoort requested Vice-President Kimball, of Nebraska, to take the chair.

Vice-President Kimball: "Are there any further nominations?"

Mr. A. J. Gantvoort: "I wish to say, first of all, that I must positively decline the nomination. I could not accept the position if it were offered me, because I cannot afford it. I have given two years and a great deal of hard work to this association, and I cannot afford any

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more. Therefore, with many thanks to you—and I suppose in that would be included the secretary, because we have been twins all these two years—I must positively decline. I appreciate the honor very much, but I wish to have my name withdrawn from the nominations. I wish to say personally, if you will pardon my doing so—because I know what I am talking about, and I have done a great deal of studying in this thing—I want to personally, without any feelings toward my friend Dr. Bartlett, I want to second the nomination of Mr. Manchester. I believe that it is due to the association this year that we have an eastern president. We have worked these two years without the support of the east, and I believe an eastern president is absolutely necessary in order to wake up eastern support. I personally second the nomination of Mr. Manchester; and if I may be permitted to do so at this moment, and would place in nomination for vice-president, Mr. Bartlett, as a recognition of his earnest and hard work and services in this association."

Mr. Welch: "I second that."

Vice-President Kimball: "You have heard the remarks of Mr. Ganvoort. Is his declination accepted by the body? If there are no objections I take it that his declination is accepted. Are there any other nominations. (No response.) Do I hear seconds for either of the nominations?"

Mr. Kinney: "I rise to second the nomination of Mr. Bartlett."

Mr. Nussbaum: "If Mr. Manchester's nomination needs a second, I will second it."

Mr. Gantvoort: "I have already seconded it."

Vice-President Kimball: "How shall these persons be voted for—by ballot or acclamation?"

Mr. Marshall: "By ballot."

Mr. Gantvoort: "I want to tell you that I have never in my life received more hearty support, more earnest support, from any man than from Dr. Bartlett, and you can imagine how it grieves me personally to have to really do as I do in supporting the nomination of Mr. Manchester; but I am laying aside my own feelings, my own pleasure in the matter, and I am thinking of the good of the association. I have labored two years very hard in this association, and I believe we owe it to the association and to its immediate following and success that we take an eastern man. Ladies and gentlemen, it must be an eastern man, or we will become a patch in the west. We have no right to be. We need to take an eastern man; it is absolutely necessary, and I beg of you to keep this in mind, I do this with my heart being torn every way to say anything, or to oppose in any way Dr. Bartlett's nomination, because he has been the most wonderful helper to me, and I recognize it, and think the man ought to be honored in more ways than one. I think a future year that would be a good thing to do. The association at this time needs to have an eastern man; I beg you bear that in mind. I have no feeling in the matter except personal love for Mr. Bartlett, because of his wonder-

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ful help to me. I feel almost like this association was my child, because I have given so much of my time to it; so pardon my speaking so earnestly on the subject."

After further remarks, reviewing some matters of history connected with the orchestra, but at no time making any request for the selection of Mr. Manchester other than on the ground of his being an eastern man, as before stated, the vote was taken, resulting—Manchester 24, Bartlett 2.

(Signed by the official stenographer.)

CONCERTS IN BERKELEY.

Since I have nowhere seen a published account of the very interesting and unusual musical opportunities offered to the students and faculties of the University of California during the last college year I have thought an account of the same might be interesting to the readers of MUSIC.

Through the generous and intelligent liberality of Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, an honored regent of the university, a series of concerts was given, the educational effect of which cannot be easily overestimated. Not only was the music rendered of a high order of excellence, but the artistic environment of "Hearst Hall" furnished a setting rarely equalled. To those who were fortunate enough to receive the coveted invitations, this season of delight can never be forgotten. Hearst Hall, be it said, is a building *sui generis;* a product of the architectural skill of Mr. Bernard Maybeck. In the beautiful upper room of this building, decorated and adorned with Gobelin tapestries, rare Turkish rugs and beautiful paintings, were gathered each Sunday afternoon during almost the whole of one term, one of the four classes, together with most of the members of the faculties to listen to some of the best and purest music which the masters have left us. Mrs. Hearst, who gave, and all who listened, have reason to congratulate themselves that nothing cheap or unworthy was presented, even as an encore. The tone of each concert was dignified, earnest and sober, and the remembrance of it all will linger long in the minds of those who heard as one of the few opportunities and great blessings of even favored lives.

Some of the programs are given in the order of their rendition.

Quartet in A minor, Op. 29, for violins, viola and violoncello.... .....Schubert

Songs—"Pleurez mes Yeux".....Massenet

"L'Addio"..... .....Mozart

"A Youth Once Loved a Maiden".....

.....Maude Valerie White

Quartet in A. Op. 26 (pianoforte and strings).....Brahms

Executants: First violin, Mr. Henry Holmes; second violin, Mr. Hother Wismer; viola, Mr. Armand Solomon; violoncello, Mr. Theo-

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dore Mansfeldt; pianoforte, Miss Goldman; soloist, Mrs. Birmingham.

1. Song-cycle, "Dichterliebe".....Schumann
2. String Quartet—
   (a) Cavatina in E flat, Op. 130.....Beethoven
   (b) Allegro assai, in C minor.....Schubert
3. Songs from Operas—
   Non piu Andrai (Marriage of Figaro).....Mozart
   O, du mein holder Abendstern (Tannhauser).....
   ....Wagner
   Quand' ero Paggio (Falstaff).....Verdi
4. String Quartet in G. No. 5, Op. 17.....Haydn
5. English Songs—
   "The Bailiff's Daughter."
   "O, so Sweet Is She."
   "Drink to Me Only."
   "The Pretty Creature."

"Dandy Deever".....Walter Damrosch
Vocalist.....Mr. David Bispham

Vocalist, Mr. David Bispham.

1. Aria, "Elizabeth" (Dich theure Halle).....Wagner
2. String Quartet, in F, No. 1. Op. 41.....Schumann
3. Songs—"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen".....Franz
   "Liebchen ist da"..... .....Franz
   "Strempelchen"..... ....Wildach
   "Schlummerlied"..... ....Kleffel
4. Songs—"Sick Child"..... .....Damrosch
   "My Wife"..... .....Damrosch
5. Solo, violin—Romance in G.....Beethoven

Mr. Henry Holmes.

6. Songs—"Feldeinsamkeit".... ....Brahms
   "Du bist die Ruh".....Schubert

Vocalist, Mme. Gadski.

Berkeley, Cal. C. W. D.

DR. FENELON B. RICE AND THE OBERLIN CHORAL UNION.

Dr. Fenelon B. Rice has lately resigned the leadership of the Oberlin Choral Union, with which he had been connected, and of which he had been practically the head center, nearly thirty years. The Oberlin News has the following upon the subject, and the commendation of Dr. Rice's work is undoubtedly far within what would be warranted by the facts. It says:

"The recent retirement of Prof. F. B. Rice from the leadership of the Musical Union is an event that calls for more than passing comment. It can hardly be that any member heard or has read unmoved the letter in which he finally resigned his office. 'The Musical Union,' he says, 'has so wrought itself into the very texture of my life here in

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Oberlin that is in many respects painful to separate mvself from this part of my work.' It may also be said that he has wrought himself into the very texture of the life and work of the society; and its successful career for these thirty years has grown out of the fact that by his rare skill as a director, by the inspiring influence of his personality, he has always succeeded in winning from every member his or her best work.

"The name of the society dates back to 1860, when the organization of the Second Church necessitated the division of the 'Oberlin Choir.' From that time on the united choirs furnished the music at commencements; hence the name 'Musical Union.' For a time its membership was limited to those who sang in one of the two choirs. Subsequently members of any of the Oberlin choirs became eligible. We haven't a list of the leaders of the union in those days; possibly no complete list exists. But among them were Prof. George N. Allen, and, of course, Prof. Charles H. Churchill, who was always available for the best sort of service, in any capacity, required by church, college or community. Frequently a leader was imported from abroad to train the union and lead it at the commencement or at the Christmas concerts.

"In 1869 Prof. Rice came to Oberlin and was appointed organist of the society. Prof. George W. Steele was then its leader, and on his retirement, three years later, Mr. Rice was appointed director in his stead, and has continued in that capacity down to the present time, making a total of thirty years' official connection with the union.

"In 1869 the society numbered about one hundred members. Of its growth in numbers, in capacity for good work, in reputation, but little can be said here. Sometime, it is to be hoped, competent hands will gather together from the material easily available a worthy history of the organization and of what it has accomplished.

"But of the manner in which so much has been accomplished, the story can be told adequately only by one who has long sat under Mr. Rice's leadership in the society rehearsals. Quite fortunately, the writer ventures to think, the conditions here are such that, while an indispensable nucleus of trained and practiced singers always remains to give firmness and stability to the chorus, many go each year, and new voices take their places. And year after year great skill and tact, and infinite patience on the part of Prof. Rice, have gone to the whipping of this new and oft-times refractory material into shape. But this unwearied labor has brought its own great reward in the freshness and sweetness of the chorus tones, so often remarked by hearers from abroad. 'Ah! this refreshes one,' said a jaded concert-goer from a distant city, who had with great difficulty been induced to attend an Oberlin concert—and his eyes lit up with pleasure—'that chorus of yours has been drinking from the fountain of youth.' And it was true.

"It seems a peculiarly fitting thing that Mr. Rice's long career should close with the noble performance of 'Elijah' last commencement. Many visitors skilled in music went away from them with cor-

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rected views in respect to Oberlin's capabilities in the way of music; and to many, very many, music lovers those June evenings will long remain a happy memory."

Dr. Rice is succeeded by Prof. George W. Andrews, organist and composer, of whom the News continues:

"In the choice of Mr. Rice's successor the union is doubly fortunate. That Prof. Andrews has every qualification needful to worthily succeed to and carry on Prof. Rice's work is beyond question. And during his long service as organist and assistant director the members have not failed to learn this fact. So, from the very outset his work of training the chorus will be helped by the fact that he is not in any sense 'on trial.'"

WHAT DR. MASON'S METHODS HAVE DONE FOR ME.

Ever since the Mason and Hoadly Method for the Piano was placed in my hands, in 1873, I have been most devoted to it, and later to Touch and Technic.

I was just at the right age to fully appreciate the former, and under the teaching of a most enthusiastic young lady teacher, only two years older than myself, I studied it very thoroughly, and found it a feast of good things.

The pieces were so exquisite that when I went away to teach, a year or so later, I thought, "I *cannot* teach ordinary pupils in that! They will not *begin* to appreciate it!" So I drudged along with the old Richardson and Bertini methods till finally I had one delightful pupil who promised to practice four hours a day. I rewarded her by commencing with the Mason and Hoadly method. We were both of us delighted with the work. She was very appreciative, and practiced vere faithfully, finishing the book in two terms and a half. I thought perhaps I had done wrong in withholding the work from my other pupils, so I tried it with others, and found they were a great deal more interested in their lessons.

One young lady said she would never forget how I looked one day when on coming in I found her pounding away on Schubert's Serenade. I simply went to the piano, closed the book, hugged it up in my arms, and swept indignantly out of the room. It was a little more than I could bear to hear my favorite murdered! It was way beyond the place for her lesson and she was not at all prepared for it.

When a few years later I went to another Illinois town to teach, I insisted on every pupil—who had to have a new book—getting the Mason and Hoadley Method, and in all my twenty-five years of teaching I have never had a more delightful class than that—unless it has been the last two years, since I have been using Touch and Technic and the Mathews Graded Studies and Books of Phrasing.

Many years ago, when ordering the Mason and Hoadly book for a pupil, the one for beginners was sent me in the place of the one I had been using. This is for small hands, especially, and I was very enthu-

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siastic over it, for it filled a long felt want, and quite proud I was of the wee hands that learned to play the scales so beautifully in four octaves in all the keys right at the start, and could play little pieces in *any* key, exercises in canon form, and lovely melodies by Mozart, Schumann and others. The duets in this book were always interesting to the little folks.

To one who has had every advantage of the best teachers, perhaps this is not interesting, but to one who has had to study so much alone, it has been a great help to have the very best musical literature brought right to her doors.

Instead of being discouraged when I hear great artists play, I am really encouraged, for, thanks to Dr. Mason, I know just how they have practiced. Very often I can say, "Why, I know that;" and, "I can do that." The only thing now is the lack of time and strength to practice, but I've had pupils that could do it, therefore I am in a certain sense content.

The old dream to finish under some great master will probably never be realized, but if I can send a pupil to Dr. Mason one of these days, I shall be more than repaid. LILIAN A. NELSON.

MR. AND MRS. BICKNELL YOUNG'S SONG-RECITALS.

During their summer school Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young gave a remarkable series of song-recitals with obligato. As the selections took on an unusually wide range, the list is given entire for the interest and information of the students of singing.

"The Lord Worketh Wonders" (Judas Maccabæus), "Where'er You Walk" (Semele), "Wait Thou Still" (17th Century), Franck.

Irish Folk Songs:

"Love at My Heart," "Darby Kelly."

German Songs:

"The Wanderer," "The Carrier Pigeon," Schubert; "Vergessen," "Ein Stundlein Wohl Vor Tag," R. Franz.

French Songs:

"Formosa," Felicien David; "Medje," Gounod.

Songs by English composers:

"Winds in the Trees," Goring-Thomas; "When Passions Trance," Maude Valerie White.

Songs of American Composers:

"The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree," "Thy Beaming Eyes," E. A. MacDowell; "A Fair Good Morn," "Time Enough," E. Nevin.

Old Ballads:

"Light O' Love".....Middle of the 16th Century
"Green Sleeves".....1580
"Who's the Fool Now".....1588
"Come Live With Me".....1590
"What Care I How Fair She Be".....1592

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"All in a Misty Morning".....1592
"Love Will Find Out the Way".....1652
"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," 17th Century
"The Bloom Is on the Rye".....Sir H. Bishop

Modern English Ballads:

"Three Fishers".....Hullah
"Three Merry Men".....Molloy
"The Sands O' Dee".....F. Clay

Art Ballads:

"Henry the Fowler".....Lowe
"King Duncan's Daughters".....Frances Allitsen
"Lochinvar".....Chadwick

"OPERA: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

During the lecture recital, selections from the following operas were sung:

"Eurydice," the first complete opera ever composed, produced in 1600. Poem by Rinuccini, music by Peri
"Arianna" (1566-1650).....Monteverde
"Tigrane" (1659-1725).....A. Scarlatti
"Proserpine" (1633-1695).....Lulli
"King Arthur" (1658-1695).....Purcell
"Iphigenia in Tauris" (1714-1787).....Gluck
"Don Giovanni" (1756-1791).....Mozart
"Der Freischutz" (1786-1826).....Weber
"Il Barbiere" (1792-1868).....Rossini
"I Puritani" (1802-1835).....Bellini
"Der fliegende Hollander" (1813-1883).....Wagner
"I Vespri Siciliani" (1813).....Verdi
"Herodiade".....Massenet
"Otello".....Verdi
"Falstaff".....Verdi
"Why Do the Nations".....Handel
"Bid Me to Live".....Hatton
"Le Nom de Marie".....Gounod
"Where Blooms the Rose".....Clayton-Johns
"Es Blinkt der Thau".....Rubinstein
Recitation and air from "Balls in Maschera"....Verdi

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MINOR MENTION.

During the summer vacation, Professor B. D. Allen, of Beloit College, resided at his summer home, Beachmont, Mich., where some interesting recitals were given by the aid of visiting friends. For instance, assisted by Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles (soloist of Berkely Temple, Boston) and Professor H. D. Sleeper (of Smith College), the following songs: From the German school, Handel's "Hence Away," Haydn's "Spirit Song." Beethoven's "Mignon," Schubert's "Wohin," Schumann's "Since First I Beheld Him," and one from Henschel. Some American-Scotch songs by Foote, Hopekirk, MacDowell and Mrs. Beach, the great aria from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah," etc. There were also some interesting instrumental numbers from various sources. Evidently there are still a few musicians who love music so well that a vacation without it becomes merely a vacancy.

* * *

Professor P. C. Lutkin has published an exceedingly business-like circular of information concerning the school of music of the Northwestern University. The courses in theory are unusually productive. Mrs. S. E. Coe gives lectures upon musical history and a number of very interesting lecture recitals, and there are various courses for the study of practical music, some of which are complete and lead to a degree or follow after a degree, while others are partial and open to students pursuing music sporadically, as one might say. It is rare that a music school produces so intelligent a circular. The present writer is not "with" the Evanston music school in assigning a fundamental place to the practice clavier, believing that tonal considerations ought to come at the bottom, and that it rarely happens that students play imperfectly for want of reasonably good muscular technique. That imperfect technique often exists is evident enough, but in the opinion of the present writer it is almost invariably a symptom of certain mental lacks, the centers of which are tonal, and not muscular as such.

* * *

What will be done next? Our excellent and most enterprising friend, Mrs. Emma Thomas, of Detroit, has in her correspondence school of music a course of ear training. Ear-training by mail is the next best thing to personal contact by mail. Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor has written some lessons for this purpose, but it is very unlikely that she had any idea of applying them by mail. An ear is something which cannot well be examined at a distance, whether by mail or by telegraph. It is not a question of what the student thinks he knows, but of what he actually does know, as proven by his off-hand exercises in the presence of a competent teacher. Ear by mail is about as bad as

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bracing up tonal faculty upon a toneless instrument. Go to. Let us be consistent. Fortunately, Mrs. Thomas does not go so far as a Chicago man, who advertises piano lessons by mail as far more effective and durable than those given by person. So also is a mummy more lasting than a living teacher—but how infinitely less attractive!

* * *

The Faelten piano school, in Boston, has opened remarkably well. But why use such a term as "remarkably"? Would it not be far more remarkable if it opened otherwise than well? Certainly it would. Mr. Faelten has sown diligently these many years and his works have followed him. He is a great teacher and has a great capacity for systematizing work. They have a constant succession of recitals. Some of them are of artistic rank, by Mr. Carl Faelten himself; many are by pupils, some of whom are also artists. But the smaller pupils also have to take their turn, the position of this school being that the best evidence of the school having really taught something to its pupils is their ability to sit down at the piano and show what they know, upon demand. This looks business-like.

* * *

Although the world looks so large when one is young, it is curious how things come together. Here, for instance, is a circular of the Kankakee (Ill.) Conservatory, Mr. C. W. Best, director, and among the incidental items of culture over and above the solid artistic instruction offered, is mentioned a collection of musical autographs, representing all the greatest musicians of the last fifty years. Who would have expected to find such a collection in a small Illinois town? Certainly not the writer.

* * *

The tendency to improvement in the music of the numerous Chautauqua assemblies is well illustrated in the Bay View assembly, in northern Michigan. These concerts were under the direction of Mr. T. Barth Glasson, director of music at the Central State Normal School, at Mount Pleasant, Mich. The orchestra consisted of only twenty musicians—six violins, one viola, cello, bass, oboe, clarinet, trombone, two cornets, flute and piccolo, bass clarinet, tympani, etc. Among the players were five ladies. This shows what our music schools are going to do for the orchestral situation, later. With this force Mr. Glasson writes that he gave selections from Beethoven, Weber, Nicolai, Schubert, Rossini, Liszt, Gounod, Grieg, Mascagni, Suppe, Saint-Saens and Schumann. The most popular works were Schubert's symphony in B minor, the Tell overture and Tannhaueser march. All of which is considerably advanced over the endless sozzling with gospel songs, which so recently formed the main musical exercises at these places of mild dissipation and education combined.

* * *

The following interesting concert was given at the hall of Sherman Cla·· & Co., in San Francisco, September 18, by Miss Grace Barker Marshall, a pianist of eighteen (pupil of Miss Westgate), and Mr.

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Bert Georges, a basso of twenty-one (pupil of Mr. Roelker), assisted by Mr. Samuel Savannah, violinist; Arthur Fickensher (formerly of Aurora, Ill.), pianist, and Miss Brinn, accompanist.

Piano: Beethoven—Sonata, Op. 10, No. 2.
Song: Leoncavallo—"Prologue," "Pagliacci."
Piano: Rachmaninoff, Prelude; Bendel, Promenade (Am Genfer See); Chopin, Polonaise, C minor.
Violin and Piano: Rubinstein. Sonata.
Songs: Gounod—"Aria," "Irene."
Piano: "Saint-Saens"—Kermesse.
Songs: Bemberg—"Hindoo Song"; Macbeth, "Fill Me a Bowl."

Miss Westgate writes that they had an immense audience of friends and are not a bit spoiled by the success.

* * *

Professor H. D. Sleeper, for some time at Beloit College, has an active work in the East. Several days in the week he spends at Smith College, where he has charge of the theory. Five courses in theory are given there, each requiring one year, one hour's lesson a week. On Sundays Professor Sleeper plays an organ in Worcester, where he resides. The musical department of Smith College is under the general charge of the distinguished Dr. Blodgett, a musician of long and honorable fame in western Massachusetts. Few men have worked so steadily in this art and so steadily gained in the respect and admiration of their contemporaries, both musical and literary.

* * *

At a recital of modern compositions, lately given at Pittsfield, Mass., by Messrs. F. W. Wodell, baritone, and Mr. Homer N. Norris, composer, assisted by Mr. Emanuel Fiedler, violinist, all from Boston, a remarkable list of songs was given, including the following:

Brahms' "My Queen," Lullaby; Homer N. Norris, "To Dearth, Ha! Ha!" "Three Roses Red," "To Thy Chamber Window Sweet," "Dearie," "O, Mother Mine"; Tschaikowsky, "Pilgrim's Song"; Richard Strauss, "Serenade"; Cesar Franck, "La Procession."

* * *

The musical course at the Powhatan College, at Charlestown, W. Va., takes the "Standard Grades" of piano material as foundation and covers the ten grades at the rate of two each year. It is not certain that the Duvernoy material suggested as accessory for the first year is advantageous. Mason's Technics run through the course. The order of classical composers also is unusual, Chopin, Mozart and Beethoven coming together in the sixth grade. Perhaps Mozart would be better earlier. The music department of this flourishing college is in charge of Mr. J. Erwin Price.

* * *

The Spiering Quartet announces its eighth season in Chicago. Three concerts will be given at University Hall, on the evenings of

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November 13, December 18, and January 29. The assisting artists will be W. C. E. Seeboeck, Mr. Max Heinrich, and Miss Julia Heinrich and Miss Mary Wood Chase.

Of the works to be performed, the following are the most important: Tschaikowsky trio for piano, violin and violincello; Graedener quartet in D minor (first time in Chicago); Beethoven quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, and probably the Sinding quintet.

* * *

At the charming vesper services of the Unitarian Church, in Alameda, Cal., Mr. Alfred Ely, of Chicago, lately sung with great effect, "I Go My Way in the Strength of the Lord," from "Elijah," and other selections. At another, Miss Anna Miller Wood, of Boston, sang two songs by Arthur Foote. Miss Elizabeth Westgate is organist and musical director.

* * *

Mr. Carl Faelten played a recital in his piano school, September 12, with the following program: Beethoven, Sonata, in D major, Op. 10; Chopin, Prelude in F sharp minor, Nocturne in F sharp major, Scherzo in B flat minor, and the Schumann concerto, with accompaniment of several pianos on the orchestral parts. Among the tutti players was Mr. Bertram C. Henry. The Faelten system has been introduced in Craggencroft school at Duluth, Minn., Miss Miliken being exponent. Good results are reported.

* * *

A musical festival is being prepared in St. Louis, to be given in November. No sketches of programs have been received at this office.

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MUSIC IN THE CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOLS.

Mr. W. H. Fairbanks has prepared a systematic schedule of a four years' course. The following outline of work would seem to be sufficiently comprehensive, and of such scope, as to allow the individual teacher ample opportunity for the development of ideas and methods peculiarly his own.

FIRST YEAR—(Ninth Grade.)

Text Book—Cecilian Series of Study and Song Book IV.

1. Written scale in copy books. Take one scale only at each recitation, writing it ascending and descending. two full octaves, in quarter notes, paying particular attention to signatures and arrangement of stems. After the thirteen ordinary scales have been written, review and undertake the oral analysis of each scale. If convenient, have at least one pupil duplicate the written work on the black board while the class is waiting. (Ten to fifteen minutes.)

2. Vocalize, using scale names and syllables, la and lu, accompanying such exercises with varied harmonies on the piano. (Five minutes.)

3. Sing by syllables, at least one exercise each day, beginning with exercise 1, page 21, first part of the book. (Ten minutes, including review.)

4. Use, at your discretion, songs on pages 7, 153, 157, 5, 51, 13, 12, 14, 135, 23, 124, 131, 42, 43, 143, 141, or songs of corresponding difficulty, being careful to vary the *key* as often as possible. (Thirty minutes.)

5. After your work is well in hand you can relieve the song work by introducing a few musical terms at each recitation. The terms Andante, Andantino, Lento, Adagio, Largo, Maestoso, Moderato, Dolce, Allegro, Allegretto, Vivace, Presto, Ritardando, Accelerando, Diminuendo, Crescendo, Rallentando, Ritenuto, A Tempo, Staccato, Legato, Da Capo, Dal Segno and Fine, should be learned during this year, special care being used in the explanation of the diminutive.

6. If there is time, the terms Sonata, Symphony, Concerto, Overture, Opera, Oratorio, Cantata, Aria and Motett, can be explained, also the composition and character of instruments in great orchestras, using the following classification: String quartette, stringed instruments, wind instruments, reed instruments, and percussion. Explain also the

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composition of Martial, Brass, Reed and Military Bands. The work outlined in this section may be postponed until the second year if found advisable.

Definition (a)—A major scale is a succession of steps and half-steps, so arranged that the half-steps occur between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8.

Remarks.—The exercise work will progress more rapidly if all the pupils sing each part separately; even the girls can help the boys in learning the bass part, which must be thoroughly discussed at the beginning of the year, as many boys will be unfamiliar with the Bas Clef.

Sing the exercises unaccompanied at first, to insure independence. After they are learned the piano can be used to make more satisfactory the musical presentation. The piano can also be safely used when the class is learning one part, provided the teacher will play harmonies which do not suggest the part being sung. This will aid in the cultivation of the ear.

Sing from the blackboard the three principal chords (Tonic, Dominant and Subdominant), using all three in the simplest combinations. This can be best done at the time usually devoted to vocalizing.

Be particular about the analysis of the time signatures and the matter of accent, and remember that the technical and theoretical can be best taught during the earlier part of the hour, leaving the recreative work for the close.

SECOND YEAR—(Tenth Grade.)

Organization should be followed: 1. By a brief yet comprehensive review of the scale work of the First Year.

2. The technical work for this year will be the Chromatic Scales. Have the written work consist of the ascending and descending scale, using one octave only.

Care should be taken to have the definition of the chromatic scale uniform and clearly understood.

Definition (b).—A chromatic scale consists of the tones of the diatonic major scale with certain variations. The variations are: 1, elevations of 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6 of the ascending scale, and, 2, depressions of 7, 6, 5, 3 and 2 of the descending scale. These chromatic elevations and depressions are often referred to as chromatic half-steps, and must not be confused with diatonic half-steps.

3. The song work will consist of pages 72, 79, 142, 144, 147, 41, 10, 97, 50, 52, 64, 67, 62, 82, 84, 112, 11, 22, 57 and 70, with necessary supplementary material.

4. The usual amount of vocalizing and the constant review of musical terms will occupy a few moments daily.

5. A brief biography of the following composers can be introduced during this year, the pupils noting the salient points in their copy books: Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, von Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner and Rubinstein.

Example.—Ludwig von Beethoven, born at Bonn, Germany, 1770,

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died at Vienna, Austria, 1827. Compositions, 9 Symphonies, 32 Sonatas for piano, Operas, Fidelo, Egmont, etc., etc. Was very deaf.

Amplify this outline with a brief narrative of the life of Beethoven.

6. The exercise work will begin at No. 31, page 26, of the Cecilian Series, No. 4. (Chromatic Notes.)

It would be well to introduce a number of new patriotic songs during this year's work, reviewing, as a matter of course, the American, German and Russian National Hymns, learned during the first year. I will furnish you, on application, with a suitable arrangement of the "Marseillaise," "Red, White and Blue," "Star Spangled Banner," etc., etc.

THIRD YEAR—(Eleventh Grade.)

1. After a thorough review of the major and chromatic scales introduce the study of the enharmonic scales, using the accompanying definition.

Definition (c).—Scales are enharmonic, one with the other, when the tones of their respective major scales have the same pitch but different notations. The practical illustrations of enharmonic major scales are as follows:

F sharp and G flat, B and C flat, C sharp and D flat.

The chromatic variations of any major scale are often treated as enharmonic, and a major scale with the chromatic variations so arranged is usually termed enharmonic. (Note.)—The study of intervals can be introduced at this point.

2. The study of minor scales can be commenced after the enharmonic scales are thoroughly understood. Use the following classifications:

HARMONIC, MELODIC AND NATURAL.

Study and write the *Harmonic* and *Melodic*, ascending and descending, one octave only, and simply explain the *Natural*.

Emphasize the use of *fa-si-la* and *fi-si-la*.

If the time is limited, simply undertake the *Harmonic Minor*, leaving further discussion for the *Fourth Year*.

3. The basis of the song work ill be pages 23, 12, 13, 14, 5, 16, 19, 20, 22, 38, 41, 46, 47, 86, 111, 126, 178, 186, 204, 198, 206, 209, 213, 217, 219, 223, 242 and 254.

Of the Beacon Series from time to time supplementary material will be furnished as required.

FOURTH YEAR—(Twelfth Grade.)

1. After a comprehensive review of Major, Chromatic, Enharmonic and Minor Scales, the study of *Musical History* will be undertaken, the pupils taking down the brief lectures in their music copy books. I will furnish you with a syllabus which will contain the necessary material for use in these lectures. This feature of the work may be made very interesting.

2. Use the Bacon Series, and such supplementary material as may be furnished you as occasion requires. I shall hope to hear classes

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rendering selections found on pages 89, 76, 21, 24, 25, 104, 158, 28, 52, 63, 118, 138, 143, 199 and 216.

The Senior classes, particularly, should be looked upon as choral societies, and every effort made to dignify the work in such a manner as to enlist the hearty co-operation of all pupils properly belonging. Prospective *Normal School* pupils must not be excused from participation in the work of this year.

ORGANIZATION AND ADMINISTRATION.

1. Please secure the co-operation of your principals in insisting upon a sufficient supply of books in the hands of the pupils. Each pupil should have a book, although two pupils seated side by side may own a book jointly. In a case of necessity, the principal will decide all matters of this kind as they arise.

2. Have each pupil provide himself with a " Music Copy Book" at once, preference being given to the accompanying sample. As a certain amount of work must be accomplished each week, this copy book, with care, may be made to last the entire four years.

3. Where classes are large, the principal will supply you with a room teacher, who will keep the record of attendance, and assist in maintaining discipline, etc., etc.

2. The principal will determine the membership of each class, and is the only one authorized to excuse pupils from attendance upon the music exercises. Excuses on the ground of sickness, absence, etc., etc., must be granted solely by the principal.

3. Professional or business cards must not be distributed in school, or given to any pupil on the school premises; nor shall announcement be made of any concert, recital or entertainment except by special permission of the principal.

4. The use of supplementary music must always be sanctioned by the supervisor. Please consult with him before ordering anything of this character.

5. There will be a conference of the Special Teachers in High Schools on the last Friday of each month, at 3 o'clock p. m. This will be held at my office, and monthly reports can be made at this time, covering the amount of work performed, attendance upon school duties, absences, etc., etc.

6. As soon as practicable, furnish me with a diagram of your work in each school, stating the number of pupils in each class, and mentioning, particularly, the time when each grade is heard.

7. Ask the principal for a small reversible blackboard for use in your recitations. I believe that one is to be found in every High School. If not, kindly ask the principal to make a requisition for one.

8. Watch the condition of the pianos in the various schools, and notify the principals promptly when they need attention.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MRS. EMMA THOMAS.

Question.—Would you allow your schools to sing the popular songs of the day? My pupils are tired of the book and they wish something bright.

Answer.—If by popular songs of the day you mean the trashy darky songs, I most certainly would not. There is so much good music. Music, too, that is bright and attractive. I do not allow one of that description in all my schools. I would never allow children to sing a song that ranks with a class of literature you would not wish children to read. I believe music is in the schools for character making as well as making singers. A teacher should seek to have the pupils build a noble, upright, Christian character. In Rome's palmiest days the Roman citizen carried with him the consciousness that Rome ruled the world, and that he was a Roman. The consciousness that they are citizens of a nobler kingdom than Roman eagles ever conquered; of a nation in which each man may attain the dignity of true manhood, which is better than the scepter of a king, and each woman the dignity of true womanhood, which is better than the crown of a queen, should be always with them. Also the music the child learns at school has a great influence in the home.

To cultivate a love of music among children, creates and fosters a fine sentiment that is not forgotten when they arrive at maturity. It renders home attractive, interesting and beautiful, and in every home circle where it is cultivated, there will be found a greater freedom from all those discords and inharmonious contentions, that render so many parents miserable and their children anxious to find a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere. Keep the *best* music before the children, always.

Question.—We have a supervisor in our city who, although he is an accomplished musician, is quite unsuccessful in his work. He feels it, and has spoken of it many times. He does not care for children, and when he asks a question, is so impatient if not answered at once.

The teachers in my building feel he is doing more harm than good. Would you complain to the Board of Education or would you talk with him? Should not a supervisor of a special branch know how to teach?

Answer.—It is a little hard to answer your question, as Boards of Education differ materially in different cities. You must be the judge. I once read a tribute paid Judge Story by Charles Sumner which describes what a teacher should be. He says, "Besides learning unsurpassed in his profession, he displayed other qualities not less important in the character of a teacher—goodness, benevolence, and willingness to teach. Only a good man can be a teacher, only a benevolent man, only a man willing to teach. He sought to mingle his mind with that of his pupils. He held it a blessed office to pour into the souls of the young, as into celestial urns, the fruitful water of knowledge.

"He well knew that the knowledge imparted is trivial compared with that awakening of the soul under the influence of which the pupil

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himself becomes a teacher. All of knowledge we can communicate, is finite; a few pages, a few chapters, a few volumes, will embrace it. But such an influence is of incalculable power; it is the breath of a new life, it is another soul. In Story, the spirit spake, but not with the voice of an earthly calling, but with the gentleness and self-forgetful earnestness of one who was pleading in behalf of justice, of knowledge, of human happiness. His well loved pupils hung upon his lips, and as they left his presence, confessed a more exalted reverence for virtue, and warmer love of knowledge for its own sake."

Question.—At what age do you find boys' voices begin to change?

Answer.—There is a wide difference in boys' voices. The voices of some are as fully developed at ten as that of others at fifteen. In some the period of mutation is only a few months, while in many it covers from one to three years. Accordingly, we must judge the voice by its quality, and not by the age of the pupil. Generally speaking, children who grow very rapidly before twelve pass into the mutation period earlier than those whose principal growth comes after that age.

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THE ELEMENTS OF VOCAL HARMONY. By Hugh A. Clarke, Mus. Doc. Silver, Burdett & Co.

According to the author the design of this work is "to furnish such a knowledge of harmony as will enable its possessor to arrange correctly, in two or more parts, the exercises used in the classroom. With this end in view the author has so combined the elements of harmony and the art of counterpoint that the learner is enabled to put his knowledge to a practical use from the very beginning of study."

In other words, what Dr. Clarke has sought to do is to write a very plain and practical manual of harmony, especially for the use of vocal teachers, particularly of classes, where extemporaneous exercises are often a great stimulus to the class—a manual capable of being mastered without any very severe study. The idea is a good one, and it has been carried out with a practiced hand. Dr. Clarke has all the qualities for a work of this kind, but occasionally they remain quiescent when it would have been better otherwise. This does not appear, so far as noticed, with regard to the actual musical exercises, rules or illustrations, all of which seem admirable. But only in the terminology, which is still ragged, if not "in the gall of bitterness," to use a Scriptural phrase. For instance: A fourth, he says, "includes four letters," and intervals are named "according to the number of letters they contain." This appears not altogether consistent with the definition of interval in general, which he gives (and rightly) as "difference in pitch between sounds." What Dr. Clarke probably meant by containing four letters is including four degrees of the scale. An interval is an effect of sound; its mode of writing and its naming are both dependent upon its scale relation, and upon nothing else whatever. If Dr. Clarke employs letters in indicating scale relations, this fact does not preclude the correct notation of intervals by the use of figures, for instance, as in the Paris-Cheve method. Moreover, and this is the sad part of it, according to Dr. Clarke's definition an interval heard cannot be named until one knows how it is spelled. To determine whether the animal is really a horse, he must first write his name, then we know, sure.

Another small variation from elegant terminology the present writer considers the expression concerning thirds that they "contain two whole steps." A third is a difference in pitch—a hole. A large hole

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may be equal to a certain number of smaller holes. But can it properly be said to "contain" them? Hardly unless the holes within the larger one are individualized and defined. Why not say "equal to two whole steps?" This is not open to the objection. "Turning an interval upside down" is also an inexact expression. To turn a difference upside down would not seem to make a different difference, as happens when an interval is inverted. What, then, is inversion? Inversion, it is answered, is a misnomer in connection with intervals. Voices can easily be inverted, and are inverted whenever the higher one of two is taken an octave lower, in such way that it is below the other. A voice is a melody; melodies can be transposed in order of pitch and lie higher or lower than before. But an interval cannot be inverted. What happens is the substitution of the complementary interval—the interval which added to it completes the octave. Hence, fourths are not so much inversions of fifths as complementary to them; thirds are complementary to sixths, and so on. Whatever interval added to another completes the octave is its complement. When two voices are inverted the intervals are all changed into the corresponding complementary intervals. This appears to be the common sense of it, and this amendment was proposed long ago. But conservative writers see no harm in saying one thing and meaning quite another; nevertheless they are surprised that the average mind finds musical theory difficult.

The questions appended by Dr. Clarke recognize this view of interval relations. Observe the form: "What interval results from the inversion of a fourth?" This is quite right.

These little blemishes are confined to the earlier parts of the book, so far as the reviewer has noticed, but throughout the work the exercises are practical and the directions judicious and plain. It is, therefore, a work to be hailed with pleasure, and to be hoped concerning that a later edition will find these inelegancies mended.

The title of Dr. Clarke's book is a little misleading. One would expect from it a summary of vocal harmony from a vocal standpoint, in other words a practical course in harmony worked out primarily from the ear and the combinations ordinarily occurring in song, with the object of making singers surer of their intonation wherever any unusual combinations occur. There is room for a book of this kind, and it could be made in half the bulk of the present work, and fill a very important and importunate need. And perhaps nobody could do it better than this same experienced professor of music in the University of Pennsylvania.

THE PIANISTS' A, B, C PRIMER AND GUIDE. By W. H. Webbe. London and New Zealand, 1900. 720 pages. Forsyth Bros., London. Complete, 7s 6d.

Several years ago notice was given in these pages of a small book by Mr. Webbe, under the same title as the present. Experience having demonstrated the usefulness of such a work, it has now been

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greatly enlarged and contains the following chapters: What is Music; Sound; Notation; General Faults in Piano Playing; Time, Force and Expression Marks; Scales and Intervals; Touch; Accentuation, Phrasing and Rhythm; The Art of Practicing; A Preparatory Technical School; Ornaments or Grace Notes; The Pedals: Elementary Harmony; Counterpoint, Composition, Analysis, Modulation, Transposition, Improvising, etc. (Rather an important chapter, that.) Expression, Tone Coloring and Interpretation; Musical Forms; Hints to Teachers; Advice to Pupils; Points for Parents; Plagiarized Paragraphs and Maxims; About Examinations; The American Reed Organ or Harmonium; The Pianoforte; Musical History; Composers of Pianoforte Music and Pianists; Schools of Music (for musical education); Vocabulary of Musical Terms. Appendix, Lists of Books and Music Recommended, Music Journals, Books for Musicians, Guide to Music Publishers, etc.

The book is, therefore, a sort of collection of all sorts of information likely to be desired by pupils, teachers, parents, and those interested in music. It contains the substance of a musical primer, elements of harmony, summarized histories of the harmonium and piano, and so on. A very curious publication. A book to admire for the amount of information in it, and criticise for an arrangement of material promoting desultory study. It is such a book as would have been expected in America a few years ago, rather than from a London publisher. The author is to be credited with wide intelligence and general fairness in his verdicts upon authors and editors. The editor, Mr. Webbe, is very prominent in New Zealand.

A GROUP OF TEACHING PIECES.

From the house of Schmidt come a number of teaching pieces for piano, which demand a little notice. There are two by Ernest Gillet—"Silent Night" and "Vivacity." The former is a much needed nocturne, possible in the second grade of student life, or very early in the third, yet plausible sounding music, much better than some which is far more difficult. The second is equally interesting and contains some good work for the left hand, which is required to be nearly equal to the right. This is practicable in the third grade.

Mr. James H. Rogers has two pieces—"Some Laendler" and "A Village Festival." These, while not quite so novel as the preceding, are welcome additions to the teaching repertory. The "Laendler" is perhaps less fortunate. "The Village Festival" is good. Third grade.

There are three pieces by W. Aletter, Opus 200. "Bevare of 'i Hops," said Sammy; "a blooming composer as writes 'igh 'ops after his name is likely to be faking." "The Dragon Fly Dance" is quite in the Theodore Oesten style; third grade. You have heard that fly before. The "Turtle Dove" is a salon polka-mazurka, not so bad. The best is the "Bolero," which is redeemed by a smart rhythm and an effective bit now and then for left hand. Very useful teaching pieces for those who do not so much care for too good material.

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"In the Spinning Party," is a spinning song of about fourth grade, a very good study; not bad when well done. It is by R. Doles.

"Arpeggio Studies," by Arthur Dana, is misnamed. They are arpeggio exercises, short forms of one or two measures to be many times repeated for the purpose of familiarizing the player with the various positions of chords and for giving him finger exercise. All this kind of thing is many times over better when done in Mason's way, by the aid of rhythmic treatment. And there is no good reason for printing ordinary chord positions. But here they are, and one can check off his progress as he works.

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

SECHS LIEDER, COMPONIRT VON REINHOLD L. HERMAN. Op 41.

"For Ever."
"Butterflies."
"The Message."
"I Envy Not."
"Gypsy Serenade."

The foregoing six new songs by the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston belong to the most advanced of the modern school. They are by no means to be lumped off together, for each one is a careful musical study of the original German text, from the standpoint of which they have been composed, but they have qualities in common. Here, for instance, is the first one, "For Ever." The text narrates the usual sentiments of the complete desolation which would ensue were the dearest (of the moment) to pass completely out of the poet's life. There is no great thing here; the sentiment has been voiced before, and, more or betoken, will be some thousands of times later on. Mr. Herman begins quite simply, with a plain chord of E flat, which he retains as a pedal point for eight measures, two lines of poetry. But already the voice has indulged in passing tones, and the chords have changed chromatically all along. He now goes on in C minor, but C again is momentarily conceived as a pedal, and the second half of the measure gives both the singer and the accompaniment (except the bass) the chord of D flat—a combination of things which the Italian singer of a century ago would have found impossible. The modulatory structure of this song is poetic, and the modulations or unusual chords form the basis of the impression. The vocal part lies well for the voice. Toward the end of the song a still more remarkable modulation occurs, but it is managed quite simply, and the effect is charming. It is where the C flat changes to B natural, which in turn accounts for itself in a variety of ways, the diminished manner prevailing in the end, and by simply falling to B flat the chord of E flat comes back again quite simply and delightfully welcome.

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In the second song, "Butterflies," both rhythm and modulation furnish the expressive properities. The song seems well written for effect, despite its unusual manner.

The third song, "The Message of the Forest Bird," is one of those very usual German cases where the desolate lover walks in the grove and remembers youth, the long lost, etc., and the forest bird makes consoling remarks. All sorts of cadences are possible in a case of this kind.

The most sprightly of the lot is the "Gypsy Serenade," which is likely to prove a welcome addition to the list of this type of song. All are musical, poetically conceived and interesting, but very German and very mystical and sentimental. From this point of view the American song writers, dealing with poems of Arlo Bates and others, have reason to congratulate themselves.

A PROGRESSIVE COLLECTION OF PIANO FORTE PIECES IN THE EASIER GRADES. (Second Series. The Pupils' Library.) From Arthur P. Schmidt.

A collection of second grade and third grade teaching pieces from the Schmidt catalogue. Several American authors are represented, such as Mrs. Beach, Mr. Turner, Mr. Denee, etc. It seems to be a very useful and tasteful lot of material; elegantly gotten out, of course.

FIVE PIECES BY HANDEL. Transcriptions by Guiseppe Martucci.

"Minuet."
"Gigue."
"Siciliano."
"Gavotte."
"Musette."

These are apparently small pieces from Handel, somewhat enlarged by repititions and enlarged versions by the transcriber. The reviewer speaks with caution, it not being at the moment convenient to look up the originals. The transcriptions are agreeable and well made. While the pieces are all short, they are not to be played in a moment. On the contrary, they require no little practice. and belong properly in a grade somewhere about the fifth and sixth. Very charming pieces for interpolating in a program, useful in the drawing-room. The least difficult is the first, and they get more and more difficult as one goes on. Excellent for teaching. They promote good melody playing, delicate touch exact interchanging of hands and nice phrasing. Thoroughly modern. A little upon the order of playing which used to be Mr. Joseffy's, before he bearded the Brahms in his den.

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Music Students' Club Extension

As elsewhere recounted in this issue, the prospects of the Music Students' Clubs are much brighter than ever before. The new volume of the first year work is now issued, and a handsome volume it makes. It covers no less than sixteen of the great composers and more than that number of the best American writers. Contrary to the practice of former attempts in this line, the great care has been taken to adapt the work of the clubs for participation on the part of the younger class of students. Wherever practicable easy pieces have been given, some of them available in the second grade; quite a number of no more than third grade are included, and the variety of fourth and fifth grade selections is very large.

On the other hand, by the aid of these practicable selections it is possible for the younger students to form some idea of the style and substance of the work of great composers, who ordinarily do not enter into their studies until much later. It may be objected at this point that students cannot understandingly take up the work of the great composers until their technique and interpretative faculties are more mature.

Against this there are many, and the editor of this magazine is one of them, who hold that the musical faculties are far more rapidly advanced and stimulated by the use of first-class music than by the use of commonplace and insipid productions which at their best aim at amusement merely.

Moreover, there is an art of listening and of thinking seriously about music. About nine-tenths of the music study, taking the country at large, is wasted, or nearly wasted, for want of this element in it and directing it. Nor is it true that students are not willing to think seriously about music. Experience shows that young students, often no more than eight or ten years of age, have a deep inner reverence for music, and a reaching out after it as something sacred and peculiarly representative of their best moments and highest aspirations. Often they say nothing of this undercurrent in their study; sometimes, and not infrequently, they change teachers in order to discover some one who will open for them this sacred world of the ideal.

Nothing is gained by young teachers in trying to be popular. There is something in the sacred nature of truth which has permeating power and in some way stands up for the work of those who teach

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in the true spirit. A teacher known to have ideals and to be thorough in her work acquires authority and influence, and sooner or later she will gather pupils of like intention.

While the first year work is planned with reference to including practical pieces for the younger students, it is also well enriched by specimens of the most complete work of the great masters. Some of these pieces will naturally fall to the teacher to interpret. Thus the tendency of the work is to stimulate the teacher and keep her progressing as well as her class.

Then there is the stimulation of public playing—but this has been spoken of elsewhere. And beside that the influence of these clubs upon the outer world.

The largest club organized for the present season, so far, is in a convent school in St. Louis. It was originally formed for ten members; a week later ten more were added; and a few days later still two more.

A club of fifteen has just been organized at Chico, Cal. And so it goes.

The influence of this club work in cultivating the double habit of playing and of listening to music intelligently and of perceiving the qualities which make playing good or bad, is one which cannot be too much insisted upon. To know how to listen is one of the first steps toward appreciating music and of improving one's own playing.

In pursuance of this idea the management of the work is arranging for furnishing young players in recitals of the more important selections from the club work—players who will play in an authoritative way and with a finish of artistic resources little short of the best concert work. These young players will be available for a series of recitals for several clubs in succession, at very moderate terms. Their work will be found inspiring and enjoyable, and at the same time they will set a pace for the playing of the clubs, and do much to promote a higher standard and open the way to the entrance of artists of the first class.

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